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HISTORY

OF THE

ORGANIZATION, MARCHES, CAMPINGS, GENERAL SERVICES
AND FINAL MUSTER OUT OF

BATTERY M,

FIRST REGIMENT ILLINOIS LIGHT ARTILLERY,

TOGETHER WITH DETAILED ACCOUNTS OF INCIDENTS BOTH
GRAVE AND FACETIOUS CONNECTED THEREWITH;
COMPILED FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORDS
AND FROM THE DIARIES OF THE
DIFFERENT MEMBERS.

BY

MEMBERS OF THE BATTERY.

PRINCETON, ILLINOIS:
MERCER & DEAN.
1892.

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PREFACE.

WHEREVER there is a body of people, no matter what be their age or nationality, who are associated together for a length of time, whatever be the pursuit they are following, there are always incidents connected with the time of their brotherhood, that they in after times are fond of recalling to mind, and often of imparting to others. This is true, no matter what was the social status of the fraternity, whether they were at all times at perfect peace toward each other, or whether there were occasionally, or even often, broils among them.

The greater the vicissitudes connected with their society, the more firmly are they bound together, and the more there is they wish to retain in memory.

If each keeps a journal of his doings how eagerly does he refer to it, and how his eye sparkles with satisfaction if he finds the item he wished. How different if he finds no mention made of it. But others may have noted it, yet he cannot have recourse to their private diaries.

What a solace then to the members to have a complete history of that association as it would be if it was the concentration of all the journals into one.

In all the different phases of life, there is nothing that will so cement the ties of friendship as when life is constantly or at intervals endangered, and where each is felt as a shield for the other. And where can life be more endangered than in war? And what greater war can be pointed to than the one for the Union—for Freedom—the war of 1861 to 1865?

This book is intended to give all the minutiae of the doings of Battery M of the First Regiment of Illinois Light Artillery. The different items are taken from the official records and from diaries kept by different members.

It is written expressly as a book of reference for the members of the Battery, and therefore, no attempts are made at flowery speech, rhetorical flourishes or exaggeration. There is nothing recorded but facts known to all the participators. Should, however, the doings of a single company, that was engaged in the great struggle for a free government, prove of sufficient interest to others than the actual participants to warrant their perusal of this volume, they may do so with the assurance that what they read is the truth.

All our doings are recorded, not omitting such as would be likely to be condemned by those who were never in the field, and such as are in our favor are not magnified.

PART I.

. . . Kentucky Campaign. . .

CHAPTER I.

DURING the excitement occasioned by the raising of troops in the spring and summer of 1862, for reinforcing our armies in the field, John B. Miller, of Ottawa, Illinois, on April 12th, 1862, received authority from Adjutant General Fuller, of the State of Illinois, to raise a company of field artillery. He opened a recruiting office at Ottawa, and boarded the men, as fast as they enlisted, at the Everett House. On the 20th of May he moved the nucleus of the battery to Camp Wallace, near the city. Here recruits did not come in sufficient numbers, so about the first of June he took his men, numbering about forty, to Camp Douglas, near Chicago. At first they occupied the old Camp Chapel, but early in July they were moved into barracks at the northeast corner of the camp, where they remained during the remainder of their stay in Illinois.

On the 12th of June forty-two had enrolled their names, and with John H. Colvin as First Lieutenant, were mustered into the service of the United States for the term of three years, or during the war. Some of these did not remain, but all who did were again mustered in the general muster-in of the company. The names of these will be designated by small capitals in the muster-roll.

As soon as the President issued his call in the summer of 1862 for 600,000 men, so numerous were the applications of good men as to cause the rejection of some of those who had been previously mustered in. On the 12th of August a satisfactory lot, and of the proper number, were finally mustered into Uncle Sam's service by Capt. Christopher, at Camp Douglas.

The following are the names, ages and places of residence at time of enlistment :

NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.
ADAMS, THOMAS	41	Chicago, Illinois.
Adler, Dankmar	18	Chicago, Illinois.
Aldrich, William	42	Chicago, Illinois.
Amberg, John	24	Chicago, Illinois.
Anderson, Edward	25	Ottawa, Illinois.
Axtell, Marquis L.	29	Thornton, Illinois.
BABCOCK, HENRY	43	Ottawa, Illinois.
Baker, Joseph	23	Chicago, Illinois.
Baker, Thomas S.	25	Chicago, Illinois.
Balzigar, Nicholas.	21	Thornton, Illinois.
Banks, Morgan	32	Hobart, Indiana.
Banks, Nathaniel P.	17	Hobart, Indiana.
Barnes, Leroy H.	18	Chicago, Illinois.
Barr, Josiah N.	29	Pontiac, Illinois.
BATTERSON, WILLIAM	30	Ottawa, Illinois.
BEEDLE, ALBERT	36	Watertown, New York.
Bonser, Thomas	20	Peoria, Illinois.
BOYLON, CHRISTOPHER	63	Ottawa, Illinois.
Brailey, Watson	22	Ross Station, Indiana.
Brandon, Peter	27	Chicago, Illinois.
Briggs, Joel	29	Thornton, Illinois.
Briggs, Sidney	21	Thornton, Illinois.
Briggs, Wesley A.	33	Thornton, Illinois.
Brown, Henry H.	35	Chicago, Illinois.
Brown, Horace	20	Chicago, Illinois.
Brown, William B.	24	Pontiac, Illinois.
Brown, William M.	22	Lake Station, Indiana.
BRUMFIELD, ALONZO L.	19	Ottawa, Illinois.
CAIN, EDWIN	34	Dimmick, Illinois.
Carey, George	33	Channahon, Illinois.
Carroll, William	21	Chicago, Illinois.
Clancy, Sylvester T.	18	Chicago, Illinois.
Cinte, Charles J.	26	Chicago, Illinois.
Cogswell, William	33	Hobart, Indiana.
Colby, John B.	22	McHenry, Illinois.
Coslet, James	20	Jackson, Indiana.
Dempsey, Michael	24	Chicago, Illinois.

NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.
Dezelle, Samuel	31	Chicago, Illinois.
Dolton, George E.	22	Thornton, Illinois.
Drake, James B.	22	Manlius, New York.
Duffy, William H.	28	Chicago, Illinois.
Farrell, William	34	Chicago, Illinois.
Felt, Orson B.	22	Chicago, Illinois.
Fish, Lucius	18	Chicago, Illinois.
Flint, Henry J.	27	Lake Station, Indiana.
FRANCK, CHARLES	26	Chicago, Illinois.
Fuller, Charles C.	35	Chicago, Illinois.
GERBERT, ADAM	35	Chicago, Illinois.
Gillette, Edwin C.	28	Chicago, Illinois.
Gregg, William P.	32	Ottawa, Illinois.
HACK, AUGUST	25	Chicago, Illinois.
Hamilton, Richard	27	Peoria, Illinois.
Hamilton, William	26	Manteno, Illinois.
Hammond, John	22	Ottawa, Illinois.
Hansell, Joseph R.	28	Chicago, Illinois.
Harding, James E.	23	Pontiac, Illinois.
Harter, George S.	26	Thornton, Illinois.
Hendershot, William	29	Hobart, Indiana.
Henderson, Erastus F.	23	Ottawa, Illinois.
HENDRIE, STEPHEN	28	Ophir, Illinois.
HOFFER, CHRISTIAN	40	Chicago, Illinois.
Hornung, Max	26	Chicago, Illinois.
Howard, John	29	Chicago, Illinois.
HOWARD, ROBERT	24	Wilmington, Illinois.
Hutchins, George A.	22	Chicago, Illinois.
Huffman, Alexander	27	Iowa City, Iowa.
Hughes, Bernard	27	Chicago, Illinois.
Hunt, Charles G.	20	Thornton, Illinois.
Hunt, Joseph B.	36	Thornton, Illinois.
Irwin, Andrew T.	27	Chicago, Illinois.
Johnson, Hiram O.	22	Chicago, Illinois.
Johnson, Nathan	27	Chicago, Illinois.
Judd, Charles M.	27	Chicago, Illinois.
Kane, Timothy M.	21	Palos, Illinois.
Kauffman, John B.	23	Chicago, Illinois.
KELLERMANN, AUGUST	40	Chicago, Illinois.

NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.
Kelner, Henry	32	Chicago, Illinois.
Kempf, John	24	Pontiac, Illinois.
Kieper, Henry	42	Chicago, Illinois.
Kopf, Jacob	19	Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Korah, Alphonzo R.	22	Ottawa, Illinois.
Lissenden, George	28	Chicago, Illinois.
Lissenden, Stephen	19	New York, New York.
Loomis, Maynard	24	Chatsworth, Illinois.
McDERMOT, ANDREW	39	Wilmington, Illinois.
McLafflin, Myron	26	Chicago, Illinois.
Mack, Patrick	22	Chicago, Illinois.
MARCKS, CHARLES	29	Chicago, Illinois.
Martin, John	27	Chatsworth, Illinois.
Mead, Frank W.	17	McHenry, Illinois.
Mercer, Ellis K.	17	Princeton, Illinois.
Merchant, Francis M.	22	Chicago, Illinois.
MILLER, CHARLES	29	Ottawa, Illinois.
Morrill, John L.	56	Pontiac, Illinois.
Mundell, Alonzo G.	25	Hobart, Indiana.
Murphy, William J.	22	Pontiac, Illinois.
Newton, Frederick A.	18	Chicago, Illinois.
Nichol, William	44	Chicago, Illinois.
Norton, Conrad	44	Chicago, Illinois.
OFFENLOCK, HENRY	19	Chicago, Illinois.
O'Toole, Patrick	25	Chicago, Illinois.
Patton, Samuel	28	Chatsworth, Illinois.
Peters, George W.	20	Chicago, Illinois.
Peters, Thomas	23	Chicago, Illinois.
Phillips, Lee	18	Elmwood, Illinois.
PORTER CEPHUS L.	25	Lacon, Illinois.
Powers, Chester B.	35	Center, Illinois.
Premier, Jacob	20	Hobart, Indiana.
PROCTOR, JOSEPH	21	Lake City, Illinois.
QUIMBY, JOHN	33	Ottawa, Illinois.
Ralph, Joseph	31	Bridgeport, Illinois.
Rennau, Henry	19	Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Rhodes, Thomas N.	24	Hobart, Indiana.
Richardson, Thomas	29	Peoria, Indiana.
Rollins, James	26	Pontiac, Illinois.

NAME.	AGE.	RESIDENCE.
Roper, Frederick	26	Kickapoo, Illinois.
Rowley, Albert J.	28	Chatsworth, Illinois.
Ryan, Daniel	22	Bridgeport, Illinois.
Ryan, William	29	Chicago, Illinois.
Schaeffer, John	32	Chicago, Illinois.
Scales, John C.	21	Lake Station, Indiana.
SCHNASSE, AUGUST	23	Watertown, Wisconsin.
Setzer, Peter W.	24	Pontiac, Illinois.
SIEGEL, WILLIAM	32	Ottawa, Illinois.
Short, Patrick	21	Ottawa, Illinois.
Simpson, George	24	Bloom, Illinois.
Smith, Cyrus F.	25	Chicago, Illinois.
SPENCER, DAVID E.	19	Marseilles, Illinois.
STEBBINS, EDGAR	20	Marseilles, Illinois.
Stewart, John C.	42	Chicago, Illinois.
Stewart, Robert	39	Chicago, Illinois.
Stone, Israel W.	23	Chicago, Illinois.
Summers, James	21	Chicago, Illinois.
Tait, Magnus	25	Channahon, Illinois.
Thompson, Edward G.	17	Ottawa, Illinois.
Thompson, Henry J.	19	Ross Station, Indiana.
Titus, Augustus H.	21	Chicago, Illinois.
Trowbridge, James F.	23	Chicago, Illinois.
Trumbull, James S.	33	South Bend, Indiana.
Walker, William	44	Chicago, Illinois.
Wells, Richard J.	20	Chicago, Illinois.
WESTENDORF, FREDERIC	32	Ottawa, Illinois.
Weyl, Samuel S.	24	Chicago, Illinois.
WHITE, EDMUND N.	22	Thornton, Illinois.
William, Collin,	29	Chicago, Illinois.
Williams, Robert M.	30	Chicago, Illinois.
Wilson, Alfred S.	27	Centralia, Illinois.
WINNEMORE, EZRA S. E.	25	Ottawa, Illinois.
Wright, Carlos E.		Chicago, Illinois.
Young, Louis.	19	Mequon, Wisconsin.
ZANGER, JOHN	43	Chicago, Illinois.

Up to this time there had been much discussion among the men and some little diplomacy on the part of some as to whom should be the commissioned officers. But now all conjecture was ended. John B. Miller was mustered as Captain, George W. Spencer as Senior First Lieutenant, and John H. Colvin as Junior First Lieutenant.

Now time began to wear away slowly, for like all green soldiers, we were anxious to get to the front where we could "serve our country." To cause the hours, which seemed like weeks, to be less dull, and to drive away the thoughts of home we had left, we instituted various games, such as ball, which furnished much needed physical exercise; sparring, in which art we had some adepts; and the various games of cards, dominoes, and occasionally of an evening, a dance. And when we could bring our minds to them, books and papers received our attention. Although considered "Big Farmer Boys," we numbered among our members mechanics of nearly every craft, as well as farmers, sailors, miners, teachers, doctors, etc., etc. That we might have music in camp, a contribution was taken up and a violin purchased. Sidney Briggs was considered the best player, and the violin was entrusted to his care. Our officers, whom we had sworn to obey the next three years, were not forgotten. Swords worth from \$125.00 to \$80.00, according to the rank of the officer, were presented, one to each of them, on the 27th, in Camp Douglas. Wm. J. Murphy presented the swords on behalf of the company after delivering an appropriate speech, to which each officer briefly responded. After this we adjourned to the "Pleasure Gardens" and demolished a keg or two of beer.

After having received our guns, which were six 3 8-10 inch James Rifles (brass) our attention was turned to learning the drill. This was an exercise all sought with avidity and great was considered the privilege of service in firing the "morning gun." To add to the attractions of the camp, a skilled bugler was employed, who gave lessons in the bugle calls.

Isaiah Harper was permitted to leave on account of illness, but rejoined us on February 27, 1864.

In some way an instrument of punishment, that was in use in the camp, had received the name of "Mulligan's Mare." Riding on this four-legged wooden frame was a penalty for violation of camp rules. On the 22d a member of the Battery was placed

upon it and forced to sit there until he became insensible and fell to the ground. This, of course, exasperated us, and though we at first vowed the destruction of the hated steed, we reconsidered our resolution, and fortunately none of our number were again called upon to ride this charger, which still lived when we left Camp Douglas.

A squad of prisoners of the regular guerrilla stamp arrived on the 24th. The sight of these caused us to wish more than ever to be sent to the front, and question upon question was put to our officers to know when we should be likely to leave.

On the 29th the prospect of an election for non-commissioned officers was quashed by the following names being read to us as the men who were to fill the offices then assigned them, and these appointments were to date from the day of the muster-in. Wm. P. Gregg as Orderly Sergeant; Wm. J. Murphy as Quarter Master Sergeant. The duty Sergeants were Cyrus F. Smith, Andrew T. Irwin, Charles Miller, Stephen Hendrie, E. S. E. Winne-more and Richard J. Wells. The Corporals were Mercer, Clute, Stebbins, Short, Schnasse, Judd, George Lissenden, Amberg, Harter, Dolton, Hansell and H. H. Brown. Powers and Carey were the blacksmiths; Trumbull and Brailey the wheelwrights; Titus, bugler; Wesley A. Briggs, wagon-master; Michael Dempsey, stable-sergeant and farrier; Beedle and Quimby, saddlers. These "nons" might not all have had office had we been allowed the election which we expected in compliance with the customs of the earlier period of the war.

On Sunday, the 31st, Gov. Yates visited the camp, and we, as well as the rest of the troops who could, had to go out and display our soldierly qualities. We attempted to fire a salute, but with such orders as "No. 1 fire," "No. 2 shoot," "No. 3 shoot, shoot, shoot!" (a friction primer had failed) together with our general verdancy in the art of soldiery, our display was not very creditable.

As artillery men are supposed to be armed with sabres and revolvers, on the first of September sabre bayonets ("cheese knives," as we styled them) were issued to the privates, each of the "nons" receiving also a French revolver. With the bayonets were brought some regulation hats. These being of inferior quality, we did not take, but had a sufficient number made by a firm in the city at a cost of two dollars each.

During our sojourn here, there were several camp prayer meetings in our barracks, and after leaving Chicago, such services were occasionally attended by members of the Battery.

On the 6th Sergeant Winnemore was reduced to the ranks for neglect of duty, and private Tait promoted to the Sergeancy. On the 7th Sergeant Hendrie was reduced for a similar offense, and on the 8th Corporal Amberg was made Sergeant, and Private Brumfield promoted to be Corporal.

Passes had been very meagerly dealt out, only two men being allowed to be absent at a time. Holes in the fence, a pleasant word to the camp guards, and finally, "stable passes," that were issued as soon as we drew our horses, furnished means of egress and ingress independent of passes. But in the use of these we had to be very careful, as a mis-step invariably took us to the guard house, and in this institution there was a law not at all agreeable to a freshman. It had been passed and was enforced by the sophomores, and required each one, as he was admitted, to pay beer money, and refusal was followed by a whipping with straps until the required sum was "forked over." This was disagreeable only as long as the strapping lasted; as soon as that was accomplished one was ready to join in inflicting the same punishment upon one's successors.

In taking the horses out to water, we would occasionally "double up," i. e., let one take back the horses two had taken out, and to return, Lieutenant Spencer was always ready to pass us in by the guards. This and the march to the lake for the baths once in two or three days, sufficed to keep us alive and active. We were prohibited from holding communication with the rebel prisoners, yet as they got their water from our hydrant, we did buy trinkets from them, which they manufactured from beef bones and rubber buttons.

On the 12th, the whole Battery visited the Great Horse Fair then being held near our camp, but as it rained very hard, we made but little show with our parade and attempted drill. Occasionally, while out on drill, we would fire blanks in order to accustom our horses to the noise, and soon became such adepts at loading and firing that we imagined ourselves already veterans. Lieutenant Spencer was our drill master in mounted drill at all times.

On the 15th we received one month's advance pay, and had a portion of the Articles of War read to us. This was about all we ever heard from that volume.

On the 19th we were marched through the city, the whole Battery looking as trim as possible. Sitting so long in the hot sun was found uncomfortable, and all were glad to return to camp.

On the 23d we signed the pay-rolls, imagining that with the signing came the money, but the sequel will show when we received it.

CHAPTER II.

At last, on the 24th of September, the long-looked-for marching orders came. Such running to and fro, asking for passes to go to town to lay in supplies, leaves of absence for a day to visit friends, packing and repacking knapsacks, etc., beggars all description. Our haversacks were crammed with sufficient provisions for a "Sherman's Raid," while our knapsacks were found to be far too small to admit of carrying half we had prepared. And when, on the 27th, we moved our baggage to the railroad, we found five wagons insufficient to haul it all at once, while our caissons and gun carriages were almost concealed from sight by the piles of knapsacks heaped upon them.

We moved out of camp at 9 A. M., wondering how many would ever again enter those gates, and how long ere that time. All were in the best of spirits, and some had placed themselves outside of so much spirit as to be soon placed hors de combat.

Many of our friends were at the train to bid us adieu. Our guns were loaded on flat, our horses in box, and we were furnished with first-class passenger cars. We loaded at the cattle yards of the Michigan Central Railroad, and at 1 P. M., bade farewell to home and friends, and were ready to send iron messengers to our country's foes.

We left many of our comrades behind, some in hospital, some who had not yet returned from a visit to their homes, and one or two from a dislike of the army in prospective.

To replace two of the missing ones, John Martin, aged 27, and Joseph W. Dyson, aged 23, enlisted with us.

At Michigan City the Government treated us to all the coffee we could drink. From there we took the N. A. & S. R. R. to LaFayette, and from there to Indianapolis on the L. & I. R. R.,

and finally, the Jeffersonville R. R. to that place, which was reached at 9:15 P. M., on the 28th, having been delayed on the road some hours by one of the cars jumping the track. At Jeffersonville our train halted for the night alongside the stock pens and we were introduced to the odors and noises of a corral of mules, with the peculiarities of which we afterwards became much more familiar. We lay here until 2 P. M., of the 29th, when we crossed the Ohio River on a pontoon bridge made of coal barges, properly anchored and covered with planks, and entering Louisville, took up permanent camp, at the corner of Preston Street and Broadway, on a vacant lot.

To many of us the sight of so many black faces was a novelty, for, as far as we marched through the city, ebony faces and ivory teeth were to be seen on every hand.

This day will long be remembered by us, not only from the wonders we saw and the idea that we had reached Dixie, but as the day on which Gen. Jefferson C. Davis shot and killed Gen. Nelson.

The next day Buell's army began its march for Perryville. The sight of the pontoon bridge had been a wonder, but the unbroken columns of infantry and artillery filled us with amazement. There is no wonder that rebels, who had never been north of Mason and Dixon's line, should be surprised at the number of Yankees they saw, when we, being a portion of those same Yanks, could scarcely believe our eyes! We imagined that this army must certainly march Bragg's army into Louisville, as prisoners, within two days unless it should prove too fleet of foot, but Perryville, though a Union victory, did not overstock our prisons.

On the 1st of October Joel Briggs, of Squad 1, received his discharge at Chicago. He had been thrown from a horse he was attempting to break to the saddle, and so injured as to unfit him for the service. He was our first man discharged.

On the 2d we received orders to march with the army, and having struck tents and loaded baggage, lay waiting for the command, "Forward," but on the 3d the order was countermanded.

On the 4th Michael Dempsey, our stable sergeant, died at Chicago. We all lamented his death, for he had endeared himself to all who had become acquainted with him.

Now began daily drills in good earnest, and what at first seemed sport soon became a bore. We were unused to so warm a climate as that of Louisville, and to drill twice a day in the broiling

sun was not particularly agreeable: especially when the dust was so dense that when in the center of the column, one could not see its ends. But there was a spirit of competition between the different squads and sections to see which should be the best drilled.

On the 4th Morrill was discharged for disability at Camp Douglas, and on the 6th, Corporals Hansell and Judd, and Privates O'Toole and Quimby arrived from Chicago, where they had been left sick. Accompanying them was a surgeon for the Battery, Dr. Wm. T. Kirk.

Gen. J. S. Jackson was buried on the 11th, and our right section was sent as a part of the funeral escort.

By this time we were beginning to form some acquaintances, and the choir of the camp would occasionally serenade a particular friend of an evening. Once in a while a "stag" dance would be held on the broad pavement near our camp, and within the friendly light of the nearest street lamp. Being in a sparsely inhabited part of the city we disturbed no one—the more so as we never extended our dance till a late hour. At our dances the man, who was to act as lady, placed his hat on the side of his head in a very bewitching (?) manner, that he might be distinguished and respected as one of the gentler sex.

On the 14th we marched through the city with our guns, creating no particular sensation.

On the 18th Sidney Briggs was appointed second bugler.

On the 19th we again received orders to march, and packed up, ready to move, but we were again told to unpack and remain where we were.

On the 20th the paymaster visited us. We were all aglee as soon as it was known he was present, for few had brought more money with them from home than would last a month, as we had expected our pay every day. But great was our chagrin upon learning that he had only come to pay those who enlisted prior to August 1st, and up to that date only.

Our Captain did all in his power for the welfare of the men, and to keep the Battery in the best condition, but left the drilling almost entirely to Lieutenant Spencer. The city was in a constant state of excitement, as the guerrilla, John Morgan, was reported in the vicinity. On the eve of the 23d a few shots were heard on the Bardstown road, which passed near our camp, and at the edge

of some woods about half a mile distant. This must be rebels, and soon the camp was aroused. "Cannoneers, to your posts," shouted our Captain. "Harness and hitch up," yelled Lieut. Colvin; but Lieut. Spencer, who was ever cool, said, "Don't be in a hurry, boys, let's see what's the matter." The guns were quickly unlimbered and pointed in the direction of the noise, and one corporal, who was known as "Mother," asked the Captain what kind of shot we should give them in case they did appear. "Give them hell," was the answer. A few now started out to meet the audacious foe, and found that a few cavalry scouts in returning had discharged their pieces with the purpose of scaring the civilian inhabitants of a house of which they were inmates. Of course, we had many a hearty laugh over that scare.

On the next day an event occurred that can never be recalled by us without a shudder. A few days previous Lieut. Colvin had detached his section from the others for the purpose of especially drilling on the double quick. This day a very loud report was heard in their direction, and it was supposed they were firing blanks, but on looking, we saw a dense smoke filled with pieces of bodies of men and parts of a caisson. The limber-chest of No. 5 caisson, containing about sixty pounds of powder, had exploded. Kellerman and Gerbert were sitting on the chest, which exploded, and were thrown high into the air, the former being torn in pieces, and the latter died by the time he reached the hospital. Corporal Brunfield and Privates Zanger and Aldrich were sitting on the caisson body, and were thrown backward over the spare wheel to the ground, being very badly burned, the two latter, each losing an eye, while the former was so crippled that he partly lost the use of his right hand, and was otherwise badly injured. Young, the wheel-driver, received a painful wound from a splinter, and Lieut. Colvin was slightly injured by a fall from his horse.

The cause of this catastrophe was never fully known, but the probable cause was soon discovered—the friction-primer boxes had been emptied to be used to put salt, pepper, etc., in, while the friction primers were allowed to lie around loosely in the trays of the chest, and some of them had worked through the thumb holes, and were found among the shells, as was discovered by examining other chests. It is needless to say that thereafter we were careful in that respect, and seldom did we ride over rough roads or on the gallop without thinking what was under us, and what a slender

thread kept us from eternity. For some time after this we were so careful that a lighted cigar or pipe would not be allowed within two rods of the caissons, and a constant guard was kept on all sides of the park, that no thoughtless person or wicked foe could approach near enough to do any damage.

Setzer was discharged this day, October 24th, lessening our number one more. At night considerable snow fell, the first we had seen that season. As it was quite cold, it behooved us, next day, to stir ourselves in making our quarters comfortable. We had Sibley tents, and sixteen men were allotted to each. The Captain tried to draw some stoves for our tents, but he could only get four or five. We immediately built fire-places of all forms, sizes and materials, and we were soon being well smoked, though warmed but little. We continued to improve on our first efforts till, as warm weather returned, we had some quite good heaters.

On the 26th Jean Martine, aged 28, enlisted. We were by this time such thorough soldiers that we imagined that whatever we found in Dixie was ours if we wanted it, and could get it, so that chickens, pigs, geese, vegetables, etc., were brought into camp and supplemented our rations. Many cows would come around our horses to help them eat their grain, and we always drove them away (after we had milked them). One night the Corporal of the guard was wanted by one of the sentinels. He ran to see what the matter was, saying as he approached, "What did you want to call me for just then? I was milking a splendid cow." And looking around, found the Captain by his side waiting to be passed by the guard! It was laughed off, and never after did our officers see a hog shot or anything else done in the forage line, for they would always about face and enter their tents.

About this time there were two additions to the Battery that became favorites and remained with us throughout. The first was an octoroon boy, aged about eighteen, whose name was William Burgess, but was by some mistake known on the Company books as William West. The second was a little dog we styled "Battery," or "Douglas." At first he was driven from camp, but he followed Martine to camp one day, and was allowed to remain thereafter, and soon became the pet of all. Bill, as we called the man, began to cook for No. 3 detachment. He had just escaped from a prison, where he had been sent by some Kentucky slave-driver because he attempted to drive a Government team across to Jeffersonville.

Although we foraged so much, and thereby gave cause for many complaints, yet we made many friends, and our invalids were well supplied with luxuries from houses near by, whose owners even asked and received several of them to their homes that they might nourish and care for them. Among those who were thus cared for was Lieut. Colvin, who, on the 4th of November, had sufficiently recovered to be able to start for his home on a leave.

On the 5th Thomas Burton, our Senior Second Lieutenant — promoted from gunner in Battery A, First Illinois Artillery — arrived from Chicago, and with him Clancy and Westendorf. His rank placed him in command of the center section, which till then had had no commissioned officer.

On the 7th Bela H. Flusky joined us: he was promoted from gunner in Battery B, First Illinois Artillery, to Junior Second Lieutenant in our Battery. His rank made him Chief of Caissons and Battery Quartermaster. These two officers soon became favorites, and were looked upon as real lions in the art of war, for they had already seen service at Fort Donelson, Belmont and Shiloh.

On the 9th Charles Cope, of Joliet, Illinois, aged 19, enlisted at Chicago.

CHAPTER III.

COMPLAINTS continued to be sent into Headquarters against the troops garrisoning the city, and conspicuous among the delinquents was the name of "Battery M." At least, on the morning of November 11th, says Capt. Miller, one of Gen. Boyle's staff entered the General's office saying, "General, you will have to do something with that Battery, for there are too many complaints being entered against it." "I will do with it," said the General, and immediately he wrote an order for us to report forthwith at Lebanon. "D—n my men," the Captain afterwards used to say when speaking of it, "If they'd only quit foraging, we might have remained there"—at Louisville. Although we were contented there, yet all relished the idea of a move, and feared that if we did not soon meet the rebels we should return home without having had a fight. Some of our men were out in the country hunting this day (November 11th) and Trumbull accidentally shot Coslett in the thigh with his revolver. He was left at the hospital.

As the center section was the only one commanded by an officer who had seen service, it was started in the lead, and loaded on a train of flat and box cars that night and started at seven the next morning. On this trip we saw the first real results of war. At Salt River, nineteen miles from Louisville, were the yet smoking ruins of the bridge that John Morgan had burned. Next Bardstown Junction was a smouldering pile of ashes. All this was new and interesting to us, but the stockades passed were even greater curiosities. At length we reached Chicago, and found it to contain four houses in addition to the depot shanty !

The center section reached Lebanon at noon; sixty-seven miles from Louisville. They unloaded, marched about a mile northeast, and camped with the infantry. No rebels were near.

The men suffered much that night, as it was their first night without shelter, and the ground was white with frost. Water could not be had within less than three-fourths of a mile.

The Brigade they joined was the 34th, of the 10th Division, Army of the Ohio, and consisted of the 50th, 98th and 121st Ohio, and the 50th Indiana, and was commanded by Col. W. P. Reid, of the 121st Ohio. The Division was commanded by Gen. Gilbert. On this day Kanffman and J. C. Stewart received their discharges.

On the 13th the Brigade moved out at 5 A. M. It was the season for chestnuts, walnuts, persimmons, etc., and, as there was an abundance of each in that quarter, all feasted upon these luxuries. At night the Brigade camped near Newmarket, nine miles south of Lebanon. The right section, under Lieut. Spencer, started in the morning from Lebanon, and caught up with the Brigade about 10 P. M. Next morning the two sections were off at an early hour, and pitched tents a few rods south of Campbellsville. This was a rich district, and the boys were soon enjoying its luxuries. At a rebel's, near by, they found an abundance of chickens, potatoes and apples. These latter, in great quantities, were soon squeezed through a cider press found on the place, and many more were taken to camp. We had marched twenty-one miles, yet were not so fatigued but that we could travel several miles more for forage. Let it be remembered that such acts of confiscation were not then authorized, as was done later in the war, though never in Kentucky, which was always deemed loyal (?). This day, the left section, under Lieut. Fluskey, the Captain also being with it, reached Lebanon, where it was ordered to remain until further orders. It was rumored that there were rebels ahead, so the Brigade marched at daylight the next morning, though it had been the intention to remain at Campbellsville three days, and we had made arrangements accordingly, having fitted up our tents comfortably. We reached Columbia, forty miles from Lebanon, at night, and camped to the west of the town, posting guards all around our camp, in addition to the infantry guards that surrounded the whole.

The road from Lebanon to Columbia was a well macadamized pike. The country is very hilly, the crossing of Muldraugh's Hill is a tortuous road and so steep as to make it quite an undertaking. The south bank of the Green River is also a high, rocky hill, and even harder to ascend than Muldraugh's. Water was not often

found on this road, and it was really a great treat whenever we came to a good spring. The whole distance was heavily wooded except where it had been cleared for farms.

We found Columbia to be a hot-bed of secession, and were not long in coming to a conclusion as to what should be our course of action toward its denizens. Camp duties were immediately instituted, and soon all was running smoothly. There were many caves in the neighborhood, and one—Daniel Boone's—was often visited by us, to explore its meandering caverns. Tobacco, the soldiers panacea for all pains and griefs, could be found in almost any field, and all we had to do was to pick it ourselves. This natural leaf, however, was a little too strong, and we soon tired of it, but no better could be had, for that got of the citizens was only the same, twisted into "pig-tails."

On the 20th Gen. Gilbert ordered the left section to move up, and it reached us on the 22d. Lieut. Colvin returned soon after.

All was quiet, though a constant watch was maintained to guard against any surprise from the rebels.

On the 27th the camp was greatly excited over orders received to march a section to Millersville, about fourteen miles south of Columbia, to check Morgan, who was thought to be advancing from that direction. The center section was chosen. It started at noon, escorted by twenty-five men of Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Harney. They found the roads very rocky, tortuous and densely wooded nearly the entire distance on both sides. However, at dusk, they reached the place. What a scene met their eyes ! For once they had full chance to take in an entire town at one glance, for this one consisted of but two houses and a stable. Learning that no rebels were in sight, they camped in an apple orchard. The men found lodgings as best they could, some at the houses, some in the old log stable, and some at a straw stack half a mile distant. Those doing guard duty faithfully watched the fire in the stable, and would relieve themselves every two hours by calling the next relief. At eight o'clock, the next morning, one of the cavalry fired off his carbine ; to punish him he was sent to the forks of the road to halt all citizens as they passed. This was the amount of picketing done on that expedition, and is a good illustration of the loose, unsoldierly methods in vogue in this department at that stage of the war, and will account for many of the minor successes achieved by the rebel forces—after

another year had passed, officers and men had learned the task of soldiering much better, and picket duty had ceased to be nominal.

About noon the expedition started on its return, reached camp at dark, and after shivering in the cold for about an hour, parked and unhitched. Gen. Gilbert arrived that day, and preparations were made to salute him, but the salute was deferred, as he brought word that Morgan was near, and at 4:30 A. M., the next day, all were called to the guns to be ready to receive the enemy. We stood in the cold until daylight, when we were allowed to go to our quarters.

All was again quiet, and, to enliven the dullness of camp, we would get the negroes to "pat Juba," and to dance regular hoe-downs for us nearly every night. On the 4th of December, it having been decided to go into winter quarters, we moved through town and about half a mile north, to the north bank of Russell's Creek, and went into regular camp, naming it Camp Gilbert. On the 5th, before we were well prepared, about four inches of snow fell. On the 7th Dr. Kirk, E. G. Thompson, Hendershot, Drake and T. S. Baker joined us from the hospital, and on the 8th John Howard and Fuller came.

On the 10th we again began firing blanks to accustom the horses to the noise. At noon a staff officer came into camp and ordered all negroes, who were not teamsters, to leave and return to their masters. This caused great excitement among us, for we had some cooking for us, who were from Tennessee, and with whom we were loath to part. Prominent among these was Bill; with him we would not part, and so the only alternative was to have him drive a team, which was accordingly assigned to him.

On the 12th we had an inspection, and fired the first shot from our guns, by practicing at a target set on the side of a high, almost perpendicular hill, and at a distance of 1,000 yards. One shot went high above the trees on top of the hill, and was never more heard of, but is supposed to have struck somewhere near the Mississippi.

About this time Gen. Boyle telegraphed the post that it would be attacked within ten days, so we immediately commenced to build a fort, which, by the aid of the infantry, was completed by the 21st, but which, in the light of our subsequent experience in fort building, can not be considered a very formidable work.

On the 19th we felt so impregnable in our fortified position that Squad 1 began building a log shanty to live in ; but alas, on the 21st, when the shanty was about completed, orders were received to move in the direction of Lebanon, where Morgan was supposed to be. Sergt. Irwin, of Squad 2, left camp in the afternoon, and was never more seen in the Battery ; he was considered a deserter, but claimed to have been captured by the enemy and paroled.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the 22d of December all were up at 3 A. M., and soon had everything ready for the march. At day-break the Brigade started, a portion of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry acting as advance. We reached Campbellsville at dark, and camped near our old quarters. In the morning orders were received to resume the march, but these were soon countermanded with the injunction: "To be ready to march at a minute's warning." On Christmas we had fine times for soldiers. For edibles we had turkeys, geese, chickens and mutton as meats, and sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes and apples as vegetables and desert, while for drinkables there was an abundance of peach brandy, apple jack and corn-ketchup. In fact, we had everything good that the country afforded, and that, too, served in the best camp manner. The next day was one of gloom, for Leroy H. Barnes, of Squad 6, who had been sick for some time, died at 4 A. M., of typhoid fever. We buried him in the graveyard with military honors. The day was very dull, there being a constant, chilly, drizzly rain falling.

On the 26th Lieut. Colvin and Corporals Judd, of Squad 4, and Brown, of Squad 6, were ordered to report at Mumfordsville on detached duty. At 4 A. M., of the 27th, the troops were called out into line of battle, as Morgan was expected. He came not; so at noon on the 28th the center section and the 80th Indiana were sent to Muldraugh's Hill, which they reached at night. A scout sent out, reported a camp of rebels within three miles. All communications with Louisville were cut, as Morgan was really between us and there. On the 29th the Battery and Brigade left Campbellsville, and at 9 P. M., the center section proceeded to Lebanon, eleven miles distant, and reached there at 2 A. M. At daylight the rest of the Brigade arrived. Here was found a considerable force of the Kentucky troops, and all felt confident we

could bag Johnny very easily. After ten or twelve hours of weary waiting for orders the Battery went into camp on top of a bleak hill, taking great care to get our tents in neat order. It rained hard all day till just at night, when it turned cold and considerable snow fell. We had but just made ourselves comfortable in our tents when the left section was ordered out, with the 16th Kentucky Infantry and some Cavalry, to help guard a pass on the Springfield road, already held by the 6th Kentucky Cavalry. They built fires, but immediately had to extinguish them that the rebels, whose camp fires were in plain sight, might not see them. Thus, the Johnnies enjoyed good, warm fires, while our men had to keep themselves warm by walking. But the rebels built larger fires than they needed to warm themselves, for they wanted such as would burn till they could gain the bridge across the Rolling Fork of Salt River, about three-quarters of a mile southwest of Newmarket. This they effectually did, and then took their time for further action. We, at camp, stayed up till 11 P. M., cooking rations for the march. This great hubbub for marching was dispensed with thereafter.

In official circles there was now a great battle going on. After it had been discovered that Morgan had escaped, the Colonel, who thought he commanded, ordered pursuit. Soon comes an order from some other Colonel, who could produce an older commission, and the column must halt till he can form his plans. These formed and ready for promulgation, up steps another, who has still better claims to supremacy. At last, after we had lain still nearly all day, Colonel Hoskins was acknowledged the rightful commander, and the Brigade moved forward. The wagons were unloaded of baggage and crowded full of infantry, that the whole force might be kept closed up with the cavalry. The 16th Kentucky Infantry were detailed to support us, and they refused to be loaded into wagons, but manfully kept up with us whether on the gallop or at the halt—for it was by many such hitches we moved. There were a number of rebel prisoners brought in just before dark. This made us still confident of success. At 11 P. M., we came up with the rebel picket near Newmarket. This had been accomplished notwithstanding the many halts there had been on account of the wagons and harness breaking; for whenever anything broke the whole column had to halt. If no more had been gained we had made such a noise as to keep Morgan, who was moving on a parallel road, well posted as to our progress.

Immediately on coming upon the rebel vedettes a halt was ordered and a council of war called. All the Colonels met at a neighboring house—all save Hallersy, of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry, who was killed in the advance. All these plans finally culminated in one daring program, the first part of which was to order all to rest. The night was intensely cold, and no fires were allowed. We laid down in fence corners, but soon had to rise and walk for exercise, otherwise we should have frozen. Noiselessly we watched the old year die, and could scarcely hear the new one wish us a "Happy New Year."

Private Gillette, who had succeeded Clute as Acting Orderly Sergeant, was promoted from this day to that office.

A little after sunrise, on the morning of January 1st, 1863, we began to "feel" for the Johnnies, and found they were already far ahead of us, and were in full possession of Muldraugh's Hill, some three miles distant, their last wagon having got out of sight before our commander thought of moving. Great was our chagrin over this disappointment, for we had expected to capture them here. "Joe" had said, "the bag will be sure to have a hole in it," and so it was discovered. But there was this poor consolation—Morgan had announced that he would eat his dinner this day in Lebanon or in h—l, and now if he had any dinner it must be on the flight. But the flight part was not so certain, for he held the hill. So, slowly the column moved on, up the hill we went, and no rebels were in sight. Glorious! The 16th Kentucky again had to exert itself to keep up, for as soon as we reached the top of the hill it flashed upon the mind of the leader that Morgan would burn Green River bridge unless we were there in time to prevent it. We pushed on with all possible speed, and, approaching Campbellsville, heard that he was yet in town. The charge was ordered, and forward dashed the cavalry and artillery. The road was soon lined with blankets, kettles, sabres, revolvers, and everything that could fly loose! Entering the town, the Government stores were found burning, the streets were filled with crying women and children, the stores were all gutted, and such things as could not be carried along had been thrown into the street. Morgan had been gone about an hour, and had pillaged the town before leaving. A few stragglers were caught at some of the houses. On we pushed, galloping wherever we could. The road was strewn with ribbons and gewgaws Morgan's men had stolen. When we reached a clearing about one

mile from the bridge we saw it in smoking ruins. The right section immediately opened on the spot, firing sixteen shells. One of these struck near our cavalry, three in the bridge, two in the palisade on the road above, and the rest around in all directions, one going nearly half a mile further and wounding one of the rebels, who was left at a house near by, where we found him. We learned from prisoners that we had killed and wounded fourteen of their number. This, we thought, was doing well, but the bridge was burned, and so were two large cribs of corn, belonging to the Government, that were on the north side of the bridge. About sunset we went into camp to wait till the ford below the bridge could be rendered passable by removing some drift wood and cutting some trees on the bank. We immediately made preparations for a good supper and some sleep; we secured the former, but not the latter. We moved forward at 8:30, and marched by fits and starts in the Egyptian darkness till 4 A. M., when it was thought we were near enough to Columbia to postpone further progress until after sunrise. Corporal Short, of Squad 2, was promoted to Sergeant of the same, to date January 1st, and Cogswell, of Squad 1, to Corporal of same, to date January 1st. At 10 A. M., of the 2d, we entered Columbia, and found that Morgan had been gone about six hours. At this place he did no more than to parole a few sick prisoners whom he had left there. Along the whole road we had chased him he had taken all the good horses he could find, and whenever one of his horses became jaded he had turned it loose. After leaving Columbia he was so hard pressed in order to keep out of the way of Wolford, who had now joined us, that he was forced to burn some of his wagons that they might not fall into our hands. Wolford, with his cavalry, continued the chase, but we camped at our first camp grounds, and in the afternoon moved to Camp Gilbert. But it was finally concluded that Morgan could be overtaken before reaching the Cumberland, at Burksville, and thus prevent his crossing into Tennessee, so, at dark we moved out on the road toward that place. The Battery had hard work to ascend some very steep hills, and had gone about six miles when we met Wolford's cavalry returning. When we became aware of the force Wolford had, and knowing the spider's position he had occupied in relation to Morgan, all marveled that he should have allowed him to escape.

We returned to camp at 10 P. M., and were glad to be allowed once more to lie quietly down and sleep. The rain was steadily falling, but soon our eyes were closed, not to be opened till long after sunrise the next morning. In addition to the fatigue endured during our campaign, there had been very little to eat for men or horses, having had but one good meal since the 30th ult.

Next morning, after having eaten what was to be had for breakfast, we started at nine on our return to Campbellsville, which was reached at 8 P. M. : it rained hard all day and night and the next day. Little "Battery" suffered quite as much as the men on this campaign, but early in the march he had learned to jump upon the caissons and ride whenever he became tired. On the 4th all were ready to resume the march, when orders came to unhitch and unharness. Our tents and baggage, which had been left at Lebanon, were sent for; Lieut. Fluskey going in person in order to expedite their arrival. Thus ended our chase after John Morgan.

CHAPTER V.

Although Morgan had been driven from the State, there remained one quite his equal to keep us on the alert. At 3 A. M., of January 5th, we noiselessly hitched up, no one being allowed to speak a loud word. "Make no noise, boys, for Forrest is expected in before light," were the instructions received. We took position on a hill that commanded the road for some distance south, and lay there till about 3 P. M., and till noon were not allowed to go to camp, about three quarters of a mile, for something to eat. About 1 P. M., rations were hauled to us where we lay, Drake acting as Quartermaster Sergeant. In the afternoon the baggage train arrived and reported that there was no such thing as an armed rebel within fifty miles.

At an early hour on the 6th we were ready to march. No one knew where we were going, save those in command, and we soon began to doubt whether they did, for after going out, not more than three miles, we were lost. We lay where the discovery was made until the right road had been found, when the column moved on and camped at night on the Summerville road, twelve miles from Campbellsville. The country through which we passed on this march was the best we found in Kentucky, and we enjoyed it in proportion to its qualities.

By daylight of the 7th the troops were ready to start. We now left that road and took old, abandoned roads bearing to the north, and camped at night near Brush Creek, having made about twelve miles. On the way, while passing between trees, the splinter-bar of No. 3 gun was broken, which delayed us for some time. Some bee gums were found during the day, whose contents sweetened our evening repast. Our camps were usually upon the highest and most open ground to be found, which, of course, made the carrying of water, wood, etc., laborious; but this time our camp was in a beautiful valley within fifty feet of a clear stream.

and with fences—excellent fuel—all around us, while a stack of oat straw near by furnished us soft beds. On the 8th the Brigade moved at 7:30 traveling nearly all day in the valley of the creek, crossing it many times. At 3 P. M. we struck the Louisville and Nashville pike. It rained cold and drizzly all the afternoon. After traveling about eighteen miles we camped near the south fork of Nolan's Creek. On the 9th we were off by 8, at noon again crossed Muldraugh's Hill, and then filed through Knob Creek Valley, a large and beautiful valley, bordered on both sides by high hills. Crossing the Rolling Fork on a covered bridge, which the bullets from a neighboring stockade prevented Morgan from burning, and marching through New Haven, camped about three-quarters of a mile south of it at 3 P. M., having come twelve miles. The Battery went into regular camp in a pleasant spot on a beautiful knoll. Although, as before stated, Morgan had failed to burn the bridge on which we crossed, he had been more successful with the railroad bridge near by. He tried repeatedly to force the inmates of the stockade and block-house to surrender, but without effect. His Jack-ass battery was brought to bear on it and within a very few rods, but the bold occupants—the 78th Illinois—soon lessened the number of his cannoneers so much that they were glad to withdraw.

Now, being in permanent camp for at least a week, we felt the want of money, and more so, as we were quite reduced in necessary comforts. It had been rumored that we would receive our pay as soon as we reached our destination, and we eagerly watched each day for the paymaster. Closely we scrutinized each gold-braided pair of pants to see if its pockets were not filled with paper for us. In the absence of money we would draw clothing and sell it for double what the Government charged, and those who were so inclined, found the means to buy whatever they most needed. At a monastery near by excellent bread could be bought at reasonable prices.

On the 11th our cheese knives were turned over to the care of our uncle Samuel, and we doubt whether Bunyan's Pilgrim felt more relief at the falling off of his load of sin than did we when no longer burdened with those detested sword bayonets.

On the 12th Lieut. Colvin arrived from Louisville, en-route for Mumfordsville. He had with him a battery of three ten-pound Rodman guns that were worn out and the spokes and poles gnawed

nearly in two by the hungry horses that were always picketed to them. The battery was manned by men from nearly as many commands as there were men. They were convalescents from the hospitals, and thus the battery was styled, "Colvin's Quinine Battery." Lieut. Colvin's command of this battery was only temporary, and it reflected no discredit upon him. That day Capt. Miller, Lieut. Fluskey, and Privates Joseph Hunt, Carlos Hunt and Thos. Peters started for Louisville to get some fresh horses for the Battery. They took all the "crow-baits" with them.

It rained all the night of the 13th, all the 14th, and till about midnight, when it began to snow and continued till 9 A. M. of the 15th, when over fifteen inches had fallen. What a scene presented itself in the morning as we knocked the snow from our tent flaps and looked forth. Tent No. 7, or "Guard-house Cadets"—alias "Ring-tail Roarers,"—was nowhere to be seen. What had become of it? Where had its jolly occupants gone? No one could tell till, in walking over the spot where it had stood, a movement was felt underfoot, and a sepulchral voice was heard to order us away. Then there was a general upheaval of the snow for the space of a tent, and soon out crawled one, then another and another, till all were in the outer world. They came forth covered with perspiration, for it was uncomfortably warm under that snow covering. Soon their story was told. Their tent pole had broken in the night by the weight of the snow; they lay still, and were soon hidden from view. This tent was where all the wide-awake and jolly boys of the company congregated. It was by far the most noted tent of the camp. Never did such a thing as a quarrel originate in it.

This great fall of snow was followed by rain, and the streams were soon so swollen as to carry away several bridges between us and Louisville, thus depriving us of our mails—a luxury that the soldier longs for, next to honorable discharge at the close of his term.

While lying here we saw a Chicago paper that purported to give a description in one of its articles of our chase after Morgan, and concluded that either the writer or we must be greatly mistaken, for we agreed only on one point—that Morgan had been chased.

By the 17th official documents had found their way through, and among them came a report of Farrell's trial and sentence. He was to work on the levee three months, lose all pay, and then be

drummed out of camp. His offense was having threatened those in command over him and the commission of other "acts unbecoming a soldier." On the 19th the Captain returned, and with him Coslett, nearly recovered from his wound. It rained hard all that night and the next day, and then thawed so rapidly as to soon make the roads quite impassable.

On the 21st orders were received to move, and before light the next morning all were ready. Our destination was to Louisville by rail. The place where the train was to be loaded was about three-quarters of a mile away, but on account of the very bad roads, we had to go over three miles around, and then had hard work to reach the depot. It was raining and was quite cold, yet by 6 P. M., the Battery was loaded and started. A large mail was distributed just before leaving. The train sped swiftly on till reaching Bardstown Junction: here it was learned that the conductor had been left at Lebanon Junction, and back the engine went after him, being delayed only an hour, and reached Louisville, forty-five miles from New Haven, at 10:30 P. M. The men slept wherever room could be found to lie, and the next morning unloaded the battery, marched to Preston's woods, east of the city, and camped. In the afternoon Brumfield, Mercer and Premier joined us from the hospital. It rained hard all day and was quite cold, making it very unpleasant, though by night we had some wood hauled, and were able to cook and keep warm. We now expected to see the paymaster and could not imagine what reason there could be for further delay. On the 24th we were ordered out for inspection, but there was none. In the afternoon our wagons, that had been sent around by land, arrived. On the 25th Quartermaster Sergeant Murphy arrived from home, he having been sick since before we left Camp Douglas.

On the 26th the 50th Ohio was sent to some other command, and the 78th Illinois, the first Illinois troops we were associated with, joined our Brigade.

Aldrich was this day discharged on account of injuries received by the caisson explosion. The friends with whom we had parted, when starting for Lebanon, were still here, and as warm hearted as ever: as long as we would accept we could not want, for they offered and insisted on our taking money, etc., that might make us comfortable. As a consequence of this state of affairs, those who were so inclined, had all they wished to drink, and when, on the

28th. orders were received to go aboard a boat, preparatory to leaving for some unknown place. there were many who decidedly refused to go until they had received their pay. Our Captain, whose ideas of military discipline were rather lax, while urging us to comply, acknowledged that we ought to be paid before our departure.

PART II.

. . Chickamauga Campaign. . .

CHAPTER VI.

WE left camp at 10 A. M., on the 29th of January, and by 8 P. M., had all our guns, caissons, wagons, mules, horses and baggage on board the steamer James Thompson. This was a new boat, and had been built for a ferry. It had a small cabin aft: this was filled with grain and hay, so the men took quarters on the hurricane deck, the boiler deck, around the boiler—in fact any place where room could be found to lie down. A long, crib-looking stove had been put up near the “donkey,” and on this our cooking was done. The guns and horses were packed at the bow of the boat, the wagons placed on the hurricane deck, and the mules at the stern of the boat.

The question, “Where are we going?” was now asked, time and again, and yet no definite answer. Some thought we were going to aid Grant in the reduction of Vicksburg; others thought we were going to Missouri or to Memphis; and some that it was to join Rosecrans. Our horses were becoming poor, and being so crowded, began to die off. On the 31st, before leaving, we witnessed one of the horrors of slavery. A negro attempted to get on a ferry boat to cross into Indiana. A policeman stopped him, and in the melee the negro was shot and soon after died. At 5 P. M. we cut loose, and steaming nearly over to Jeffersonville, turned our bow slowly down stream and to Portland, where there were many boats lying ready to start. The night was clear and calm, and was enjoyed with a regular stag dance on a coal barge that lay alongside.

At 6:30 A. M., on the 1st of February, we went sailing down the Ohio on a steamboat. While other boats had guards posted to allow no one to go on shore, wherever they stopped, we were permitted to go where we pleased. We reached Cannelton, Indiana, at 5 P. M., and soon were once more on free soil. Some of us took a stroll over the town and then returned on board. Cannelton

is about one hundred and twenty miles from Louisville. In the morning the boat steamed over to Hawesville, Kentucky, took on coal, and by eight o'clock we were again on our way.

The Captain was quite sick the whole trip, so the command devolved upon Lieut. Spencer. On the way down the river we had an opportunity of noticing the vast difference that the width of a river makes in the condition of the country, as between a free and a slave State.

At 7 P. M. we once more came in sight of the Prairie State, our home. How all longed to set foot on her soil, but we could not at this time, and could only turn a longing glance at what was not even the promised land—only the wished-for land. At midnight we reached Smithland, three hundred and sixty-five miles from Louisville, and as we lay here some time, let us take a peep at the doings on board. The Captain of the boat, Thomas Gray, had a number of barrels of potatoes, some cheese, and also several boxes of brandy that was put in cans filled with apples. These articles he was smuggling through to Nashville, as he thought the \$100 per day for the boat was insufficient. We discovered these articles, and knowing them to be contraband, forthwith put the (yet unpassed) confiscation act in force, and turned all such articles to our own especial use. We soon had potatoes, ham, cheese, butter, etc., etc., to eat and the best of brandy to drink. The lock that guarded these articles was no impediment when "Slippery Sam" took charge of it.

We were in the van of the fleet that consisted of the St. Patrick (flag ship), Jacob Strader, Tempest, R. B. Hamilton, New York, Venango, Victor No. 2, Leonora, Crescent City, Arizona, Charley Miller, Hornet, James Thompson, Victress, John H. Groesbeck, Odd Fellow, Cottage, Nashville, Express, Lady Franklin, Nymph, Turin, Diamond, McClellan, St. Cloud, Silver Lake No. 2, T. J. Patton, Capitola, Leslie Coombs, Poland, Ella Faber, Allen Collier, Champion, Bostona, Duke, Commercial, Ohio No. 3, Horizon, Wild Cat, Liberty No. 2, Shenango, R. E. Levi, Clara Poe, Hazel Dell, and a few others, whose names we did not learn, as transports. The gunboats, Fair Play (flag ship), the St. Clair, Lexington, Silver Lake, Brilliant, and one other, accompanied us as convoys.

Here, as before stated, we had expected to receive our pay, but in the morning the officers learned, much to our disappointment

and chagrin, that the paymaster had left in the night on his return to Louisville ! We were now certain as to our destination—Nashville. Some of our number were on board other boats with acquaintances whom they had met, while others remained at Louisville, and, learning our destination, were at Nashville to meet us as we stepped on shore—they having gone by the railroad that had been opened only a few days before.

At 3:40 P. M., of the 3d, we cut loose at Smithland and steamed slowly up the Cumberland. The river was high, the current swift and the water full of driftwood, causing us to advance carefully as well as slowly. We were constantly on the alert for rebels, but our guns were in such condition as to be perfectly useless, as it would have required nearly half an hour to get them into position to use them. As we started, and for some time afterwards, we could hear distant cannonading, and could attribute it to nothing but the engagement of the gunboats, that had preceded us, with some rebels who were attempting to check our progress, and expected, if such was the case, to soon have a taste of some shore battery, which, in our penned-up position, would have been anything but agreeable. Toward morning we passed a burning barge that the rebels had sent down to burn the fleet, but all passed it without any damage.

We reached Dover at 5 A. M. It is a village of about 150 inhabitants, and is about a mile above Fort Donelson and on the same side of the river. It is seventy-five miles above Smithland. We made fast to the north shore, opposite. The cannonading heard was at this place, between the garrison and one of the gunboats on one side, and Forrest on the other. Soon all the canoes and skiffs to be found were engaged in ferrying us over, and it was learned that Col. Hardin, with a portion of the 83d Illinois, numbering seven hundred men, and Battery C, of the 2d Illinois, with four light and two siege guns, and also a few cavalry, had not only held the place, but had driven away Forrest and four thousand cavalry and artillery, killing many and capturing a number, his own loss being very small. One of our gunboats had reached there in time to engage in the last act, and killed about one hundred rebels as they were retreating. Our force buried two hundred rebels and only sixteen of our men ! It appeared from the face of the field that the enemy had driven our men out at one time, for on all parts of the ground could be seen dead rebels and dead rebel horses.

One house was so perforated with bullet holes, on both sides, made as each party would alternately gain possession and drive the other out, that it much resembled the corn-graters we afterwards used in the army. In front of the siege-gun were two dead horses, side by side, and one dead rebel, while a short distance off was the body of the other rider. They had ridden up to the muzzle of the gun, and one said to the two men who were left at it, "G—d d—n you, don't you know when to surrender?" "Yes," replied he who was gunner, as he fired the gun, and there lay the corpses, their bodies perfectly riddled with canister. Among the rebel dead was found the body of Col. (Acting Brig. Gen.) McNairy, the rebel, who had published in the Nashville papers, that he could drive every Yankee in Tennessee from the State with a few hundred hounds, and if they could not do it, he would arm the women with broomsticks and do it.

Each man appeared to want something to remember this rebel by, and soon the buttons were cut from his coat for keepsakes. The rebels themselves had taken the time to strip their dead of shoes, etc. Among their dead were several who had been in town only a day or two before and had their oath of allegiance upon their persons. During the night reinforcements arrived from Fort Henry, the commander having heard the cannonading and thought they must be needed. Prisoners reported that Forrest would soon return, so we lay there till it was thought there was no further danger for the garrison, and took considerable ammunition from our chests to supply the light guns. We were mustered on the 5th by Capt. Stacy, (the first introduction we had to that gentleman) and it was found that about seventy were present. About this time Capt. Gray began to discover that the contents of his larder were materially lessening, and upon overhauling his potatoes and apples, found very few left to sell for their weight in money. Of course he dared not make a public fuss, but to make us think he would, he searched the boat and found only one can of apples. On the 5th Thomas Peters died at Louisville of measles.

The night of the 4th it snowed quite hard, and the 5th was extremely cold. During the day the transports paired—i. e., they lashed together two by two. This was to protect them should they be attacked, for the troops on one could retreat to the lee one, and have the other as a breastwork. We lashed to the Venango. Steadily we stemmed the current on the 6th, having started at 10

A. M. The day was pleasant and the scenery most beautiful; for many of us, who had never been outside of the Prairie State, the scene was really grand, and the hurricane deck, which had been deserted the day before, was crowded.

The shore varied from low, level swamps to high, perpendicular hills, almost mountains. Seven miles above Dover the ruins of the Cumberland Iron Works were passed. The rebels had burned them when the Union forces captured Fort Donelson. A little further is the residence of John Bell, he who in 1860 wished to be elected to the highest office in the land, but who in 1861, was a leader among those who conspired to ruin that land. We passed Clarksville at 8:45 P. M., but it was too dark to see plainly the high bridge. At 7:30, on the 7th, the shoals were passed with great difficulty, as the water was getting low and the current was very swift.

We reached the "Rock City," two hundred and five miles from Smithland, at 4 P. M., passing under the new Government railroad bridge, and lashed not far above. As we passed the prison where some rebels were confined, they shouted at us, calling some pretty hard names.

Our guns, wagons and the remaining horses and mules were unloaded in the forenoon of the 8th. The Captain, being too unwell to accompany us further, went to the hospital and never saw the Battery again. Lieut. Spencer was now our commander. On the 9th we unloaded our baggage and moved to Camp Andy Johnson, about two and a half miles southeast of the city, passing Forts Negley and Confiscation, which seemed to us quite impregnable. As Bill was driving his wagon along the street he met a man who said, "Why don't you get off from that mule and ride, and make that nigger drive?" referring to one of darker hue who sat in the wagon. Bill thought it a good joke that he should be taken for a white man. It rained all day of the 10th. We received orders to march to Franklin the next day, but they were changed to have us leave on the 12th, at 6 A. M.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the 12th of February reveille sounded at 4 and the troops moved in the direction of Franklin at 7. Orders were issued that knapsacks could be strapped on the carriages, but that the cannoners must walk. This was pronounced to be downright cruelty. We had never had to do it before, not even when traveling over poor roads, and this was an excellent macadamized pike. The infantry soon began throwing away their extra clothing. This was thought odd, having never seen anything of the kind before. At 3 P. M. it was rumored that there were rebels ahead and that our forces had left Franklin in the morning and the rebels had immediately occupied the place. Each gunner's haversack was supplied with three rounds to be ready for instant use. It was raining steadily at the time. The center section was ordered in advance; it ran up within short range and brought its guns to bear on a large brick house, from which a shot had just been fired by one who was declared to be an officer of the day, for we saw his red sash very plainly.

We were ordered not to fire, as our infantry had effected a crossing of the Harpeth River and were entering the town. But few shots were fired, the rebels not attempting to hold the place. The center section immediately moved to a hill on the left, and gun 3 fired two shots at the retreating foe. The Battery then camped on a hill, where Gen. Pry, deceased, had had a splendid residence; the house had been burned some years before; the grounds were beautifully laid out, the walks bordered with box-wood hedges, ornamental trees, etc. The ruins even, looked grand. Just at the brow of the hill was his tomb.

Franklin is on the south bank of the Big Harpeth, eighteen miles south of Nashville, and contains about two thousand inhabitants, nearly all rebels.

Coming into this department placed us in the Army of the Cumberland and in the 14th Corps. On the 13th we were called

into line at an early hour to guard against surprise, and in the afternoon began regular drill, gun 3 firing the extra shot she had in from the day before. Our tents were placed in regular alignment, and orders were received to be in line at five o'clock every morning.

On the 14th we moved our tents to the top of the hill on the spot where the guns had first taken position. It rained hard nearly all day. At night three of our men thought they would like to give their horses some hay, and at the same time take a little to keep themselves off the wet ground; they were caught in the act. Gen. Gilbert ordered them to be tied to trees, and they were kept there in the wet and cold till nearly eight o'clock at night. This day John Zanger was discharged at the hospital at Louisville. Several of our men were now taken sick with the measles. In the afternoon of the 15th the cavalry skirmished a little near by. Joseph B. Hunt, Stable Sergeant, was this day, while on duty among the horses, kicked by a vicious horse and severely injured. On the 16th the Infantry began to fortify under the direction of Capt. Stacy, and the trains arrived from Nashville, which cheered us much, for with the gloomy weather, sickness and no mail, we had begun to feel discontented. As there was no bridge across the river, there was no way of reaching Franklin except by boats. This day the reconstruction of the railroad bridge was begun. On the 17th the mail came, and though old, was new to us and gave us much cheer.

On the 17th we were ready betimes for the Johnnies, who were said to be 20,000 strong, within a few miles. At 10 A. M. some infantry were ordered across a creek flowing from the north into the Harpeth. A few shots were fired, which caused the skirmishers to fall back, but the ground was held, for if there was any body of rebels near they made no further demonstrations. That night several rockets were sent up by citizens in Franklin, so the troops were in position long before daylight next morning, that they might not be caught napping. During the day fortifying progressed far more rapidly than before. On the 19th a few of our men were detailed to build a bridge across a creek so as to allow our teams to get to the depot.

On the 20th gun 4 knocked down a large chimney that was a portion of the ruins of Gen. Pry's house. They used solid shot; the first shot passed through it, scarcely causing it to totter, the

second brought it to the ground. This was done because Gen. Gilbert considered it dangerous in case of an attack.

On the 21st we moved camp a little north to more favorable grounds, as we were now in the way of the ditchers. It rained very hard so that what had for some time been a saying was only again verified—i. e., “That we could move only when it rained.” The roads that had for some time been so muddy as to be almost impassable, were, as a consequence, now much worse. The left and center sections drilled and fired two blanks apiece. About noon, during the hardest rain, an alarm was given, and we had to hitch up in great haste; it was reported that the rebels were advancing and were already engaging our outposts. We could plainly hear the firing and really believed we were attacked. After getting thoroughly drenched we were relieved, being told that it was only a few pickets who had fired off their guns to keep the charges from getting wet and thus making their guns useless in case of an attack. Of course they had acted contrary to orders, but it was far better to be prepared than to be attacked and find themselves with weapons that could not be used. The 22d was a cold, dreary day. It rained and then snowed. At noon we fired the National salute—thirty-four blanks.

On the 23d six of those who had objected to going on board at Louisville were told that they were under arrest on the charge of mutiny. They were restricted in nothing except duty—that they were not allowed to perform. Of course they did not object to this, as the weather was not agreeable to work in. At 10:30 P. M. Watson Brailey died of measles. His death resulted from want of proper care. We had nothing that was really fit for healthy men, and could do little for invalids.

On the 24th the Battery was relieved from working on the fortifications by a hundred or more negroes. This gave us much joy, but we had scarcely begun to rejoice before work was found for us on some interior works!

There were many who could find nothing better to amuse themselves with than circulating such sensational reports as these: “Vicksburg is taken!” “A grand victory on the Potomac!” etc., etc. These rumors would spread like wild fire and would become the subject for general debate through all the camps. Though these canards always ended in disappointment to the credulous, yet they served to keep life in the camps.

At 4 P. M., of the 25th, the center section was sent out to receive any "gray backs" who might appear. There had been some cannonading heard during the night. Pontoons to make a wagon bridge across the river came during the day. The railroad bridge was nearly completed, but the heavy rains had so swollen the stream that it washed the bridge away during the night and this day. Those who were under arrest were tried, except one, the Corporal.

The pontoons were completed on the 27th and then, by getting the proper pass, we could visit the town. We moved camp a few rods north of the works. At 2 A. M., on the 28th, the long roll was beaten, and all were soon in line, but shortly unhitched and returned to bed. In the afternoon we had inspection and muster.

On the 1st of March the pickets were driven in; we hitched up in great haste, but our lines were recovered and quiet again reigned. This day our new detail on the fortifications began.

On the 2d the men under arrest were included in the detail. In order to have a sufficient number of cannoneers in case of attack, several infantry were sent to be drilled on the guns. During the night Coburn's Brigade arrived, and on the 3d we received sixteen men on permanent detail from the 78th Illinois. That night it froze quite hard, and snowed on the morning of the 4th. More troops having arrived, Coburn started in the direction of Columbia on a four days' foraging expedition. During the afternoon cannonading was heard in the direction he had taken, and the Battery was ordered to be ready to march, but as all was quiet at night, we remained in camp. That night was quite cold. By noon of the 5th heavy cannonading was heard about, as we judged, six miles out. By 1 P. M., all communications were cut with Coburn and couriers could not reach him. Gen. Gilbert very leisurely rode along and ordered us to be ready to move. We soon crossed the pontoon and lay in column of sections on the flat near by until about 3 P. M., when we were ordered forward on the double quick. We went out to a pass through some hills about three miles from town; here we met ambulances loaded with wounded, all bringing word that the rebels were advancing. The 18th Ohio Battery had returned some time before, not having been able, as they said, to draw any reply from the rebel batteries on which they had fired. Gun 4, of our Battery, took position in the gap, and gun 3 was placed on the knob to the left, from which it could

command the surrounding country. The left section was placed in position on the hill nearly a mile nearer the town, and was commanded by Lieut. Fluskey. We lay in our several positions till nearly dark, when, as the rebels did not appear to be advancing, the right and center sections were ordered to return to camp, but not so with the left: they had received no orders, and long after all support was withdrawn, the Lieutenant sent a request to either have some support sent him or to be recalled. They were then, long after dark, ordered to camp. Many were the complaints raised against Gen. Gilbert for not having sent reinforcements sooner to Col. Coburn, who, with nearly his whole command, was captured. Van Dorn was the rebel commander. That night Gen. Gordon Granger arrived with two brigades and assumed command of the whole force on the 6th. Four of those under arrest were relieved. The railroad bridge was this day completed. The trains crossed and began unloading stores at the depot. It rained nearly all day. Troops continued to arrive and the beautiful forest that surrounded us began to fall under the pioneer's axe, so as to lengthen our range and to prevent the enemy's approach under its cover. The sick and wounded were sent to Nashville, and we predicted no longer an attack from the enemy, but an advance on our part. During the night we heard cannon in the direction of Murfreesboro, and learned next morning that some cavalry, crossing to Franklin, had surprised and captured nearly an entire cavalry camp of the foe. Sheridan's Division arrived to-day. Corp. Brown returned from detached duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the 9th of March reveille sounded at 2 A. M., and by daylight the troops were in motion, separating and going out on three parallel roads. We were in the center and on the Columbia pike. At Thompson's Station, six miles out, the cavalry engaged a few rebels, driving them. Our loss was two killed and two wounded. At Spring Hill we found many of the union wounded of the late battle. The enemy had paroled them before our forces arrived within reach of them. It had been intended for us to move so slowly as to allow the other commands to come in here, in the rear of the enemy, and thus bag him : but our column got there some time before the flanking columns appeared. We camped one mile south. Immediately foraging commenced, and there was much to be foraged. Pigs, chickens, eggs, turkeys, hams, flour, meal, etc., were soon coming into camp to visit the Yanks.

Gen. Gilbert, discovering it, sent his staff, Capt. Stacy, to arrest whomsoever he might find foraging. He at times caught those outside his command, and then no attention was paid them. At 10 P. M. it began to rain hard and continued all the next day and night. On the morning of the 10th Capt. Stacy was out early and every man found bringing in anything was required to deposit it on the heap that was soon made, near the ruins of a brick house, close to our camp, and the criminals to stand in line near by. About eight o'clock Gen. Gilbert rode up and began to lecture the men for stealing. Gen. Granger, wondering what was the cause of this array of soldiers, rode up and immediately understood it by seeing the huge pile of nick-nacks. He asked Gen. Gilbert what he was doing, and when he had told him, Granger ordered the men back to their commands and rode away. Of course, he was the soldier's idol from that day.

While marching we spared very little that belonged to rebels, and as there were very few who were not such, the best union

man in the district, and who was then acting as guide for Gen. Granger, lost all his bee gums before the troops became aware whose place they were on. It was then too late to make amends, yet he did not complain. About 4 P. M. the advance saw the rebels in line on the east side of Carter's Creek. The stream was so swollen that it could only be crossed at the regular fords, and these the rebels held, so we camped. Our brigade was near the residence of Tim. Whittaker; it was soon discovered that his smoke house was filled with the best of meat, and we were not long in appropriating it. By "we," in this connection, is meant the whole brigade, as all participated. The gentleman pretended to own nothing, and only received money from those who saw fit to pay him for things they took. His wife owned all and was very boisterous; at one moment she would curse us as Lincolnites, and then would cry. Her splendid carriage horses were taken. This she could not bear; we could take all else, but must leave her them. Gen. Gilbert, who made the house his headquarters, had them returned to her. In less than an hour not a board was to be seen of the fence within half a mile, and not a picket or railing, or scarcely a post, was left to show what had surrounded their costly and beautiful grounds. The boards were taken to sleep on or to keep us out of the water: the pickets and posts were used to kindle fires, and rails kept them ablaze thereafter. In this section the rails were mostly of red cedar. A number of our men occupied a small house that was half full of cotton seed. Col. Opdycke, of the 125th Ohio, asked permission of them to occupy one room; he was given one, but it was the poorest in the house.

About 8 A. M., of the 11th, the center section was ordered to the front to see if it could reach a rebel battery, then in full view, about one and one-half miles distant. Gilbert and some others decided that it was out of range, hence not a shot was fired. There were a few shots exchanged by other batteries both to the right and left of us. A long column of rebel cavalry advanced down the hill and attempted to cross an open field, but a few well directed shots from our guns sent it to the cover of the woods in a hurry. This ended all work for that day.

We were now fifteen miles from Franklin. It seemed the opinion of our commander that to attempt to cross the creek would involve an uncalled for loss of life, and result in but a barren victory, even if the enemy should be dislodged from the hills and

forced back upon Columbia. So, at 7 A. M., of the 12th, we began the retrograde movement, having enjoyed the full benefits of a cold March storm and seen a few miles more of Dixie. But was it Dixie? No. As long as we were in the army we were never able to reach that noted land. At Louisville it was about the middle of the State. At Columbia it commenced with Tennessee. Tennesseans said Georgia was the boundary. Georgians said Florida was the northern limit. But, as the border States were not in Dixie, and neither were the cotton States, one would think that land a myth.

As we passed our guide's house on the return, the stars and stripes were proudly waving from one of the upper windows. That cost him dearly, for before night the enemy had made him almost houseless.

Passing Thompson's Station, on the return, our forces re-buried our dead of the 5th, who were barely covered with earth, and in some instances the covering had been washed off, leaving them quite bare. They had all been stripped of their clothing before burial. We reached camp at 5 P. M., and found that Lieut. Colvin and Corp. Judd had returned. Sheridan's division left the next day for Murfreesboro.

On the 14th there was a grand review of all the troops, in and about Franklin, in the cotton field south of town. Gens. Granger, Baird, Smith and Gilbert were present. Our Battery was chosen to fire at a target—an old log. A few rounds were fired; some of the shots were excellent, while others were quite the reverse.

The tearing down of Gilbert's works, and building of new and substantial ones, was pushed forward with vigor, and soon Fort Granger had become really a strong fort. This and others then built, saved Nashville and perhaps another year's war, by aiding our troops to defeat Hood on the 29th of November, 1864.

On the 16th was commenced what should long before have been the general order throughout the army—the drilling of the officers with the musket. They soon discovered it was not so much sport as at first supposed.

On the 17th two twenty-four pound siege guns were received for Fort Granger. They were hauled up by hand and placed in position.

The camps were required by general order to be daily thoroughly policed, and the medical inspector visited all camps and examined each tent to see that it was perfectly neat and clean.

This order conduced more to health than did all the quinine that was so freely given for each and every disease or complaint during the war.

On the 18th the wagon train started out for forage, but had gone only three miles before it was forced to retreat before a body of the enemy.

On the 19th another camp ground for the Battery was resolved upon. To get the men all out, the assembly was blown. Thinking it must be some good news, all rushed into the ranks, only to have a shovel handed us; then after a "Right face, forward march," we soon found ourselves on the allotted ground, and were told that we could now proceed to police it. Several who were "unable to attend roll call" were thus forced to do their share.

We were a little tardy in getting into line on the morning of the 20th, so orders were issued to be out punctually at four, and to remain till five every morning thereafter. Eight more men were received on detail from the 78th Illinois.

An order was promulgated to the effect that all offenders must be tried in their own commands and by their company or regimental officers. A Judge Advocate was to be appointed by the commander of the company or regiment. Lieut. Colvin was appointed for that office in our Battery.

On the 22d Corp. Judd received a furlough—one that had been promised him at Mumfordsville.

It had been decided that the James rifle was not the best gun for field service, so we were ordered to turn ours over. We did this on the 24th and drew instead two twelve-pound Napoleons and four three-inch rifles, (Rodmans.) At first the twelve-pounders were placed on the flanks of the Battery, but to have them both in one section, they were given to the right. Our old guns were placed in the fort, and we soon had to drill the remnants of the 22d Indiana and 33d Wisconsin regiments on them. Well we remember the trouble we had to pack the chests of our new guns. It was raining, seemingly, as hard as possible, and it was necessary to carry the chests under a tarpaulin-covered shed in order that the ammunition should not get damp. All hands were well drenched while taking off and putting on the chests. "Baby," of gun 3, was arrested for not being out at roll call that morning, and the court martial in due time decided that fifteen days' extra duty was sufficient punishment for the offense. The Corporal, who was among

those arrested for the Louisville affair, was relieved without trial; four of the others were to lose \$6.50, or a half month's pay; and the five to work ten days each on the fortifications.

On the 25th the rebels attacked and captured Brentwood, a station about eight miles from Nashville. They were, however, soon after driven away. A force of cavalry was sent from Franklin to aid the garrison. As no artillery was sent with them they complained bitterly. "O, if we had only had a battery along, we could have captured the whole of them!" This was their general cry whenever they returned from an unsuccessful expedition.

Our horses were left harnessed all of the 26th, long after all danger was over at Brentwood, that we might be ready to march to its relief in case we should be wanted. Among those captured there was J. H. Van, our brigade postmaster.

On the 28th the Battery was inspected by the first thoroughly drilled artillery-man we had ever met. He appeared perfectly familiar with all movements, many not mentioned in the drill books, and to have the eyes of Argus. While riding by on a trot he would notice little disarrangements in the harness that the careless drivers had overlooked. "What's that strap out of its loop for?" "Where's the trussing strap that belongs there?" "That horse wants a shoe on that foot," pointing to it, etc., etc., until we began to think our Battery was in poor condition, while we had prided ourselves that few could equal us in good order. This officer was Capt. James Thompson, of the Second U. S. Artillery. He drilled us often afterwards, and although he was strict to a fault, still we always felt glad to have him take hold of the reins of the Battery. Although our Dutchman, alias Norwegian, had to hold the pole up for half an hour to punish him for neglecting to let the pole prop down, still even he liked him and wished him to come oftener. And the cannoneer who had to walk for neglecting to sit with arms properly folded, forgave him and rejoiced at his coming. We never met his equal as a drill master. He was Gen. Granger's Chief of Artillery, and was soon afterwards promoted to a Colonelcy.

On the 31st Sergt. Wells was discharged at Nashville, and Wm. Siegel received notice of his discharge at the Battery.

On the 1st of April orders were read that those who merited were the ones to be promoted from this date, and that all who were worthy should have their names reported. Officers were to

wear their side arms while on drill; they had fallen into the habit of wearing as little as possible of the army paraphernalia, especially while on drill. Hansell, gunner of gun 4, was promoted to sergeant, vice Wells, discharged. Corp. Judd made gunner of the same, and Private Morgan Banks, of the same, to corporal (chief of caisson). On gun 2 Clute was made gunner, and Private Korah was promoted to chief of caisson of same.

A few prisoners were brought in on the 2d. In the afternoon Gen. Gilbert started for Murfreesboro. It was rumored that he was succeeded by Col. Bennison, of the 78th Illinois. We began to rejoice over what we thought was our good luck. On the 3d the report was that he was gobbled, but on the next day all our joy was suddenly ended by seeing him ride inside the lines and up to his headquarters.

Since starting on the Kentucky campaign, or rather since the negroes were driven from camp, we had adopted the practice of each man, or a few at most, cooking for himself. Each man wished his sowbelly and hard tack cooked according to his own taste. One chose "Dundefunk," another "Slubmagullion," another something else, so that the general cook could not please all. But on the 5th strict orders were received from the brigade commander that we must have squad cooks; that one man was to be detailed from each squad for that purpose, and these cooks were to receive twenty-five cents per day extra from the Government. (which they never did).

On the 6th we commenced artillery foot-drill, the first we ever had in the Battery. In the afternoon we signed the pay rolls again, and received the announcement that the paymaster was then at the post.

On the 9th, by orders from Rosecrans, who was supposed, especially by the enemy, to know everything as fast as it occurred, we were up by four o'clock and ready to receive the enemy. On drill that forenoon we fired three shells at a target. Another brigade of infantry arrived during the night. Van Dorn sent in orders for us to surrender, so all was ready by 3 A. M., on the 10th, to surrender if we could do no better. At 1 P. M. he attacked our pickets, and charging through them, was soon in town, where his columns were ordered to halt, but many charged on; down to the pontoon bridge they came, only to bite the dust or to retreat with all possible speed. We hitched up and sent the

left section under Lieut. Colvin to the fort. It took several positions, but was not allowed to fire. The 18th Ohio battery, contrary to orders, shelled the depot with great spirit, for which its commander was severely reprimanded. The rebels opened on the fort with their artillery. One shell passed over and struck among our mulewagons, causing the drivers, black and white, to turn pale, and to begin to look for trees behind which to hide. The rest of the rebel shots struck short. Many of their horses lost their riders in the town and at the pontoon, and two horses came across and were captured in our camp. One man, whose horse fell near the pontoon, ran—almost flew—back to the shelter of the houses, amid shouts of derision and laughter from our men. The large guns of the fort were doing fearful execution among those who were outside the town, where they could be reached. By this time some of Stanley's cavalry, then en-route from Murfreesboro, anticipating this attack, came in Van Dorn's rear, and began slaying his men right and left. The 4th U. S. Cavalry captured four of his guns, and, being unable to haul them off, cut the spokes of the carriages, spiked the guns, and tumbled one into a creek. This unlooked for attack on their rear caused the rebels to retreat pell-mell. The 40th Ohio were on picket around town and were somewhat cut up. The rebel dead turned black immediately after death, and their canteens were found in many instances to contain whisky and gunpowder. At 4 P. M. guns 1 and 3, of our Battery, and two regiments of infantry were sent out to a ford seven miles above. They went on the double quick most of the distance, but got there too late to have anything to say to Van Dorn, as he had completed his retreat to Spring Hill. The next evening the left section and guns 1 and 3 returned to camp.

On the 14th there was a grand review to ascertain how many recruits each command required to fill it to its maximum.

On the 15th we drew, as special delicacies and sanitary supplies, three pickles, two peppers and four and a half pounds of desiccated potatoes for the entire company!

The fields were now so green as to warrant our taking the horses out daily to graze. As soon as the wheat was high enough we let them feed on that in all the nearest fields, because it was deemed unsafe to go outside the protection of the fort.

On the 16th Van Dorn again sent a summons for us to surrender, but he thought he would not attempt to enforce it, and made no attack.

On the 18th we turned over our Sibley tents and drew "Purp," or shelter tents. A description of them is unnecessary, as all know how nice they are in the summer, how one's head and feet are left to enjoy the cool night breezes, while the rest of the body is comfortably sheltered. Eighteen men were detailed to go south of town to cut away some fruit trees and tear down or burn some houses that were standing in the range of the guns.

About a hundred of our cavalry were seen returning from a scout, and from a distance were taken to be rebels, so that Capt. Aylshire, who commanded the Pioneer force that day, ordered Lieut. Colvin to get his men into camp as fast and well as he could. We despaired of ever again seeing our comrades, but soon they came straggling along, taking their leisure and telling us that the supposed force of rebels was only a few blue coats. This was considered a good joke on the officers in command of the Pioneers.

Our first night in the "Purps" gave us proof of their efficacy as shelters. If one drew himself up into opossum form and was careful not to touch the tent in any place, he could remain quite dry, but as soon as he straightened himself, either his feet or his head caught all the eaves, and if he chanced to touch the tent, the water no longer followed the inclined plane, but took the shortest course to him.

On the 19th Geo. W. Peters was discharged at Nashville.

At the head of our culinary department—for we had a head then—was a man who had been detailed from the 78th Illinois. He was an adept at his business, (pocketing money) and told us if we would build an oven he would get us up some extra dishes occasionally. We built one, and soon could get all the tough pie crust, with a small amount of apple sauce for dressing, we wanted for the sum of twenty-five cents per pie, but found that our former passably good meals were now very scarce and in no season or quality. To this we soon objected, but that made no difference; if we would not buy, those from other commands would. At length the oven fell down one night; then there was a stir; heavy rewards were offered for the perpetrators of the outrage, but with no success. The oven was rebuilt, and there was not quite so much pilfering of rations thereafter.

On the 20th Kelner, of gun 5, was transferred to the veteran reserve corps.

On the 21st the mule drivers got their extra pay; this aroused us once more to looking for the "greenback man," and on the 24th we found him, and immediately drew six months' pay per man.

Our money disposed of, camp duties were again all we had to busy ourselves with, but we could not rest easy thus; we must have something to awaken us and keep alive our spirits. The tipping over of a caisson while on drill would give ground for comment only for a day. At last some one discovered brier root near by, and soon the camp was converted into a pipe manufactory. But pipes alone could not satisfy us. It was soon learned that mussel shells would make very beautiful rings, and soon the river was searched to safe distances, above and below, and rings, breast-pins, etc., began to be turned out in great numbers; many of them were of beautiful design, and were sent to our friends at home.

On the night of the 26th signals were given to the post by a spy that a camp of rebels was within a few miles. At midnight the cavalry went out, and had to go but a few miles ere they found the looked-for camp. They surprised it and captured nearly the entire force. Darkness aided a few to escape. The officers were allowed time to dress, but the poor privates fared very badly. Those who had been so unwise as to remove any of their clothing never saw it again. Some came in bootless, others hatless, many coatless, and one poor fellow had to leave his unmentionables. Some rode on horses, with or without saddles, some on mules, while others had to walk. As they came in, our spy, who was one of their number, managed to ride ahead with the colonel commanding, and motioning to the group that stood near the road, galloped up to headquarters, and had communicated with Gen. Granger ere the column, which was purposely retarded in crossing the pontoon, had arrived. The spy was kept among the rest of the prisoners and started for Nashville on the same train, but managed to escape before he reached there.

On the 29th Fish was mustered out at Nashville.

As May-day is moving day at home, so it was with our brigade that year in the army. In order to get an early start, for we supposed our next tenement must be far away, all hands were up by 12:30 A. M., and off by two. We reached Thompson's Station at sunrise, and met a force of our cavalry returning, when it

was discovered that this was some strategic move. The cavalry had twelve prisoners. We returned to camp, reaching there at 10 A. M.

Capt. Miller, having so far recovered as to be able to travel, sent Stone, who had been attending him, to the Battery, while he started for New York on the 2d. That day we had artillery brigade drill, and Capt. Thompson pronounced us best drilled of the three batteries, viz: 9th and 18th Ohio and Battery M; of our battery he said the left section was the best.

By being called up at 2:30 A. M., on the 6th, and ordered to pack up everything, it was supposed that we were going on a long march. Our splendid bunks were soon carried away by the infantry, and by the time we started, 9 A. M., there was little left to mark where our camp had been. At one mile south of town we went into camp. We were only sent there to guard the infantry while they were felling the heavy woods. It rained very hard, and for something to lie on, we copied after the gray backs—commenced barking—the trees, and soon had the smooth side of the bark for a bed. Capt. Stacy had some trouble with an infantryman, who was the son of one of the colonels of the brigade. He attempted to whip the man, but soon found himself on the ground. He ordered the man arrested, but the colonel soon released him, and made some threats against the captain. The offense of the man was having taken some boards from a rebel's stable, with which he wanted to make a bunk.

On the 8th the Battery went out at noon to drill, and by orders from the general, was kept there till dark, then was allowed to go to camp. Broke camp at 3:45 A. M., of the 9th, and were back on our old camp ground by 7, but not one vestige of our comfortable bunks could be found on the ground, and we were forced to lie in the mud, as our camp was on ground that had been sown to winter wheat. This day four sixty-four-pound howitzers arrived for Fort Granger. This now made the fort quite formidable.

On the 10th the rebel general, Van Dorn, was killed at Spring Hill.

On the 15th the three batteries composing the Artillery Brigade began target practice. Each gun fired two rounds at one thousand yards range. On the 16th we fired test shots, Gen. Granger being present. Battery M did best, and Brumfield, gun-

ner of gun 5, won the laurels. He was praised by Granger for his well doing. This so elated Lient. Colvin that he immediately sent for some corn ketchup and treated his section.

Capt. Aylshire, who was now, by date of commission, chief of artillery, inspected us on the 17th. At night Col. Baird, who was captured with Col. Coburn, and who had just been exchanged, addressed the few who remained of the 22d Indiana and 33d Wisconsin—part of his old command—and charged all to Gen. Gilbert. He said that had aid been sent when requested, they would have defeated the rebels.

On the 18th the 18th Ohio Battery was best at target practice, and Battery M was second. It was also best the next day, as we now fired at longer range, and we had only four rifled guns, while it had six. On the 20th, we took a mile range and tested ten-pounder with ten-pound, and gun 5, of our Battery, again won the day.

On the 22d we drew a barrel of whisky, and it was determined that it should be kept in the hospital tent, to be used only for the sick or for the men when they had been at work; but by the "sick" we did not at first understand that the whole Franklin force was included, though that must have been the meaning, for those—not always sick—from other commands got more of it than did our own men. To this we objected and it was soon put a stop to—as soon as the whisky was gone.

On the 25th we began building sheds for our horses, and being quite comfortably situated again, it was considered by the knowing ones a sure sign of an early move.

On the 31st our No. 3 and 4 guns were exchanged with the 9th Ohio Battery for two of their twelve-pounder Napoleons. Guns 5 and 6 were then given to the center section, and the new guns to the left section.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the 1st of June orders were received to prepare to march, and that those not well enough to march were to be sent to the hospital at Nashville. J. B. Hunt, who was yet suffering from the kick of a horse, left us for that hospital. All our extra baggage was boxed up and sent to the depot to be shipped to Nashville, where it yet remains for aught we know; no attempts were ever made to recover it for us. As this was our last day at Franklin, let us bid it an affectionate adieu by reminding it that we only moved camp six times in the eleven weeks of our stay.

At 3 A. M., of the 2d, we were up, and before six were on the move, taking an easterly course until the Nashville and Petersburg pike was reached, and, following that for a short distance, soon bore off toward Triune, which was reached at 1 P. M.—fourteen miles from Franklin. Triune was well fortified and very well garrisoned, but it was much like Millersville, Kentucky—there were but few houses to obstruct our view. Near by was the ground our right wing occupied in the memorable battle of Stone River.

On the 3d Schoeffer was discharged at Chicago, he having never joined the Battery after it left there.

On the 6th Axtell left for the hospital on account of deafness.

On the 7th the rebel cavalry came near town and surrounded some of our men, who, however, cut their way out. The Battery was ordered to move, and went only as far as the pike, the rebels having retreated.

On the 9th the rebels came in from the west and captured our vedettes. Our cavalry engaged them: our center section was ordered out on the double quick, and followed them about four miles, but the enemy were too far off for us to do any execution upon them.

On the 10th Lieut. Colvin left to take command of a battery in the Department of the Ohio.

Early in the morning of the 11th our horses were sent out to graze. About eight o'clock they came in at full speed, except one team driven by "Growler." It came in late—the driver being minus his hat, he having not only lost that, but his road also. The cause of this scare was that Forrest was advancing, and his advance was already skirmishing with our pickets. We immediately hitched up—that is, as fast as the horses arrived for us to do so—and the center section was sent to the edge of the timber to the east. They unlimbered just as a body of rebel cavalry charged from the opposite woods upon our pickets stationed in the ditch about half way across the field. As the cavalry reached the pickets it halted to fire, and at this moment gun 3 exploded a shell in its midst, which caused a wheel about and a gallop for the woods. Before the rebels had gained its shelter both guns had dropped two or three shells among them, causing the emptying of a number of saddles.

Following the center section, the rest of the Battery was halted in the road near by and left standing in single column. As soon as the cavalry charge had been repulsed our cavalry began maneuvering in our front. That is, it started out, fell back, etc., and when, a few minutes later, two rebel guns opened on us from the woods opposite, our cavalry was so much in the way as to make it dangerous for us to reply. At first the rebel shells passed above the trees and over our heads. They gradually drew them down till they struck all around the guns, and had we not been successful in exploding a shell against the muzzle of one of the enemy's guns, and by it killing two men and an officer and doing other damage, they would certainly have done us much injury. As it was, only Loomis, a driver of No. 3 caisson, was hurt slightly on the arm by the falling limb of a tree. The right and left sections standing in the road were in the most danger. Those of the center section could see the rebel shells as they flew along the straight pike and passing barely over the heads of the right and left sections and the other troops in the road, would go by doing no harm. As soon as we had silenced the rebel guns, the cavalry started slowly in pursuit. The enemy had to haul off one of its guns in a wagon as we had disabled the carriage. We fired but sixteen rounds, then went with the cavalry nearly to the Harpeth River, when it was decided best not to attempt a crossing. The Battery had been halted about a mile from the river among the many mulberry trees found

there. Soon the cavalry returned—the mounted band playing triumphant airs. The entire rebel loss had been about twelve killed, sixteen wounded and twelve prisoners. We were out about eight miles. As we returned, an old man 102 years of age, accompanied us on horseback. He said he remembered George Washington well. He was a rebel at heart and so said.

During the action Capt. Russell, Gen. Granger's chief of staff, was near our Battery, and said he "had never seen better firing, that we got range, elevation and time quickly, and kept them."

That day Farrell and Richardson came, the former to have his sentence of expulsion from the service consummated; the latter from hospital.

On the 12th James Sommers and Horace Brown were missing. It was at first supposed they were out on a bummers' scout, but as they never returned, it was concluded that they had taken French leave, and were reported as deserters, perhaps wrongfully.

On the 13th, with very little preparation, and before breakfast, Farrell, with the orderly on his left, Sergt. Miller on his right, and a fifer and two drummers from the infantry, and Lieut. Fluskey at his back, was escorted to the tune of "Poor Old Soldier," to the lines in the direction of Franklin.

On the 15th there was a general remodeling of this portion of the army, and we were forever freed from Gen. Gilbert. He was subsequently sent back to his regiment in the regular army as captain. The following, taken from a Murfreesboro dispatch of a later day, shows the conclusion of Capt. Stacy's military career: "Capt. J. Edward Stacy, 2d Kentucky, is dishonorably dismissed from the service of the United States for forgery, and is ordered beyond the lines of this army, not to return during the war."

In the re-organization we were assigned to the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by Gen. Gordon Granger. It was divided into three divisions, the 1st under Gen. Baird, the 2d under J. D. Morgan, and the 3d under R. S. Granger, at Nashville. We were placed in the 1st Division, 2d Brigade, Col. Reid commanding the brigade, which consisted of the 98th, 113th, 121st Ohio, 78th Illinois, and Battery M, 1st Illinois Artillery. On this day O'Toole was discharged at Nashville.

On the 21st all the batteries were inspected by Gens. Granger and Baird.

On the 23d we started out to drill before breakfast, as had been the custom at this post, so as to have nothing to do in the heat of the day, when we were ordered back and told to get ready to march immediately. At 9 A. M. we bade farewell to Triune, and, waiting for other troops to pass out on the pike, we were off on our dirt road again. The country was very rough, and traveling as we supposed on nearly a level, we suddenly found ourselves at the edge of an inland promontory. To the east, till the sky appeared to meet the earth, was a cedar sea! Its surface was as calm as though no breeze ever ruffled it. But we must descend into that green ocean, and locking both hind wheels of each carriage, we proceeded in a zigzag to the bottom. It was a poor road through the red cedar swamp, at times being almost impassable. About midway through we found a whisky distillery that was just resuming operations, and, of course, had but little of the ardent on hand. We sampled such as they had, and proceeded. Crossing Rock River soon after emerging from the swamp, we camped about one mile north of the village of Salem, fourteen miles from Triune and six miles from Murfreesboro. On the way many of the wagons broke down and many were left standing where they broke.

Our camp that night was in a cornfield, the corn being about knee high. It began to rain the next morning. The night before we had to go about a mile for water, but this morning it was found all around our fires and even in our tents. The rain slackened a little at times during the day, but before night, wherever the water could not run off, it lay in sheets. About noon there was cannonading about two miles off, and the troops were immediately on the move. We traveled very slowly and stopped longer than we moved. About dark we were within two miles of Stone River, and by hitches, had succeeded in reaching it and crossing by 1 A. M. of the 25th. All were very sleepy, and wherever there was a fence there was a fire and by each fire, in the rain and mud, lay from one to a dozen men. After crossing the river by fording, the road for some distance ran through a densely wooded swamp. Here it was so dark that if one carriage happened to get a rod ahead of the next following, there was no way for the hinder one to proceed, as it would certainly lose the track. Many declared that had we our cheese knives they could be used to advantage in cutting our way through this darkness. Reaching a little firmer ground, we camped where the water was about three inches deep. Our only

lantern had been carried at the head of the column, but after starting fires with the red cedar rails of a neighboring fence, the drivers could see whether they had brought up their off horses or had lost them in the darkness. Caring little for the water, and after making some coffee and with it eating some of our soaked hard tack, all turned in—to the water—and were soon asleep. We slept till late in the day, and then discovered that had we gone but a short distance further we should have found good camping grounds.

It took but little time to get ready to move that morning. It was still raining very hard, and we had to march against a strong wind and through mud and water nearly knee deep. At 8:30 A. M. the Murfreesboro and Shelbyville pike was reached at Warren's Grove, where were found two churches and three residences. This was fourteen miles from Salem. So fatigued were the troops that when once asleep they heeded not the rain pelting in their faces, nor even the kicks of their comrades, as they would attempt to awaken them for coffee or duty. An officer of an Illinois regiment lay by a fire sleeping soundly, and some, wishing to see how much it would require to awaken him, put him on a stretcher, covered his face as though he was a corpse, and carried him to the church that was used as a hospital. Those around seeing, as they supposed, a dead man being brought in, gathered close around the stretcher; there was soon quite a group and many eager questions were asked. In front of the door they set the stretcher down, and uncovering the officer's face so as to let the large drops from a tree strike fairly on it, he was soon awake. The look of bewilderment he gave as he found himself in that position called forth so many shouts of laughter that the poor officer walked away declaring, "It may be a good joke, but I can't see it."

At noon it was reported that the rebels were advancing from the south, and all were soon in position to receive them, but we were not favored with a call.

All through here and farther to the east, Morgan had had his men at work harvesting the wheat crop. Gen. Rosecrans had said some time before that he did not wish Morgan to do all the work; that Morgan might harvest and he would thresh. And so he did. There was very little good grain left after the army had passed, and it was quite as well, for had we not used it the heavy rains would have spoiled it.

We were up by 3 A. M. on the 26th; it rained nearly all day. The cavalry was near by, and among it there was a portion of the Chicago Board of Trade Battery. In that we had a number of friends, and it seemed like being at home to meet them, even in that country.

At 8 A. M., of the 27th, we took the pike in the direction of Shelbyville, but had gone only about half a mile before we had to halt to let the cavalry pass, and lay there till noon before it was all by. We reached Guy's Gap at five, six miles from camp and nine and a half miles from Shelbyville. As we approached we could see plainly the high knob to the left of the gap, which the rebels had used for a signal station; it was speedily converted to the use of the union. We found about five hundred prisoners here that had been captured at Shelbyville. At night the left section, under Lieut. Fluskey, was sent out on picket.

The next morning three cannon arrived that had been captured at Shelbyville. Prisoners told us that one of these was the one we had failed to disable at Trinne on the 11th. It was a rifled gun and made at Rome, Ga. We took charge of the guns and marched back to Warren's Grove, reaching there at 5:30 P. M., and the pike being excellent, the cannoneers were allowed to ride. On the 29th the captured guns were sent to Murfreesboro. About noon we moved camp to a splendid clover field about a mile north, and were beginning to stake out camp, when orders came for us to march for Shelbyville. We had scarcely got in motion before it began to rain even harder than it had before, and it was not long ere all were thoroughly wet. It continued to rain till 8 P. M. We camped at nine o'clock, four miles from Shelbyville.

CHAPTER X.

ON the morning of the 30th of June the brigade moved to Walnut Grove, within two miles of town. As we stood in the road a union lady of the Brownlow style, came to meet us. The rebels had named her Madam Yank. In many words she gave us a full description of all that had been done by the rebels, and suffered by the union people, of the trials she had passed through, of what she had told several rebel generals, and of her having driven so many gray backs from her house. Her narrative was as amusing as interesting. At one house we passed, a lady, eighty-four years old, presented a flag that she had kept secreted over a year, to the band of one of the regiments, for which the band played some national airs, which seemed to make her feel fifty years younger.

Till we reached our present camp Gen. Granger had put no restrictions on foraging, but he could appreciate the union feeling at Shelbyville, and so issued an order, commending the loyalty of the citizens, and proclaiming that any one caught in an act of vandalism should be punished with death.

At 1 P. M., on the 1st of July, we entered Shelbyville and found the streets alive with pale-faced, half-starved men—men who had lain in the hills, burrowed like foxes, for several months to keep out of the hands of the rebels. They could not reach our lines owing to the strict surveillance kept up by the enemy. A description of the rejoicings at the meetings of these men with their families, and under such circumstances—many of them having been mourned as dead—cannot be given. We found these people kind and friendly, and it was not long ere we were at home with them, and they with us. Perhaps even warmer friendships were formed there than at Louisville.

Our left section was stationed in town as guards, and the rest went into camp about a mile southeast of the town, and near Duck River. Here our whisky was soon all issued, and we had no further wrangling about it.

On, and for a few days after the 2d, some of us amused ourselves in fishing for things the rebels had lost in the river, as they attempted to swim across, the day the place was captured. We found muskets, sabres, etc., also one or two bodies. We also discovered that the river contained many beautiful mussel shells, and soon shell work was begun in good earnest. Shell-diving was an art all soon became complete masters of. The articles made sold readily then, and for some time afterward, for almost fabulous prices. As we had suffered while on our late march, so now we rested and enjoyed ourselves.

On the 3d Axtell was discharged at Nashville.

At 2 P. M., on the 4th, the whole Battery moved into town and put the guns in position at the corners of the public square. The men took quarters in deserted brick stores, and were soon as comfortable as soldiers need be.

On the 6th the town was crowded with men and women from many miles around. They came in to hear one more public word for the union they so loved. Addresses were made by Hon. W. H. Wisner, J. H. Williams—special topographical engineer for Gen. Rosecrans, and a resident of Shelbyville—Col. Banning, of the 121st Ohio, and Mr. Tilghman. The latter and Mr. Wisner opposed the administration but favored the union.

That day a little fortifying was done by placing barricades, with proper passes, across the streets leading to the square.

The weather continued bad, but being in good houses, we cared little for it. In a building near by was found a quantity of type of the *Chattanooga Rebel*, and this afforded us some amusement.

Blackberries, of which there appeared to be no limit, were now in their prime, and well we feasted on them. When going out to graze the horses we would take the rubber buckets along and get all we could eat till the next day and so on. The men were not only cheerful and happy on account of our newly found friendship and the cheapness of everything they wished to buy, but the glorious news of the successes of Grant and Meade began to flow in, and filled our cup quite to overflowing.

We could see peace and home dancing before our eyes, and the many camp rumors of armistice, cessation of hostilities, etc., made us imagine we could almost shake hands with our friends at home.

On the 7th J. B. Hunt was discharged at Louisville.

On the 8th Sergt. Miller, of gun 5, was detailed as post baker. He never rejoined the company, so he was, perhaps wrongfully, reported afterwards on the roll as a deserter.

On the 9th Merchant was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps.

On the 10th the citizens raised a large flag at the southeast corner of the square, and suitable speeches were delivered on the occasion.

We now learned that Morgan had reached Indiana, and was marching wherever he pleased. This we knew would do our cause more good than harm, so we rather rejoiced at it.

Here the provost marshal's office was daily crowded with people coming in to take the oath, though the union people thought it hard to have to swear to sustain the Government they had never deserted by act or thought.

On the 12th, during a hard shower, the 133d Illinois and 17th Indiana Mounted Infantry, passed through, en-route for Columbia. They had nothing to eat, and as they passed our quarters we sent a shower of bread upon them from the windows. We had quite a stock on hand, for we were drawing more than we could eat.

On the 14th we left our houses and moved to near our old camp, south of town, as it was decided to be unhealthy to live in houses!

That day the 121st Ohio was presented with a flag that had been sewed up in a feather bed for two years, and on which rebels had often slept, not dreaming of its existence.

On the 16th camp was moved about ten rods.

The cars having arrived, we were now in receipt of daily mail from home.

On the afternoon of the 17th Norton died: he was buried the next day in the village graveyard.

As there were no rebels around, we were allowed to sleep as long as we pleased. At night we beat the taps punctually with the infantry, using a barrel for a drum. This was done to retaliate for some encroachments the 113th Ohio had made on our cooking grounds.

On the 20th we began sending out wagons for forage, visiting only rebels. At first we got only grass, then oats and wheat, and finally corn. We were always certain to have a few bags along

to fill with sweet and Irish potatoes, apples, peaches, cabbage, etc., etc., and occasionally would find a chicken, goose or turkey that suited us. This pleased the long persecuted union people, of whom we took nothing without paying their price for it. The rebels had an idea that the oath would protect them, and as we approached a rebel's house she would run out with her protection papers to show us we must keep away. We did, of course. We use "she" because there were so few rebel men at home, they were not worth mentioning.

Gen. Baird was here succeeded by Gen. Whittaker.

On the 15th Howard and Korah returned from the hospital.

On the 26th we went to a large field on the west side of the river, and about two miles from camp, to be reviewed by our new general.

On the 28th Scales came from hospital.

On the 2d of August the detailed men returned to their commands, and we received as new details to fill our complement of men, five from the 98th, seven from the 113th, and five from the 121st Ohio. At dusk we received two months' pay. As our commander intended to go home on a few days' leave, we took a collection and sent with him for a pair of boxing gloves wherewith to amuse ourselves. They never reached us as there was no transportation for baggage till too late—they were stolen.

On the 3d Gen. Rosecrans reviewed us west of town. He appeared to have as acute an eye as Capt. Thompson. Riding by on a slow canter, he noticed the absence of the only shoe that was wanting on the horses and that had been lost on the road out. After passing by on a review he rode out in front of us, and majestically raising his hat, said, "You are the healthiest, largest and best looking set of men I have yet seen in any battery, and I hope soon to meet you at the front." When speaking of health, he said the best disease preventives he knew of were soap and plenty of boiled meat. "I can tell a fried meat regiment as far as I can see it."

Although we had been marched over five miles during the review, and in the broiling sun, we felt rejoiced after reaching camp; for to be reviewed by "Old Rosey" was considered a privilege, and to be personally addressed by him, who was called—and really was—the soldiers' friend, made us feel quite the love for him that Napoleon's old guards so often displayed.

That night Cain had all his money stolen. The thief was never discovered, but Cain lost nothing, as its equivalent was speedily subscribed in the Battery.

On the 4th Lieut. Spencer started for home, and Lieut. Burton took command. Newton returned from hospital on the 6th. On the 7th we received official documents to the effect that Capt. Miller had been honorably discharged on the 5th.

On the 9th Corporals Dolton and Harter were sent out into the woods to camp apart from other troops. For several days Harter had been covered with a rash that all the surgeons of the brigade were unable to give the name of, but late this day, after having met several times to consult, they pronounced it varioloid, and immediately the twain, for they bunked together, must leave camp! All those that would were invited to come and be vaccinated by Dr. Kirk. Unluckily none of the virus was good, but fortunately no one else was attacked. These two remained in exile until we left Shelbyville, when they rejoined the company.

On the 10th the left section and the 121st Ohio moved to the west of town as guards.

On the 11th two men were sent back to the 121st Ohio for disability.

On the 12th the 98th and 113th Ohio went to Wartrace, the junction of the Shelbyville branch with the main line.

There was to be a grand review on the next Sabbath, and, to be in proper order, the right and center sections took their carriages to the river and thoroughly washed them. We might here remark that Sunday in the army is quite the opposite of what it is intended to be at home. Instead of a day of rest, it is apt to be the day for work. Gen. Howard was the only high officer under whom we ever served who appeared really to respect the Sabbath.

On and after the 19th details of negroes, who were being fed by the Government, were sent to police our camps, there being no other work for them to do.

On the 20th the 121st Ohio was sent to Fayetteville and the 78th Illinois took its place in town. The left section joined the rest of the Battery. We received orders to pack up, and for the right section to move across the upper bridge and await further orders. After the whole camp had been torn up, the orders were countermanded, but the left section moved into town. At night

five of our men were detailed to picket the ford near by, as the rebels were expected in.

Next day the right and center sections moved west of town and camped. The left had orders to move, but after their tents, bunks, etc., had been torn up, the orders were countermanded. But on the 22d the left section went to Wartrace, distant eight miles. The other sections, thinking the Battery was now permanently located, built splendid shanties, and arranged their camp neatly. A brick oven was also built. Many remarked that we should certainly have to leave if we took such pains, and quoted many instances to prove it; for the erection of comfortable quarters or signs of rain were always sure omens of a move for the Battery.

On the night of the 30th there was quite a frost; we thought this strange in the sunny south.

On the 5th of September the right section, under Lieut. Burton, went to Wartrace, to join the left section. This placed the rest of the Battery under command of Orderly Sergeant Gillette.

CHAPTER XI.

AT 9 A. M., on the 6th of September, the center section marched direct for Tullahoma. It forded Duck River at 2 P. M., and camped at dark within six miles of Tullahoma, and fourteen miles from Shelbyville. The right and left sections marched at 10 A. M., and camped within one mile of Tullahoma, having gone fifteen miles. The center section started with orders to be at Tullahoma at 5 A. M., of the 7th, therefore they started at day-break and reached the rest of the Battery before it was ready to move. We were now once more together, with Lieut. Burton commanding the Battery and right section, Lieut. Fluskey the left, Orderly Sergeant Gillette the center, and Quarter Master Sergeant Murphy the caissons. Rennau joined us that morning from hospital.

At 4 P. M., after marching through clouds of dust, we reached Elk River, and halted long enough to take a refreshing bath and quench our thirst at a spring near by—which spring was so cold one could take very little at a draught. We reached Decherd, twelve miles from Tullahoma, at 6 P. M., and camped. We had to carry wood and water nearly a mile, and must cook supper before eating it, for so soon after leaving the dainties of Shelbyville, hard tack and raw sowbelly had not yet become palatable. When speaking of dainties we do not allude to the chicken pie bought from the natives and found to contain the heads and feet of the fowls.

On the 8th all were up at 3:30 and off at daylight. We reached Cowan at 7:35 and halted nearly an hour for a train of about one thousand wagons to move to one side of the road that the troops might pass. At 9 A. M. the ascent of the Cumberland Mountain was begun. Such rocky roads we had never seen before. With hard work the summit was reached at eleven. Nos. 1 and 4 had each broken a caisson stock and wheel. Repairing these

delayed us till 2 P. M. During the halt such of us as were not at work busied ourselves at a shaft of the railroad tunnel near by and made various estimates as to its depth by letting small stones drop to the bottom. We reached Tantallon, at the foot of the mountain, at 3:25, twelve miles from Cowan. In descending the mountain the infantry took a short cut to save a mile, and reached the base an hour later than we, having traveled two miles out of their way.

Dr. Kirk had been home on a short visit and rejoined us on that day. We camped at 6 P. M. one mile from Tantallon.

Next morning Col. Reid said he would not start till the men had time to get their breakfast, so the brigade did not move till 7:20, and took dinner just south of the Alabama State line, about eighty rods south of Andersonville station. Here we had another splendid bath in a muddy, stagnant stream. We camped on Crow Creek, having marched in a valley all day and traveled fifteen miles. This night there was much trouble in getting into camp, as no ground could be found for some time that was thought suitable, although it was one large level field of high weeds. Our camp was within three miles of Stevenson, which place was reached at 7:40 A. M., on the 10th. Great was our surprise to find only about twenty houses in this noted town, which we had imagined to contain several thousand inhabitants. But the army stores to be seen there surprised us as much the other way. There seemed to us more than "Rosey's" army could eat in three months. Here was also a company of negro soldiers out on drill, the first we had seen.

Through more dust, dust knee deep—we might say tree-top deep, for the trees were coated with dust to their very tops—we reached Bridgeport at 2 P. M., twelve miles from Stevenson. We lay in the woods about a mile west of the forts, and found, what we had supposed was a very strongly fortified position, to be quite inferior in the number of forts and their strength, and wondered no longer that the enemy had not held us longer at this place. The town we were not able to find. Some said it was on the south side of the river, but when there we found no signs of it. A few shanties that sutlers and bakers had built were the only buildings to be seen. It was afterward learned that in the year 1860 three houses stood where the principal fort was now standing, but that they had been burned long before the advance of war's

ravages had reached them. The men wasted little time looking for this lost Ninevah, but soon found their way into the crystal waters of the Tennessee.

The shell fever, that had been raging during this march, was really increased at the sight of the river, and those who were suffering with the disease were soon walking up and down the bank in quest of shells, but only very inferior ones were found.

Near night we camped a few rods nearer the river, and had to carry water for cooking purposes over half a mile. Wood was abundant, and so were scorpions. We might also state in this connection that whenever we camped in the woods companions were plenty: besides scorpions there were lizards, toads, swifts (a sort of chameleon,) chiggers, tarantulas, snakes, spiders, ticks, etc., to crawl into our beds and clothing during the night. Of course they were agreeable and welcome.

On the 11th the Battery hitched up and moved camp about eighty rods nearer the river, and lay ready to move from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. Our camp was among stumps and very large, high weeds. These latter had to be removed before putting up our tents. On the 12th preparations were made for a long stay (a move) by putting up good shebangs built of boards carried from the bridge. We also drew clothing. It was customary to draw clothing just before starting out on a campaign. This was not very profitable to us, as we would not get over a day's march before the order would be given to march light and we must throw away all surplus. To throw away was the order, but many of us heeded it not, and smuggled our clothing into the ammunition chests or wherever we could. Forty-three dollars per year was the allowance for clothing, but several found they had at the end of the first year drawn over one hundred dollars' worth. That day, the 12th, Lieut. Spencer, who was at home on leave, was mustered in as captain to date from the 5th of July. In the afternoon we were inspected by Colonel Thompson. Having got our camp in good condition for comfort, we were ordered at 5 P. M. to hitch up, and at six crossed the Tennessee on a pontoon bridge, and camped near the south bank in an open field. Water was abundant at the river, but wood was very scarce.

Next morning all were astir at an early hour, and at the moment of marching, we received orders to leave all our baggage there except a blanket and a shirt apiece. We piled up our knap-

sacks in the field and left Sergt. Tait, of Squad 6, and Baker, of Squad 1, who were unable to march, to guard them.

Off at daylight; passed the famous Nickajack cave at 9:20, stopping long enough to let the horses breathe, which gave us opportunity to explore the cave for about half a mile. We saw one end of the Saltpetre Lake and the ruins of the rebel Saltpetre works. Passed the ruins of Whitesides or Falling Water bridge at 2:30. This bridge was 146 feet high above the river. The rebels had burned it before they left. At three we halted long enough to allow a long wagon train and some rebel deserters to pass, and camped at five in a beautiful basin where wood, water and forage were abundant. Orders were received to resume the march at 9 P. M., but did not start till 11:30. The night, for darkness, resembled the night we crossed the Stone River. We very slowly ascended the Raccoon Mountains; the road was very rocky and quite precipitous; abysses were along its south side. Several of the infantry, walking beside the column, stepped off and fell to the rocks below, hurting them severely; two of our men were thrown against rocks by their horses falling, and were quite badly bruised. All were very much fatigued and sleepy, and once, having stopped to examine the road ahead, gun 6, cannoneers and drivers, were sleeping so soundly when the rest of the Battery started that they knew nothing of it. We had proceeded nearly a mile before they were missed by Lient. Fluskey. He went back to find them, and then they were all asleep—the men belonging to gun 6, as well as those of the Battery wagon and the forge. We took breakfast next morning, the 14th, in sight of Lookout Mountain.

Johnny Klem, whose name is remembered in connection with Chickamauga, rode with us part of that night. He was only twelve years of age, and had been two years in the service. He was now acting as marker in the 22d Michigan, though he came from Ohio, and was formerly in an Ohio regiment.

At the foot of Lookout there was a fig tree with some ripe fruit on it. We divided as far as it went. This was all of that kind of fruit we met with in the south.

We ascended the mountain at 11 A. M. (via the road near the river, and between it and the point of the mountain, and known as the River Road.) Such a rough road we had never met with elsewhere. Cumberland Mountains were thought bad enough

to cross, but, save its being a longer road, it could not compare with Lookout. We halted for a few minutes at the cross roads near the east base in sight of Chattanooga; then moved on, and after waiting about an hour until Col. Reid could find a suitable camping ground for us, pitched tents one mile south of Rossville, six miles from Chattanooga and thirty-six from Bridgeport. Rossville is named in honor of John Ross, the Indian chief. Quite an honor it is, for it contained just three houses, two of which were of logs.

Having had none too much to eat during the last two days, the men began looking around for something good, and found a large vineyard about a mile further south, where all feasted on ripe grapes and took some to camp, of which they made wine. This was drunk before it arrived at great age. The division including our Battery found so much forage that soon chickens, pigs, quarters of beef, sweet potatoes, etc., were pouring into camp in a continuous string, but this state of things could not last forever. Near dark a patrol was sent out to bring in all who might be caught with forage. So now all loads coming in had a bayonet to guard them. However, we were satisfied.

On the next day our teams were sent back for the knapsacks. Colonel Reid received orders from headquarters to report at Nashville for duty, and Col. Mitchell, of the 113th Ohio, took command of the brigade. Gen. Steadman now commanded the division, and the Battery was inspected by him on the 16th.

Dame Rumor had it that Rosecrans had the enemy bagged and that we were being hurried up to prevent his escape through Lookout Valley. We expected every day to see the enemy, unarmed, come marching in, en-route for the rear. During the 16th, however, this delusion began to wear away, and we thought that "Joe" must have been correct when he predicted there was likely to be a hole in the bag.

At 2:30 A. M., of the 17th, the reveille was sounded, and by 4:30 we were in motion. The force consisted of our brigade and two regiments from another brigade. Gen. Steadman commanded in person. We went a short distance on the Graysville road; then turned back into the road leading to Ringgold. The right section was kept at the head of the column. About noon the brigade entered a narrow valley on the left of the road, and lay quiet, waiting for the few cavalry of the general's guard to scout around.

While lying there we suffered much for water. The intense heat of the almost perpendicular rays of the sun was so great that the shade of the trees afforded little relief. About 3 P. M. we again entered the main road, but had proceeded only a short distance before we met the rebel pickets. There was a large spring a few rods ahead, which we wished to reach, that we might get water to quench our thirst. The rebels informed us that if we wanted it we must fight for it. "That we will," said Gen. Steadman. "Growler" was just passing the general; he was going ahead to find water, not knowing that the enemy held the spring. The general stopped him. "I want to get some water," said he. "Yes, but we must fight to get it," said the general. "Then let us fight," replied "Growler." "That we will, my man. Blow stand to arms," said the general, turning to his bugler, who, by the way, was the best bugler we met with in the army.

Slowly the line of battle advanced. Our right section was again up to the front. A few shots were fired from each side, a few wounded sent back in the ambulances, and we had gained not only the spring but Chickamauga Creek. Gen. Steadman had no orders to cross this, the movement being intended only to serve as a reconnoissance, but the east bank was so high as to entirely obscure the extended view to be had from its summit. Therefore, on his own responsibility, he crossed with part of his command and ascended the hill. From there he could plainly see the enemy to the east of Ringgold, nearly a mile distant. The general ordered the right section up, and directed it to open on the rebels. The rebels replied with a section of artillery, but did not reach us. We fired but seven rounds and withdrew. The general noticed a large cloud of dust to the north, and, thinking it might be a column sent out to cut off our retreat, thought it best to be moving toward Rossville. The enemy followed us for some distance, occasionally firing a shot to which our infantry would reply. Our left section brought up the rear, but had no occasion to unlimber. Just at dark we camped on the west side of and near Peavine Creek. The fences near by had soon changed position, and our camp was in a few minutes all ablaze. Our supper was eaten, and many were already enjoying a sound sleep, when at ten o'clock, those who were awake saw a large flash of light a few rods east of the creek, and following it came a blazing shell, accompanied by a terrific clap. The shell passed harmlessly by, as did another, and another.

The fourth one exploded near the muzzle of the gun, but the fifth and last passed over us and struck near the house used for headquarters. Just at this instant there were several musket shots heard near the rebel guns and all was quiet there. At camp the first shot had wakened all who were asleep, and the first command given was "Lights out," and soon the fires were extinguished. The infantry fell in and were soon in the road leading to Rossville. The order was given to our Battery to harness and hitch up. We hitched up as fast as possible, but before we were ready to move out of the mesh of fruit trees and vines, among which the Battery was camped, we heard the command, "Halt," come from the direction of the road, and waited to see what next would be ordered. "Halt," again reached our ears, and in the well-known, husky tones of Gen. Steadman, and it was evident that he was not satisfied, for, "Who in hell commands who here?" was asked, and in a manner and tone that suddenly brought the column to a standstill. In vain the general tried to learn who had ordered the retrograde move. He soon had the infantry back to their camp ground and all quiet. He ordered us to put our section of rifles (the center) in position to bear upon the spot whence the enemy had fired, and to reply immediately should they open again. As they did not, we passed the remainder of the night in quiet, but few remaining awake to watch, but this had not passed off without some amusing incidents that in future time would cause a smile in recalling that night attack. Christie, our venerable comrade, could not think of moving without his pipe being lit and in use, and so, before leaving camp, he must light his pipe from the yet live embers. As he did so, some one wishing sport accused him of trying to make a light that the enemy might see where we lay. As was anticipated, he denied it with much warmth at the time and for a long while afterwards. So, never could we narrate the incident of that night without making most prominent among them, "Lights out, Who in hell commands who here?" and "Christie trying to show the rebels where to fire."

It was reported the general had said next morning, "I had intended to start early enough to take breakfast in Rossville, but they shan't hurry me. I'll take my own time now."

We started at seven o'clock the next morning, the 18th, the center section bringing up the rear.

We reached Rossville at noon, and well for us it was that we were no longer on the road, for the rebels had sent a heavy column

around to cut off our retreat. At Rossville we found that a military wire had been stretched during our absence. This wire consisted of seven fine wires twisted together and coated with India rubber, making it about the size of common telegraph wire, but much lighter. It had these advantages: It could be easily transported on account of its lightness, could be stretched in any place without the support of posts, and could be used during all kinds of weather. For all its superiority for military purposes, we never knew any but Gen. Rosecrans to use it.

At 3 P. M. two brigades started out as the rebels were reported near. At 6 P. M. our brigade started. We went about eight miles on the LaFayette road and halted at ten o'clock.

There were two rebel camps near by, one on either side, the fires of which could be plainly seen. We made very little noise during the night, and early in the morning of the 19th our pickets met the rebels, and bullets soon began to whiz through camp. We went into position on the west side of the road, with guns pointing westward, but the bullets soon came so fast from the east that we changed position to the east side of the road and were ready to receive them from that direction. It soon became evident that our place was not there, and the retreat was ordered. The enemy followed closely, and skirmishing continued until near Mission Ridge. We reached Rossville at 10 A. M.

Among the prisoners taken were some of Longstreet's headquarters band. These assured us that Longstreet had twenty thousand and that they were at Ringgold at the time we shelled them (on Thursday) and when told that our force there consisted of only our Battery and six regiments, they pronounced it a good joke for twenty thousand of the flower of the rebel army to be attacked by about three thousand Yankees. They also gave us the consoling (?) assurance that within three days our army would be cut to pieces and made prisoners and by two weeks they would have retaken Tennessee and be in Kentucky! We, of course, laughed at the idea, for we yet imagined ourselves by far the stronger army.

As soon as could be done, after getting into camp, rations were issued, for all were beginning to feel hunger, having barely received enough the day before for that day. Each man this day drew three spoonfuls of sugar, one ounce of coffee, one ounce of tea, one pound of bacon and hard tack to match.

Cannonading could be heard all day to the east and southeast. Rumors were flying thick and fast. At first our forces were victorious and had captured most of the rebel army. Then the enemy had badly cut up a portion of ours, etc., etc. At 3 P. M. we were ordered to the front. We went out on the Ringgold road, trotting and galloping nearly the whole time, till we reached McAfee's Church, four miles from Rossville. Here we found the 18th Ohio Battery; they had been engaged and had two killed and two wounded. Our left and center sections were immediately placed in position in the woods on their left, to be ready to aid them in case of another advance of the enemy, which they (the 18th Ohio) predicted would immediately take place. Our right section, under Lieut. Burton, took position about half a mile to the right, and near a large sweet potato patch, which it is needless to say they did not attempt to carry away, but what they did with the potatoes is quite different. Our position was on the extreme left of the army. Just at dusk a very large flock of buzzards came flying along; they remained several minutes, sailing slowly over that part of the field, and though we knew that at that moment none of us were ready for their work, still we could not banish a feeling similiar to that which the sailor experiences when he sees a shark following the vessel. The night seemed very cold to us as we lay upon the bare ground, and were not allowed fires, lest the enemy should see where we lay, and our blankets were quite insufficient to keep us warm. At day-break the ground was found to be white with frost, and the sweet potato vines were all killed. We could not understand how this could be in Georgia at that season. But, as we were afterwards told by a southern lady, "You Yankees are such icebergs," we suppose it was due to there being so many blue coats present.

CHAPTER XII.

AT seven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 20th of September, our left and center sections advanced toward the east, with the infantry. After going about a mile, and meeting no enemy, we returned to a house near our former position. The right section closed up and Quartermaster Sergeant Murphy was placed in command of the caissons.

We were quietly enjoying some shade trees around the house, after having assisted the family to load such things as a one ox-team could haul, when, at nine o'clock, it seemed all the artillery of the heavens had concentrated and opened on a point about a mile east and south, with one long continuous roar, making the earth fairly tremble where we lay, and then it grew less, till we could hear only the steady roll of musketry.

At ten o'clock we moved about two miles to the south and east, and took position with the 18th Ohio Battery in a corn field. Some men could be seen walking around a house to the east, but whether they were friend or foe was a matter of debate. However, the 18th decided they were rebs and sent them a few rounds. We limbered up, moved on about a mile further, passing by a rebel hospital that our forces had just captured. During the next halt we could see a long column of cavalry and at its head what was declared to be the identical gray horse that had made itself so conspicuous at Triune on the 11th of June. This was Stearns' rebel cavalry. As Gen. Granger rode by, his attention was called to them, but he thought they were our own. Capt. Russell pronounced them rebels. We followed on after the general, and, on emerging from a strip of timber into an open field, were greeted by some shells from a rebel battery near where we had seen the cavalry. We took position on a low rise of ground, to our left, and replied. The rebel battery was behind some trees so that we could not discover its exact position: their shells continued to come

nearer and nearer; and our fire in reply did not appear to have any effect on the enemy. Some of their shells and solid shot would strike just in front of our guns, and ricochetting, pass far to the rear. A number passed through the columns of our infantry, which on the double quick, was hurrying past the rear of our position through a hollow which to a slight extent sheltered their passage. Gillette remained on his horse among the guns, and with reluctance dismounted, when ordered to do so the second time by Lient. Burton. Scarcely had he got to his horse's head when a solid shot passed through the horse's body at a point where, had Gillette still been mounted, it must certainly have taken off both his legs. About this time there came a shell over us from the right. Several followed it, but were too high to do any damage. Gen. Gordon Granger now rode up, and, dismounting, sighted No. 5 piece two or three times. At one time a shell passed so near his head as to make him dodge very suddenly. Seeing we could do nothing there, he ordered us to limber up and to follow him, for "he had work for us to do." As we moved on, the rebels continued to throw their shells very near. We afterwards learned we were the fourth battery that had been engaged at this point and all with the same result.

We halted a short time at a burning house near the "Snodgrass place," having formed column of sections, and faced to the right (south).

At twelve o'clock we moved forward into the woods, and up a gradual ascent, but had advanced only a few rods ere we received a broadside of bullets from the left and front. The infantry, that were marching by our side, faced to the left and charged on the charging enemy. Our lines steadily advanced causing the rebels to halt in surprise. Gen. Steadman, who was then directing the Battery to a position, discovered what our infantry were doing, and, dashing after them at full speed, screamed out "Halt! For God's sake, halt!" But it was impossible to hear him in that din of musketry. Forcing his way to the front, and catching the leading colors with one hand, his hat in the other, he managed to halt them. They fell back to our Battery in good order. We immediately took a position commanding a gorge near "Snodgrass place," through which the enemy were attempting to pass. The infantry had already formed line; but all of them were on our left, thus leaving us with no right flank protection. On came the

rebels, fairly drowning the battle's din with their hideous yells. As they gained the top of the nearest hill, a few rods off, we poured canister into them, mowing a broad swath at each discharge. They fell back, formed and advanced again. Again we thinned their ranks. Again they fell back. During the calm that followed, the left and center sections took a better position a short distance to the rear, and the 121st Ohio supported us. Our lines were so long as to give us but one line of infantry. The Battery was so divided as to compel each section to act independent of the others. Soon the rebels returned to the attack, charging up even nearer than before, but only to lose the more, as we double-shotted our guns with canister and reserved our fire till they were at close quarters. The enemy then brought up some artillery, but, after firing several rounds, found it could do no good without endangering his own men, so it ceased firing.

Sharpshooters near by had been causing us some trouble, and Lient. Fluskey's attention was called to them. Soon a puff of smoke was noticed in the top of a tree in the direction whence the bullets came. One of the guns sent a charge of canister into the top of said tree, and we were troubled no more by sharpshooters at that time.

The right section, after assisting in repulsing five charges, was ordered to move back from the line, and to take another position, but, after waiting a short time, and not being assigned to a position, was ordered by Lient. Burton to return to its old position, and to hold it till further orders. They resumed their former position and held it during the charges which followed. Our infantry countercharged several times that afternoon and captured a number of prisoners and one or two flags. The prisoners, as they were brought in, would look around and inquire where we had our line of battle, and when told that they there saw our whole force, were incredulous, declaring that so few men could not repulse a whole division so often. They declared that their division of Longstreet's corps had never charged a battery before ours that it had not taken.

It was now approaching night: a staff officer passed along the line, notifying the officers that at the sound of the bugle (retreat call) the army would fall back a short distance from the line. The enemy was forming with heavy lines for another charge. Our line was growing so thin it seemed as if it must give way before it.

but as the rebels had been repulsed at this point so often, our men were confident they could not break through. The guns were in position, each gun double-shotted with canister and another round of the same in the gunner's haversack for instant use. Soon the rebels came again, this time with redoubled fury. All was quiet save the yells of the enemy. Our fire was reserved until they were so close as to be able to recognize an acquaintance, had there been one there, when our Battery opened on them at short range, throwing them into disorder. The infantry then delivered a volley, holding them in check, and with the second round of double canister from the Battery, they broke for the rear, our infantry again taking many prisoners. We then fell back to a high hill a short distance to the rear, where we found a strong line of infantry lying behind a low line of breastworks, hastily built by piling up stones. Here we halted till the Battery was together, when we descended, by locking both hind wheels, into the Dry Valley road at the base of the hill. Sixteen of our horses had been killed, and many wounded, so that several pieces were almost without any. No. 6 caisson was hauled up this steep hill with one span of horses, driven by one of the detailed men. One of the wheel horses, of No. 5 gun, came off on only three feet, one of his hind feet hanging by a shred of skin.

It seemed that none, save one or two of us, thought of danger or defeat, and we should have stood by our guns even longer than we did had we not received orders to fall back. Our section commanders, one and all, together with the acting chief of caissons, conducted themselves so well as to call forth from us renewed admiration, and cause us to more highly esteem them. Our whole Battery seemed to have well pleased Gen. Steadman, for he ever after styled us, "My Battery," and associated alike with the officers and men.

The following is a partial list of our casualties:

Henry Rennau was shot through the body; he died upon the field; his body was placed upon one of the gun carriages and carried to Rossville.

Lee Phillips, shot through the body and died upon the field, and his body was carried on one of the gun carriages to Rossville.

John Nations, a member of the 78th Illinois, who had formerly been connected with the Battery by detail, but had some time

since returned to his company, was found to be mortally wounded; he was placed on one of the caissons and carried to Rossville, where he died during the night.

Joseph Hansell, wounded severely in the thigh.

Ellis K. Mercer, wounded severely in the thigh.

Charles J. Clute, wounded severely in the neck.

James B. Drake, wounded severely in the knee.

Joseph Proctor, wounded slightly in the forehead.

James E. Harding, wounded slightly in the side.

Richard Hamilton, wounded slightly in the side.

August Schnasse, Josiah N. Barr, John B. Colby and Dankmar Alder, were each slightly wounded.

George Lissenden was thrown some distance and his back sprained by grasping the trail just as the gun was fired, thus receiving the full shock of the recoil.

James Coslett, foot badly mashed by the trail sliding over it during the recoil of the gun.

Of the detailed men with us, two were killed and several were wounded. We have no list of them, as their names do not appear on our muster rolls.

Lieut. Burton had two horses killed under him; each of our other lieutenants had a horse shot under him, and Orderly Gillette had his second one killed while carrying orders.

Of narrow escapes there was no limit.

Dr. Kirk, our surgeon, had not been seen by us during the day, but was with the infantry.

Bill, our contraband, was not without his adventures. As he was hauling us a load of ammunition he accidentally got inside the rebel lines. A very polite rebel officer pointed him the way to one of their batteries. "But I couldn't see it," said Bill, who headed his team toward our lines and reached us in safety.

"Battery," our dog, who had been doing his fighting in connection with No. 1 gun, would charge out from under the gun after the rebels as they neared us. When they came for the last time, he charged too soon and was severely scorched on the back by the fire of the gun. He immediately reported at the line of caissons, and made no more charges that day.

We reached Rossville at 9 P. M., where we found nearly the whole army, but so mixed up that it was almost impossible to find any particular regiment or battery. We had occasion to search

for several as our caissons were loaded with wounded from different commands. Rossville was filled with wounded men lying upon straw spread upon the ground, the surgeons attending them by the light of rail fires and lanterns. When we left the battle-field we had not the slightest idea of the true state of affairs, but supposed that we were the victors, the rebels having fallen back in our front before we had, and did not know of our withdrawal till the next morning. We had heard but never knew till then how worn out both man and beast are after an engagement. We were almost lifeless, and so appeared our animals. But, though we mourned the loss of our comrades killed and wounded, yet it was some satisfaction to know there were none left on the field. We had brought our guns off the field. We fired 360 rounds of canister, and 276 of spherical case. We fought from noon till dusk, and while hundreds of the infantry had fallen on either side, and among our guns, our own loss seemed miraculously small. When we think of the loss other batteries sustained, who were not nearly so hotly engaged, we cannot recall that day without a feeling of thankfulness, and a shudder at the thought of how much worse it could have been for us. But as that day, so there appeared throughout our soldier life to be a charm around us in all dangers in which we were exposed. We doubt if there was a company in any branch of the service which, for as many engagements and the same exposure and hazard at the front, can show a smaller list of casualties.

Gen. Halleck, in his "Official Report of the War" of 1863 thus treats of that portion of the field we were on on the afternoon of the 20th. Fixing the hour a little later than was the case, he says:

"About 3:30 P. M. the enemy discovered a gap in the hills in the rear of his (Gen. Thomas) right flank, and Longstreet commenced pouring his massive columns through the opening. At this critical moment Major Gen. Gordon Granger, who had been posted with his reserves to cover our left and rear, arrived upon the field. He knew nothing of the condition of the battle, but, with the true instinct of a soldier, he had marched to the sound of the cannon. Gen. Thomas merely pointed out to him the gap through which the enemy were debouching, when, quick as thought, he threw upon it Steadman's division of infantry. In the words of Gen. Rosecrans' official report, 'Swift was the charge and terrible

the conflict, but the enemy was broken.' A thousand of our brave men killed and wounded paid for its possession, but we held the gap. Two divisions of Longstreet's corps confronted the position. Determined to take it, they successively came to the assault. *A battery of six guns placed in the gorge poured death and slaughter into them.* They charged within a few yards of the pieces, but our grape and canister and the leaden hail of musketry, delivered in sparing but terrible volleys from cartridges, taken in many instances from the boxes of their fallen companions, was too much even for Longstreet's men. About sunset they made their last charge, when our men, being out of ammunition, rushed on them with the bayonet, and they gave way to return no more."

All who fought on that part of the field, know that Battery M, 1st Illinois, was the battery that occupied that gap and is the one alluded to above. It is the only battery referred to in that year's report.

Not wishing to claim honors with such vague proof as the above, we here insert a couple of letters.

In reply to a question asked him, Gen. Rosecrans says on January 30th, 1866: "I am sorry to have forgotten whose battery it was which stood in the gap on the right on the afternoon of the 20th at Chickamauga, nor have I the papers for reference. I remember well it was supported by Banning's Ohio regiment." To the question, "Whose battery did your regiment support on the afternoon of the 20th at Chickamauga?" Col. Banning replies: "I take pleasure in saying that on the last day of the battle, the 20th, we supported Battery M, 1st Illinois Light Artillery, then known as Spencer's battery. It was the last battery of ours to leave that bloody field, except those left in the hands of the enemy, and was the only battery upon that part of the field where my regiment (121st Ohio) fought. The gallantry of the officers and men of Battery M upon that day was so conspicuous that the men of my regiment ever afterward, when they got into a hard fight, would wish for Spencer's battery. The official report of my regiment contains a statement of the part taken by your Battery." In the absence of a copy of that report, we will proceed with our Battery's movements.

We slept little on the night of the 20th, being called up at 2 A. M., on the 21st, to refill our ammunition chests and get our Battery in condition to resume the fight. When once astir we found

ourselves even more tired and sore than the night before, and it was with great pain we moved a limb or used a muscle. As soon as it was daylight, wrapping them in their blankets for shroud and coffin, and marking their names on cracker box lids to mark their graves, we buried our dead comrades near by, that we might not be forced to leave them uninterred, should we suddenly be ordered to move. About seven o'clock the left section was ordered in front of the Rossville Gap, where they remained during the day, or till 4 P. M. About noon they had occasion to use their guns. The rebels advanced their cavalry, but as they reached the gap they received such a shower of canister as to make them retreat in haste. We then shelled them in the valley below till they withdrew out of range for the time. The infantry worked hard all day at building works across the valley. Gen. Rosecrans rode through the army, cheering the men by kind words, and being loudly applauded in return. When he hinted that he might have work for his army to do that day, he was greeted with deafening cheers.

At 1:30 P. M., on account of the firing from the ridge, troops were ordered to the support. At three o'clock the right and center sections were ordered to the gap. We consolidated our Battery at the entrance to the gap and lay there awaiting orders. There were several other batteries there, besides many ammunition wagons, ambulances, etc., all being crowded into a chaotic mass. Meantime the enemy had brought their artillery to bear on the gap, and shells began to come over the ridge and strike uncomfortably near us. We had several batteries on the top of the ridge, and they were pouring shell into the maneuvering foe as fast as they could get it carried to them. All not otherwise engaged assisted in carrying ammunition up the hill. Ammunition was taken from any battery that chanced to have the required kind. We contributed considerable. One of our men, who was engaged in handing ammunition to the carriers, was thought to be cowardly and afraid to go to the front by a "sardine box," who was making himself very conspicuous by loudly ordering the men, swearing at and threatening any one who chanced to displease him. When he saw our man handing the ammunition to another instead of carrying it to the front, he drew his sword and swore he would cut him down. After he was made to understand that the man whom he was threatening was outside his pale of power, he sheathed his sword and rode away to vent his courage on others. As the rebel shell began to

strike upon the ridge, the 18th Regulars, who were on the skirmish line, broke and ran through their support down the hill side and did not stop till at the foot of the ridge, and some, not even then. As one was running past us, he was asked what was the matter with him; "I have lost my ramrod," said he, still running. "Here's one," called out one of our men who had just picked one up. "But my lock is broken," replied the regular, and he was soon out of talking distance.

At 5 P. M. we were ordered, by General Rousseau, back to the west side of Chattanooga Creek to camp, and by this means our own immediate commander lost track of our whereabouts.

During the night of the 21st we could hear wagons and troops continually passing our camp, but supposed they were either guards or reinforcements, and did not even notice the direction in which they were moving.

The morning of the 22d dawned bright and beautiful, and all was so pleasant and calm that one could not realize how much death and suffering there had been, and was then, in that region. Fully enjoying this charming morning we very leisurely fed our horses, and cooked and despatched our breakfast. At length we noticed there was no one passing in either direction, and wondered at it. We also noticed that a large wagon-train, that had been parked near by us at dark, was nowhere to be seen. Also various small bodies of troops in the distance, all marching in the direction of Chattanooga. A cavalry officer, passing by our camp, was asked by us as to the condition at the front. "The front? Why you are far in advance of the front! There is not a man outside of this!" He then told us that all the troops had been withdrawn during the night except a part of a company of the 78th Illinois, whom he supposed captured, as he could not find them. He urged us to make all haste in getting back to Chattanooga, as the rebels were doubtless then advancing. This startling condition of affairs rather aroused us from our enjoyment of that beautiful morning, and it is needless to say, we were soon in motion to a more healthy region. We arrived at Chattanooga at ten A. M. on the 22d. On the evening of the 20th Bragg had reported to his government and the newspapers throughout the world had repeated "my cavalry is pursuing the foe." The above shows that the horses of the pursuing cavalry could not have been very fleet-footed.

As this day really closed the Chickamauga Campaign, so we will close our chapter, and in doing so we know of nothing more fitting as a finale to that great contest, than

GEN. ROSECRANS' CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

Headquarters Dept. of the Cumberland.

Orders No. 3.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND: You have made a grand and successful campaign. You have driven the rebels from Middle Tennessee. You have crossed a great mountain range, placed yourselves on the banks of a broad river, crossed it in the face of a powerful, opposing army, and crossed two other great mountain ranges at the only practical passes some forty miles between extremes. You concentrated in the face of superior numbers, fought the combined armies of Bragg, which you drove from Shelbyville to Tullahoma, of Johnston's army from Mississippi, and the tried veterans of Longstreet's corps, and for two days held them at bay, giving them blow for blow with heavy interest. When the day closed you held the field from which you withdrew in the face of overpowering numbers to occupy the point for which you set out—Chattanooga.

You have accomplished the work of the campaign. You hold the key of East Tennessee, of North Georgia, and the enemy's mines of coal and nitre.

Let these achievements console you for the regret you experience that arrivals of fresh, hostile troops forbade you remaining upon the field to renew the battle: for the right of burying your gallant dead, and caring for your brave companions who lay wounded on the field. The losses you have sustained, though heavy, are slight considering the odds against you and the stake you have won.

You hold in your hands the substantial fruits of a victory, and deserve and will receive, the honors and plaudits of a grateful nation, which asks nothing, of even those who have been fighting us, but obedience to the constitution and laws established for our own common benefit.

The general commanding earnestly begs every officer and soldier of this army to unite with him in thanking Almighty God for His favors to us. He presents his hearty thanks and congratulations to all the officers and soldiers of his command for their energy, patience and perseverance and the undaunted courage displayed by those who fought with such unflinching resolution.

Neither the history of this war nor probably the annals of any battle, furnish a loftier example of obstinate bravery and enduring resistance to superior numbers—when troops, having exhausted their ammunition, resorted to the bayonet many times to hold their position against such odds—as did our left and center, comprising troops of all the corps, on the afternoon of the 20th of September, at the battle of Chickamauga.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major General Commanding.

CHAPTER XIII.

REACHING Chattanooga, we found the troops working with all their might in building breastworks, forts and bomb-proofs. The Battery halted near an old packing-house that the rebels had used during their stay, but which our beef contractors were now filling up with hides and bones, there not being flesh enough on the animals they slaughtered to make mention of. Scarcely had we been halted there, at ten o'clock, before the rebels began to shell our men at work on the fortifications. Surely we had providentially escaped capture!

So much terror had the rebel shells in their "Whar-is-ye, whar-is-ye," that the cooks and "dog robbers" immediately rushed for the pontoons to effect a crossing and secure safety back at Stevenson; but the guards were instructed to allow no one to cross, and consequently there was soon quite a little army of those who "had business with the wagons over there" standing at the end of the bridge and almost praying to be allowed to cross.

A sutler—one of the greatest curses to an army when allowed to do as he pleases—had halted his wagon near our Battery, which was near Gen. Steadman's headquarters, and was selling poor cheese at the modest price of two dollars per pound and other articles in proportion! The general, becoming aware of it, came out in great wrath and ordered him to sell no more at such prices, or he would have his wagon opened to the soldiers, and that sixty cents per pound for cheese was sufficient. This manifestation of the general's sympathy for the soldiers greatly strengthened the love and respect we had for him, although we had already nearly reached the *ne plus ultra* in our love and esteem for him.

At 5 P. M. the Battery moved to a lot on Walnut Street, then occupied by a daguerreotypist's tent, which was speedily removed;

and we camped on the ground. The men retired early, as they had not yet recovered from the fatigue of Chickamauga. At 10 P. M., as we were calmly enjoying our rest, all were suddenly awakened by men running over us and uttering stifled cries of alarm. A noise, as of the sweeping of a hurricane in its first approach, came from the top of the hill. It was troops, cavalry advancing, down from the hill past Rosecrans' headquarters and in the direction of us! Some of us sprang to our feet, not from fear, however, being well aware that no force of the enemy could reach that point without hundreds of them being slain by our artillery that was scattered along the whole front from river to river. We saw immediately they were union troops, and learned that they had just been to headquarters with despatches. There were about a hundred of them.

On the 23d the brigade moved to the grave-yard on the east side of the town. We were placed at the foot of the small hill on which most of the grave-yard is, so as to receive the benefit of its shelter. Gen. Steadman remained with us day and night, mingling freely with the men, narrating his military experience, and offering such hints as he thought might be of service to the infantry or to us. He highly praised his division's doings during the late battle.

The Johnnies had shelled our forces freely all this time, to which we had replied but little, as our works were not thought sufficiently strong to warrant an artillery duel, to be followed most probably by a charge from the enemy. At one time all the wagons were sent across the river, and it was firmly believed we were going to evacuate, but the place was held and the nation knows the suffering and starvation endured by its defenders as well as it can be explained or described on paper.

On the 24th it was resolved to speak to our foe. At 3 A. M. a heavy gun was fired as a signal, and immediately all our artillery, then in position, opened and continued to fire until five o'clock without receiving any response. Our works were now quite formidable, but to strengthen them, or to make the test of their strength less in case of an attack, a telegraph wire was stretched about eight inches from the ground, and a two rods outside the moat. At 10 P. M., that night, we had to harness up, as several volleys of musketry were fired; but as nothing more was done save our artillery giving a few silencing rounds, all turned in again at 11:30.

Our wounded of the late battle suffered fully as much as did those from other commands, as they were under the same treatment, which treatment was to let each man take care of himself, if he was able; if not, to get his friends to do it. There was nothing at Chattanooga to at all comfort the wounded, and they were shipped back to Stevenson in ambulances, mule wagons or on foot, according to each man's condition, as rapidly as possible. From there they were sent to Nashville by rail.

At 1 P. M., on the 25th, we crossed the river at the lower pontoon, and after much roundabout zigzagging, took position on Stringer's Ridge, leaving the left section near the Stevenson road over the hill, and the others occupying the ground where Wilder's battery had stood when it shelled the town. One of Wilder's shells entered the church that was afterwards used as post chapel. Near the mark it left is this complèt, written on the wall:

"This hole was made
On Wilder's raid."

The infantry erected only feeble works, as it was thought there would never be occasion for using them. On this ridge we were three-quarters of a mile from water, and to get it to our camp, must descend and climb this hill, which was quite as much as a man wished to do when untrammelled with any load. Our rations soon began to fall even shorter than they had been for the three previous weeks, and we called the hill "Starve Ridge," a name that it was known by thereafter throughout the army.

On the 25th our knapsacks arrived—that is, such as were to be found were brought up, which was about half of those left at Bridgeport. Nearly every one had been rifled of its most valuable contents, such as gold pens, revolvers, etc., etc. New overcoats, pants and jackets we had left in them were also missing.

On the 26th Dr. Kirk left us and turned over his medicinal stores to Lieut. Fluskey, who was now, by recent orders of the war department, Battery quartermaster.

On the 28th the horses got their first taste of grain since the battle, they having had nothing but dried cornstalks to eat since that time. As for ourselves, our rations had been cut down to nine crackers for three days. Every soldier knows there is a material difference between nine crackers for three days and three crackers for one day, for when he draws such small rations for

several days at once, he is apt to eat them all long before he draws more, and consequently he goes hungry the rest of the time.

At 3 P. M., on the 28th, the left section, under Lieut. Fluskey, was sent to Brown's Ferry, about three miles by road from camp. They built a small fort to protect them from bullets fired by the rebel pickets on the opposite side. Captain Spencer returned to us on the afternoon of the 29th. Any one coming from "God's Country" was always beset by questions from one and all, and we were soon around our new captain, wanting to know all he could tell us about home.

The autumn rains set in about this time with right good will, and the roads were soon quite impassable—in many places entirely so—so that the road to Bridgeport, instead of being about thirty miles, was lengthened to over sixty. All our supplies were received from there, being transported in mule wagons. There being so little forage, the teams were rapidly decimating from starvation and overwork, and added to this the occasional capture, by the enemy, of an entire train of several hundred wagons, it is not to be wondered at that we often went to bed hungry. Our Battery teams were sent to the north, up through Sequatchie Valley, sometimes going sixty miles before they could find corn enough to half fill the wagon boxes—a half load being all a team could haul. A few pumpkins were always smuggled in, and these, with the corn we would take from the horses, notwithstanding orders to the contrary, helped much to supply the deficiency in rations. We had never known what hunger was till now. There was a constant craving of the appetite even if we had just eaten a hearty meal, for it was felt there was nothing in store, hence the hankering for food.

On the 1st of October Capt. Aylshire inspected our horses to see which ones were poor enough to send back to Stevenson to recuperate. There were enough so as to leave only four to a carriage. The condemned horses, with a sufficient number of men to care for them, were sent off on the 3d.

On the night of the 1st, orders were received to march with the brigade, but only the infantry went. The cause of these orders was the capture and burning of a large wagon train by the rebels, the infantry being sent to escort the few, who escaped, to camp. On the 3d, Jacob Premier returned from hospital.

At dark, on the 4th, the center section received orders to march, but after getting ready to move, the order was counter-

manded; yet the next morning the order was renewed, and they left at 6 A. M., commanded by Lieut. Burton. The infantry had built two small works on the side of Starve Ridge, and about three-quarters of a mile down the river from our camp. To these semi-forts the guns of the center section were taken. The position could not be reached from the valley below, so the only way to get the guns there was to let them down from above. But this was a very hard task. The ridge at one point rose to quite a mountain. This had to be ascended so as to reach a point above the forts. A road had to be made, and then it was so steep that ten horses could not pull a gun up; we had to unlimber and haul the parts up by hand. Once up, the road was good till directly above the forts. Now the guns must be lowered two hundred feet almost perpendicularly; all the prolonges were brought up and spliced. Fastening them to the trail of a gun, it was allowed to slowly descend by letting the rope slip around a tree. Gun 3 was put into the upper fort and met with no mishap; but the combined ropes were not long enough to let gun 4 to its fort, and in running the remainder of the distance, it tipped over and broke a wheel. The forts were christened by us, Forts High and Low. The caissons and horses were kept at the foot of the ridge about one hundred and fifty feet below the guns and within five rods of the river's edge. They were about half a mile from Moccasin Point, and so sheltered in that direction by the ridge as to be in no danger from the rebel shells fired over the point. Shortly after they got there the Paint Rock, a steamer captured from the rebels, made her trial trip after being repaired by us. As she neared the forts it was noticed she was trying to turn so as to ascend the river again. She made several attempts, but at each attempt fell down much further till she was in range of the rebel guns on Lookout. Breathlessly she was watched to see if she would not be sunk by their shells, but they did not fire—doubtless expecting she would float still further down and become an easy prey. But now she heads about and slowly ascends, and as she nears the forts a man is seen standing near one of the beams with his hands stretched up to their utmost. A rush to the bank to learn the cause. The story is soon told. The engineer had been a rebel and was then; he wished to let the boat fall into the hands of the enemy. He raised the plea of inability to generate steam sufficient to propel against the current. An officer on board mistrusted all was not

right, and took charge of the engines himself, and was soon conquering the current. The rebel was taken on deck and tied up by his thumbs. In that position he remained until another engineer was secured to take the boat back to the town. We never learned what was ultimately done with him.

That afternoon the rebels shelled our forces quite lively, but did very little damage. It was a sublime sight to watch them from the ridge. A puff of smoke from one of their guns, a report, then a small circular cloud suddenly expanding to an immense size, compared to its first appearance, then a loud report from that direction, and finally pieces of shell falling to the earth! All this was grand to contemplate from our position, but to those immediately under the exploding shell, the scene was not quite so enchanting!

On the 6th the 21st and Reserve Corps ceased to exist: part was detached to the 14th Corps, and the remainder formed the new 4th Corps; the latter to be commanded by Gen. Gordon Granger. It was our brigade's lot to be divided, the infantry being put into the 14th Corps, and we into the 3d Brigade, 2d Division of the 4th Corps. This brigade consisted of the 3d Kentucky, 24th Wisconsin, 22d, 27th, 42d, 51st and 79th Illinois, 64th, 65th and 121st Ohio, and Battery M, 1st Illinois Artillery, and was commanded by Col. Harker. The division was commanded by Gen. P. H. Sheridan.

The enemy had greatly pestered our wagon trains as they passed a certain portion of the road that was exposed to the river—the rebels being on the opposite side among the rocks on the side of the mountain near the river. On the 11th the right section, under Lieut. Fluskey, was sent out to see if the rebels could not be dislodged. They camped that night at the foot of Waldron's Ridge. About daylight next morning they ascended the ridge to a position whence they could see the rebels. They fired a few shells, but soon discovered that the huge rocks, with which the mountain side was covered formed, such a complete protection for the rebels that if one should be hit it would only be accidental. On the other hand, the rebels could, unseen, step from behind the rocks, and, taking steady aim, greatly imperil our men, who found the distance too great for Napoleons, and therefore, moved to a point near the bank of the river, and sent them a few rounds of case shot. This only called forth a greater number of minnies from the rebels. The section then went back to its camp of the

night before, and camped for the night, and returned to the Battery on the 13th, having fired forty-three rounds. On the road back the chests were refilled with ammunition found in a broken-down ammunition wagon.

There was now much speculation as to whom were to be our lieutenants, in place of Burton and Fluskey, as soon as they should be promoted first lieutenants. There was a desire among the men to be their own choosers, so a petition to the captain was drawn up, and duly signed and presented, asking for the privilege of electing those of our choice.

The very heavy rains washed away a large portion of each of the center section forts, so that they became utterly worthless.

The rains had so damaged the roads as to require nearly a week for our teams to make a trip after forage, and, without the addition of what we got to eat from that source, it seemed we must famish. Several expedients were resorted to to get food. One of these was to get an order from our officers for such rations as we needed—we paying for them. But great was the surprise of the officers when one morning, after we had just bought a box of hard tack, they sent for some, and were told that they had already bought a week's allowance! As they were unable to draw any more for three days, they were afterwards a little more careful as to how and when they gave orders.

On the night of the 15th the enemy sent a raft of saw-logs down the river for the purpose of destroying the pontoons. It was discovered in time to save the bridge by cutting it in the middle and letting the halves swing around to shore. The greater portion of the raft was secured. These logs were much needed at the saw mill to make plank for the bridges and for other purposes.

On the 17th Corp. Clute and Private Coslet received furloughs on account of their wounds.

It was decided by the chief of artillery of the department that each battery should have only one kind of gun. We preferred Rodmans, and on the 20th we exchanged our Napoleons with batteries that had Rodmans but wanted Napoleons. The same day we received orders to join our brigade on the lines, and as fast as we effected the exchanges, moved our sections to the pontoons, to cross. While lying at the pontoons waiting for opportunity to cross—there being so many wagons ahead as to delay us for several hours—Gen. Rosecrans and staff passed en-route for the

rear. Little did we dream we should see our beloved chief no more in command of that army! Not till the next day were we aware that he had bidden us a final adieu, and then we could not believe it, but in a few days we received the following, which fully proved the truth of the report:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT OF THE CUMBERLAND,)
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Oct. 9, 1863.)

General Order No. 24.

The general commanding announces to the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland that he leaves them under orders from the president.

Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, in compliance with orders, will assume command of this army and department. The chiefs of all the staff departments will report to him for orders.

In taking leave of you, his brothers in arms, officers and soldiers, he congratulates you that your new commander comes to you not as a stranger. Gen. Thomas has been identified with this army from its first organization. He has led you often in battle. To his renown, precedence, dauntless courage, and true patriotism you may look with confidence that, under God, he will lead you to victory.

The general commanding doubts not that you will be as true to yourselves and your country in the future as you have been in the past.

To the division and brigade commanders, he tenders his cordial thanks for their valuable and hearty co-operation in all that he has undertaken. To the chiefs of staff departments and their subordinates, whom he leaves behind, he owes a debt of gratitude for their fidelity and untiring devotion to duty.

Companions in arms, officers and soldiers, farewell, and may God bless you.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major General.

Our friend had left us to return no more! There are so many instances of his familiarity with the soldiery, that all are aware of that great trait of his character. One day he visited the left section at Brown's Ferry. Dismounting, he walked around among the men, speaking cheerfully with each man as he met him. The rebel pickets on the opposite side sent over several bullets, but he appeared not to notice them.

This firing from the rebel side was finally put a stop to in the following manner. One morning, as a bullet whizzed through

camp, a man stepped to the water's edge and demanded at what the rebel was firing. A conversation ensued in which it was agreed that neither side should fire without giving warning. Knowing our starving condition, they would place pumpkins where we could see them, and left a large patch of potatoes in our front untouched. The bait was taken. One night some of the 18th Ohio men and some infantry crossed over to get them. They were allowed to dig a bushel or two of potatoes, but just as they were fully enjoying the prospect of a few good meals, they were fired at by the rebels, and several found themselves surrounded. Three or four were captured. The infantry captain, who was one of the party, lost his revolver in his escape to the boat. Next day the captain asked them for it. They held it up and told him to get it. But in a few days they came to more amicable terms. Parties would cross from one side to the other, converse awhile, and then return. One lot that came to our side were given some coffee to drink. As they got ready to return, "Boys," said one, "I guess I'll stay whar I can get some more coffee. You uns can go back," and he remained.

A few days after we left the north side of the river a pontoon bridge was built, near the ferry, so that our wagon trains could travel from Bridgeport on the south side of the river. The night the pontoon was put down a thousand men were detailed to act as guards. The boats were noiselessly floated down past Moccasin Point and checked at the desired place. A squad of infantry was sent across, which found all but one rebel picket asleep. They captured the whole lot without firing a gun, and the next morning the rebels found a large body of Yankees on the south side of the river, and a pontoon completed for them to cross to and fro on! Below this the 11th and 12th Corps were lying. A junction was formed and trains immediately began using that road. There was a point on the road where the rebels were quite close. It was at a gap in the hills. As our teams would pass on the gallop, the rebs would fire on them and shout "Hard tack and sowbelly," and, as our men were running the gauntlet, they would ask if the Johnnies would not like some.

But to return to the Battery, it was dark before we were able to cross the river. We then camped on the east side of the town near Gen. Rosecrans' late headquarters. We drew rations at nine o'clock at night for that day, and received two-thirds of hard tack,

three-fourths of meat and one-fourth of coffee, sugar and tea. Soap and such extras were not to be had. We thought our extra large rations were due to our having joined our new division, but we soon found we got less from the new commissary than from the old one.

On the 21st our guns were put in position in Fort Negley, which was situated about the right center of our lines. There were only three embrasures, and these were used for guns 4, 5 and 6. Squads 1, 2 and 3 having to make theirs themselves. The caissons and horses were kept back near town, close by the E. T. & V. R. R., and only a few rods from Gen. Sheridan's headquarters. All non-combatants were sent back to remain with them.

Now our horses began dying with hunger, for we no longer could send our teams out foraging, and we shared with our horses the little corn drawn for them from the quartermaster. The corn made excellent hominy, and, when in meal, good pancakes. To reduce it to meal, we made graters by taking such tin as we could get, punching holes in it and then nailing it in an oval form to a piece of board; but this was entirely too slow and laborious a process. Patton set his wits at work, and soon produced a mill made of a piece of iron pipe and a bar to revolve in it by means of a crank. This mill gained great notoriety throughout the division, and soon Sam's tent was crowded from morning till night with men from every company and regiment, to use "Patton's Mill." As a consequence, it soon began to show wear, but before it became useless he had completed another on a larger scale. It was a wagon wheel hub box with an indented shaft to work in it. This did the work better and faster. The corn that was brought to this mill was either taken from the army storehouses or stolen from the batteries. Much of it, however, was picked out of the mud where animals had been eating. To accompany the luxury, corn, we sometimes were able to buy a beef's heart for 25 cents, a liver for 50 cents, lights 25 cents, brains 25 cents, tongue 50 cents, head 25 cents, tail 15 cents, etc., i. e., first, if we had the money to purchase them with; second, if we were in time, and finally, if we had inclination to siddle for them in a crowd of hungry fellow-sufferers.

On the 24th all the detailed men with our Battery returned to their commands. The next day orders were received to send all our horses but thirty-two back to Stevenson. The proper details

were made out, and the column started, headed by Lieut. Fluskey, but just as they reached the pontoon, they received orders to return to camp. We had been unable to draw any rations that day, so in the afternoon we received two ears of corn per man. At night we drew three crackers to last two days. Gen. Sheridan rode up in the afternoon and asked the guard, placed over the corn, how much our horses received at a feed. When told he said "That will never do; they must have more, and I will order more to be issued to you;" but the extra was never received. At nine o'clock that night orders were received to be in line at an early hour next morning, as the rebels were expected to attack; all were up early, but not before the rebs had opened fire from Lookout at 2 A. M. They continued their fire for about an hour, and then all was quiet.

We received orders to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and were told that we could get lumber and brick at a large brick building to the east of town, about half way to the rebel pickets. This house was the late residence of Frank Paul, of the *Chattanooga Rebel*. While tearing it down, a portion of the timbers fell on Stone and broke his leg in so many places that it had to be amputated—the operation not being performed until nearly a year later. We built very comfortable shebangs, one man adding style to his by making the sides of large windows taken from the house.

On the 27th all our mule teams, except Bill's, were sent to the supply train. Hoffman going with his team.

Cannonading was of every day occurrence. Lookout and Moccasin would pass the time of day almost invariably. Other batteries would also have a word to say occasionally. Sometimes Lookout would send her shells into town, and sometimes at our outposts, but there was never much damage done by either side. There was seldom any skirmishing done between the pickets. Every calm morning Bragg's headquarter band would come down into the valley to his lines and play the Confederate national (?) tunes. His trains would also run out to his picket lines and whistle. All this sounded very fine to us, when we did not know one day whether we should have anything to eat on the next, and expecting daily an attack from the (as we supposed) largely reinforced foe. However, after the 11th and 12th Corps arrived, and had got used to living without butter and soft bread, we did not feel so apprehensive of fatal results.

On the morning of the 2d of November it was discovered that the enemy had been at work during the night, throwing up works in our immediate front, and just at the edge of the woods. Gen. Sheridan ordered guns 1, 2 and 3, of our Battery, to open on them. They did so, causing the Johnnies, who were in sight, to disappear as if by magic. At 8 P. M. we received orders to hitch up. All the "frames" that were able to stand up were put under the harness and hitched to the carriages. The infantry lay along the lines and railroads in our front for about two hours and then returned.

At night we drew our usual rations, getting eleven small hard tack for three days. One man wagered he could eat the eleven within an hour, taking nothing of any kind to quench his thirst. Our hospital steward offered him his if he did it, and if not, he was to pay the hospital man fifty cents. He accomplished the task in fifty-one minutes, suffering quite as much for water as the other did over the loss of his rations.

About twelve o'clock that night Gen. Sheridan took the infantry out, and, by daylight, had a long line of works and a fort built near where the rebels had been at work. Great must have been the mortification of the rebs when they discovered it, for it not only prevented the advance of their lines, but actually forced them to draw in their pickets quite a distance. Toward evening, of that day, our Battery sent a few shells at some rebels who were seen in front of the new works, but such was the lay of the ground that to hit the rebels we must endanger our own men, so gun 6 was taken to Fort Palmer, a more elevated position, and from there shelled the rebel camps in the valley till dark.

On the 5th all but sixteen of our horses were sent, under charge of Sergt. Amberg and Privates Mundell and Henderson, to Sequatchie Valley, some ten miles distant, to be fed on such provender as could be found there, but so little was found to feed them that all but two or three died.

Great sensation was produced in camp for several days after the 6th, over the report that a sixty-day furlough was to be offered to all who should volunteer to take Lookout and survive its capture. Under the circumstances there was hardly a man who would not have handed in his name had the chance been given him. They had had sufficient of hand to mouth living, and were willing to do anything to gain a short respite. Probably had any

such movement been meditated by Gen. Thomas, the actions of the enemy, during the last few days would have deterred him. Just before dark they would build large fires in regular order, on Mission Ridge and on Lookout, as though they had received heavy reinforcements. Some time after, our forces practiced the same ruse at points up and down the river.

On the 13th we witnessed the shooting of two men for desertion. It was the only instance of carrying the law to its extreme penalty we saw during the war. The men were from the 44th and 88th Illinois Infantry.

That day Corp. Clute arrived from home. He vowed he would take no more furloughs, as he thought soldiers were treated like dogs till they crossed the Ohio River, and then they had to show their papers at every step, or they would be arrested.

On the 15th three infantry-men were drummed out of service. The troops were called out on review in front of Fort Wood, and, having formed two lines facing each other, these men were marched between them. They were surrounded by bayonets pointing toward them. One man wore a board on his back on which was "Deserter." The second bore "Coward" in large capitals; while the third had his head shaved and carried a stool on it.

For several weeks we had got our fire-wood on and near Orchard Knob, sometimes going within speaking distance of the rebel pickets. On the night of the 16th they advanced their pickets, cutting off much of our timber land and causing "wood to be wood." Richardson was that day transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps for partial blindness.

By daylight of the 17th we had a large force across the river, to the rebel side, some distance above our lines. Only a few were exposed to view, the others remaining concealed and prepared to act their part. The rebels advanced in considerable force, compared with the number they saw before them, expecting to make an easy capture. Our few advanced pickets fell back apparently reluctantly. The rebels advanced boldly, till within proper distance, when they received a murderous fire of musketry and artillery that completely paralyzed them. They brought up their artillery, but did no particular injury to our forces, who held the ground.

At noon, on the 18th, the rebels instituted the discharging of their muskets by volley. As volley after volley was heard, and

then scattering shots to fill up the intervals, it was thought they must be having a battle among themselves, as it was well known there existed great dislike among the different State troops.

On the 20th the infantry of the division received orders to cook two days' rations, but we know not what they found to cook. That night all of our brigade except the 64th Ohio and our Battery, crossed the river, but returned some hours later. The next day we sent our ambulance to get the paymaster, and soon we were in possession of four months' pay. This was looked upon as a godsend!

CHAPTER XIV.

NEAR dark, on the 22d of November, the 2d and 3d divisions of the 11th Corps, and part of the 12th Corps, crossed the pontoon and camped outside the works to the right of Fort Wood. This, we were certain, meant a movement in the aggressive. That night it was hinted that each infantry-man was to receive one hundred rounds. This also sounded ominous; but nothing to compare with the steady, measured tread of parts of the 4th and 14th Corps, as they filed out between Forts Wood and Negley, at 1 P. M., next day (23d.) The rebels said they thought it was to be only a review of our army, and so did many of us as we saw the first troops move out from the camp of the 14th Corps. As the column filed out, some of the 11th Corps, who were closely watching its movements, wondered what was to be done. As the body snatchers, carrying their stretchers, followed, one of the spectators exclaimed: "See them things; that means fight! They were soon fully convinced that that was the true meaning, as their bugles then immediately sounded "Stand to arms," and the 11th and 12th Corps were soon in line.

Our few horses were harnessed and everything put in readiness, should we be called upon to take part. How grand and yet how awful was the scene we beheld from the ramparts of Negley! The day was clear and calm, adding splendor to our long lines as they advanced with firm and even step, as if to martial music. Our star spangled banner seemed even more beautiful as it waved so majestically over them. How, almost breathlessly, were our lines watched by those left at the works, as they sallied first to the right and then to the left! And as they entered the woods and disappeared from sight, each ear was strained to catch the first sound of conflict. Not a gun was fired; they met none of the enemy; and not wishing to advance too far, lest they might fall into an ambush, they returned to the open field, and stacked arms,

till a reconnoissance could be made on the flanks. In a few minutes they advanced into the woods again, when they met a few of the enemy and exchanged a dozen shots—the enemy retiring to his works. At 2:45 Fort Wood opened on the ridge. Negley's thirty-pounders followed, and then our Battery opened. In a minute all the batteries along our lines were playing on the enemy's camps on Mission Ridge, in the valley and on Lookout. Fort Negley used thirty-three guns, and several other forts nearly as many. Imagine a shower of shells fired from two hundred cannon, each piece sending an average of four per minute and all striking within an arc two miles in length, and an idea can be formed of what must have been the state of affairs within the rebel camps, during our bombardment, which lasted about thirty minutes!

About four o'clock the rebels opened fire from Lookout, but till then they had not fired a shot. In a few minutes several batteries opened, from different points on the ridge, directing their shots at our columns in the woods, in the valley. A little while before dark our lines charged on the rebel works on Orchard Knob. They captured the first line of works and about 450 prisoners, with but little loss. During the day the large doors in the passenger house, at the depot, had been closed by fitting ties in them so firmly as to make them quite as strong as the brick walls of the building. Into this house the prisoners were conducted for safe keeping. All was quiet during the night, save an occasional shot fired by the opposing pickets, who were now brought within quarreling distance. The rebels had by some means become aware of the hundred rounds furnished to each of our infantry, for, as soon as they became reconciled enough to talk, after our forces had captured their first lines, their pickets called out to ours, "Come on with your hundred rounds, we are ready for you!"

Early on the morning of the 24th, several batteries were sent to the front, to different parts of the line. It was 7:30 A. M. before a shot was fired. We borrowed horses from different batteries, to give us enough to complete our complement, which was—of good horses, six to a carriage, of crow-baits, eight to a carriage. At 10:45, while waiting a movement in our front, we heard heavy firing begin in Lookout Valley, and were soon informed that Hooker was trying to take the mountain. The mountain itself was enveloped in heavy mist and invisible from Chattanooga.

We judged from the sound of the firing that it was coming our way, indicating the success of our armies. Shortly after one o'clock the clouds enveloping the mountain were dispelled, and all eyes were turned toward it for the first glimpse of the stars and stripes, as they should come up around the point, for we all looked undoubtingly to Hooker's success, and were confident of victory. Shortly we saw the rebel flag fall back, their lines broken, but fighting as though determined not to yield! Immediately our starry flag followed, our lines advancing firm and intact. Moccasin and a fort near by now did good execution, as they poured their shells into the foe whenever they would rally. Wood, Negley and other forts shelled the valley, that reinforcements could not be sent to those rebels on the mountain. At 1 P. M. the combatants were fairly in view on the open ground, facing Chattanooga. All of this was in full view of our entire army, in and in front of Chattanooga, and the sight—one of the most dramatic of the war—called forth the most tumultuous cheering.

Willich, with his brigade, had been sent to the railroad bridge, across Chattanooga Creek, earlier in the day. At the moment Hooker gained the white house in the open field, before mentioned, Willich's band struck up the soul-enlivening tune, "Rally Round the Flag." Never before had that tune sounded so beautiful to us. The guns of the fort ceased firing, and all listened intensely to the sweet notes. But scarcely had the band ceased playing ere Willich had work for his men. They had made their cup of coffee and drank it, but he had no "sharge" to lead them to; this time it was to repel a "sharge." The rebels advanced in considerable force to burn the railroad bridge. Willich's infantry and artillery drove them back several times before they abandoned their object. They suffered severely in these charges, as Willich's men were close to them, and did not spare their ammunition.

The day had opened clear and lovely, but toward noon it became misty, and, as Hooker rounded the point, it was raining hard. A cool, south wind now blew up freshly, and soon the mountain was enveloped in fog. At the time we were watching Willich's battle, the actors on the mountain were entirely hidden from our view by the sheet of fog. After a time it cleared from the upper part of the mountain so that we could plainly see Hooker's men battling among the rocks with the now firmly entrenched foe. There was the hardest part of the contest. As a blue coat would drive a

gray back from behind a rock or tree, he would jump to procure the protection from which he had just driven his foe, while the rebel would dodge behind the first tree or stone he came to. The danger to either party was in running from one point to another. Thus they fought till darkness set in, but even then they did not remain quiet. A little after sunset the sky became clear, and the stars shone forth in all their brilliancy. The whole east side of the mountain, to some distance back, presented a scene, which, but for the noise that arose from there, would have made us fancy we were looking upon an Illinois prairie on some summer evening when the fire flies were thickest. Flash, flash, pop, pop, was what our eyes and ears were constantly greeted with, till about eleven o'clock, when the firing gradually died out, and all was calm till morning, when we learned the cause of the quiet.

By daylight, on the morning of the 25th, it was discovered that there were no more rebels on Lookout. They had withdrawn their artillery and infantry during the night, and now our troops were in possession of that, for which we had expected many hundred lives would have to be sacrificed in order to obtain. Just at sunrise, the stars and stripes waved from the noted rock at the north end of the mountain. The mountain was ours. To the hero, Gen. Hooker, the nation gives the merited praise.

Yet, although the mountain was in our possession, still our work was incomplete. The enemy were yet strongly fortified in our front. Mission Ridge must be captured before we could feel at ease. But to take that we must face the whole force of the enemy, as they no longer had Lookout to protect.

Sherman had not been idle during the night. He had arrived a few days before, with a great portion of his army, and during the night of the 24th, had crossed his men to the east side of the river near the mouth of Chickamauga Creek, and by daylight, on the 25th, was ready to perform his part of the program.

At an early hour in the morning, we moved our caissons to the guns to be ready to move to the front if required. As the sun arose the enemy could be seen, marching in heavy column along the ridge in the direction of Sherman. Bragg evidently expected that Gen. Grant would continue as he had commenced — attack him by detail; and to meet our attack for this day, was massing his forces in front of that part of our line where he expected us to make the assault — on our extreme left, commanded by Gen.

Sherman. At nine o'clock the battle began. At times Sherman was gaining ground fast; then the rebels would make a stubborn stand, charge, and drive Sherman's men back nearly as far as they had advanced. In that way they fought all day, each side suffering severely, and about equally.

Fort Negley fired a few rounds early in the morning. Gun 6, of our Battery, anticipating orders, fired one shot.

At ten o'clock our lines to the east of Fort Wood advanced. Our artillery, at the front, kept up a constant fire on the rebel camps in the valley. Not a word came from the rebels till half past ten, when an 18-pounder, near Bragg's headquarters, opened. It fired but a few rounds, when again all was silent, on their part, and we concluded that portion of the ridge was nearly deserted. Carefully scrutinizing the top of the ridge with field glasses we discovered, by the sheen of their bayonets, a column of the enemy marching southward behind their works, and concluded that this column would be about all our forces would have to contend with as they advanced. Our lines passed through to the edge of the woods, and, meeting no enemy, returned to the open field. About noon, as our troops again advanced, the rebels opened with a few guns from the ridge.

At one o'clock, as all were intently watching to see our colors as they should advance from the woods into the opening, between the timber and the ridge, we heard such a hearty cheer in the direction of Moccasin Point, that all immediately turned to discover if possible, its cause. How our hearts throbbed as we beheld a steamer—the Stars and Stripes waving over her—come slowly around the point! She moved as though indifferent to danger, but proud of the colors she bore, and satisfied of a kindly reception because of the rations she was bringing us. Our first thought was of the risk she was running in passing the point; but instantly recalled the fact that the mountain was *ours*, and the unmolested advance of the steamer, was another proof of the fact. Cheer after cheer ran along the works, and was caught up by our comrades at the front! Soon another boat followed and we began to imagine ourselves once more sitting down to a square meal.

To add to our causes for rejoicing, Hooker, having crossed Chattanooga Valley to the ridge near Rossville, now opened with his guns upon the enemy. At 2 P. M. the enemy changed the direction of their fire to the southeast, which seemed to indicate

that Hooker was threatening their rear through Rossville Gap. While we were eagerly watching the movements of the rebels, a darky cook brought in a prisoner whom he had captured. This prisoner was a Jew, who had been a sutler in Bragg's army; but, when it became so reduced as to require all to bear arms who could, he was forced to shoulder a musket and go to the front. To this he would not submit longer than forced to, so, when Bragg's men left their camp that day, he made his way toward our lines, and was captured by the darky, who would not lose sight of him for an instant till he had marched him to headquarters and delivered him to the proper officer. Of a consequence, the darky was cheered by everyone who met him, as it seemed so droll to see a white man in charge of a black one.

At 4:30 our troops moved to the final step of taking the ridge. The signal for the charge was six guns fired from Orchard Knob, at intervals of two seconds. When the sixth gun sounded, the whole line, that had been so quietly lying in the woods, sprang to their feet as if one man, and eager for the fray. As they emerged from the woods into the open meadow, it seemed as if the whole top of Mission Ridge was a blaze of fire over which soon hung a cloud of smoke. Where we had supposed a dozen guns to be the greatest number they could have there, as many *batteries*, of from four to six guns, now belched forth their missiles of death! How appalling, and yet how grandly sublime, was the scene there presented! A line of men dressed in one uniform, with the red, white and blue flag of freedom, floating over them at regular distances of a few rods; this line nearly two miles in length, marching across an open field, receiving the murderous fire of over a hundred cannon; then slowly climbing the steep ascent of the ridge, sometimes stopping from exhaustion to breathe, then on, driving the enemy from behind rude works or the shelter of the trees, till they reach the last line of the enemy's works, just at the brow of the ridge; there halting for a few moments while the rebels hurl huge stones among them, then springing forward once more, are soon the masters of the ground—the enemy fleeing in consternation, leaving his dead and wounded, hundreds of prisoners, and nearly half of his artillery behind him!

How heart-thrilling was it, as we saw the enemy running in dismay, the flag of our country closely following, and soon waving in triumph in front of Bragg's recent headquarters! Cheer upon

cheer rose along our works as we beheld this. The setting sun shot his golden rays among the trees, along the ridge, lighting up the scene in a grand pageant!

But our men stopped not to exult over their victory. They turned the captured guns on the fleeing enemy, and as soon as they were beyond reach, pursued with the musket, and staid not the pursuit till darkness demanded it. The rebels in front of Sherman, learning the result in our front, broke and fled, and by seven o'clock scarcely a gun was to be heard.

Our men suffered a great deal while crossing the open field before reaching the foot of the ridge, and also while ascending its side. During the ascent, the heavy guns of Negley and Wood kept up a constant fire on the rebel guns on the ridge, one shell, from Orchard Knob, exploding one of their caissons. Only one shell from the enemy reached our works around Chattanooga, exploding a little to the right and at some height over Fort Wood.

This is what Battery M saw of the glorious battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Its participation in the same consisted only in firing from the ramparts of Fort Negley, upon the rebels on the ridge, over the heads of the advancing infantry. In fact, but little short range work was done by the artillery, during this engagement. With the exception of a few guns on Orchard Knob, the artillery of the army of the Cumberland was held in reserve, probably because the absence of good horses would have made active maneuvers a matter of considerable difficulty. To the left, in Sherman's attack, artillery was freely used, and at short range too. It was our fate to participate in many more engagements, and to do much fighting at short and at long range, but we never again had an opportunity to see all the movements, and maneuvers of a great battle. The certainty and positiveness of the various movements, and the proper and telling sequence of each successive attack and advance, as they were made in our view, gave us supreme confidence in the high abilities of Gen. Grant, against whom, we of the army of the Cumberland, had at first been prejudiced, feeling that he had supplanted our beloved and honored commander, "Old Rosey," from whom we were loth to transfer our allegiance to his successor.

The result of the fight in our front was, besides the capture of the ridge and the dispersion of the enemy, over forty cannon, among them the noted New Orleans Washington Battery of four

eighteen-pounder brass pieces, a number of horses, great amount of forage, and many prisoners! As these latter were being marched to town, when they came to the works our men had built, after capturing their first line in the valley, they exclaimed, "See them works! Why, they are stronger than ours were, and we had so many weeks to build them in." Bragg often declared that, "If a Yankee had a spade and half an hour to work in, he would bury himself out of reach of any shell."

That night was passed in searching and caring for the wounded, many of whom could only be found by accidentally coming upon them; for it appeared as though each one felt so proud over the victory that he would not even groan, although suffering excruciating pain. The moon rose about nine, but it was later before her light afforded much assistance to those in search of the wounded on the side of the ridge.

Bright and glorious did the morning of the 26th dawn on the field of our late victory. It was Thanksgiving Day at home; but were they there more thankful than we here? The day seemed so much like Sunday used to at home, that we almost doubted we could be in the army. One would glance up at Lookout, expecting to hear the usual boom of the cannon, as the gun on the point sent its iron messenger down to us; but all was as quiet as though naught of life was on it. Then glancing toward Mission Ridge and seeing men and teams there that we knew were our own, we would wonder within ourselves, "How can it be possible that those strongholds are ours; strongholds that no number of rebels can drive us from?"

In the afternoon there were a few cannon fired, far to the northeast, and we could plainly see the smoke from the burning rebel stores at Chickamauga and other stations. At one o'clock in the afternoon Fort Wood fired thirty-four blanks in honor of the victory. Toward night we took our horses and hauled the Washington Battery down from Bragg's late headquarters. Two of the guns were named Lady Buckner and Lady Breckenridge. When we received our rations that day they were full allowance of meat, coffee, sugar, crackers and salt! The Battery was given twelve rebel horses and harness, and received orders to march; but the marching orders were countermanded. Just at dark the 2d and 3d Divisions returned to camp, so as to be prepared to move the next day or whenever the order came to march. During the day we hauled more of the captured guns down from the ridge.

PART III.

. . . Knoxville Campaign. . . .

CHAPTER XV. PART III.

AT 2 P. M., on the 28th of November, we moved out of Chattanooga with our own and the Third Division. We had drawn horses from various batteries—almost every artillery horse of the Army of the Cumberland that survived the starvation of the siege, and had eight to each carriage. We also had thirty-one men from Battery G, 1st Missouri, and sixteen from the 10th Indiana Battery. All of our men who were not well clothed were left at camp, so we had only sixty-seven of our own. It was supposed we should be back in two days at the farthest, so we took only what clothes we were wearing, blankets barely sufficient to keep us from freezing, and no tents for shelter; supposing we should probably chase Bragg to Ringgold or Dalton and then return. Toward dark it became very cold and the wind blew hard from the west. We reached the Chickamunga River just at dark, and found that a pontoon bridge was there in operation—our division crossing as fast as it could, but having to wait long at times for portions of Sherman's troops, who were returning from the chase, to cross. Standing in the mud in an open field, the wind having full sweep across it, we suffered much, as our clothing was poor and insufficient for that season of the year, and as we had been so long used to sitting in our tents before a warm fire, we felt the cold the more. At eleven o'clock the Battery began to cross. It was necessary to unhitch the horses as soon as the carriage was across, as the north bank of the river was so steep, and the mud so deep and stiff, that our poor horses could barely walk up under the load of the harness; in fact, we had to help two or three of them up the hill.

The 100th Illinois was detailed to assist in hauling our carriages up. As soon as the horses were unhitched, they would fasten their ropes to the carriages and then tug and pull through the mud, knee deep, their spirits being buoyed up by the enlivening words and cheers of Col. Buckner, of the 79th Illinois, who had charge of the work. The last part of our Battery to cross was

Bill's wagon. It was heavily loaded, and as he came to the spot where the teams unhitched, the men were ready with their ropes. "I don't want no ropes for my wagon," said Bill, and calling out, "Yay there, Jennie," up went the wagon to the top of the bank—the first one that night that had not been hauled up by hand. All looked at the mules and driver as though they were prodigies!

We camped near the bridge, and were able to give our animals a good feed once more. There were several wagons standing near by, heavily laden with forage, and, having orders to, we took all we wished for them.

Our dog, "Battery," had followed us this far, but next morning we missed him, nor saw him again till he was brought to us some months later from Chattanooga. He doubtless had some such foresight of what was in prospect for the Battery as rats are supposed to have with reference to a sinking ship.

We here met with our "other self," Cogswell's battery that had for the first year of its existence claimed to be "Battery M, 1st Illinois," and was thus the cause of the miscarriage of much of our mail, but as we were mustered in first, the letter M was given to us.

It now appeared that we were en-route for Knoxville to the relief of Gen. Burnside, and that, as it was said that he only had provisions to last him six days longer, we must reach there at the end of that time or he would be compelled to surrender to Longstreet, who, with his corps, had been allowed by Bragg to go there some time before the late battle. The distance to Knoxville was estimated to be about one hundred and twenty miles, and to make that distance in six days we must average twenty miles per day, and this, with the roads almost impassable on account of mud; our horses unshod, many of them scarcely able to stand alone, and not a dozen fit for work; ourselves poorly clothed, our foot-covering such that if we stepped in the least bit of water our feet would be wet, and with not sufficient blankets along to keep us comfortable at night!

About eight o'clock, on the morning of the 29th, we hitched up and attempted to start, but found it was impossible to move. The horses would not pull. The mud was frozen sufficiently to bear a man, but a horse would break through at nearly every step, and thus cut and lacerate his legs badly. We began doubling, but could not move till there were fourteen horses to a carriage.

We then had to go nearly two miles before coming to road over which eight horses could draw again. In going to and fro over this bad road we were delayed till a late hour before getting under headway. We reached Harrison, a small village about a mile from the river, at 1:30, and camped about two miles further on. We were about thirteen miles from Chickamauga River, and within half a mile of Ooltowah Creek. This latter stream was about sixty feet wide and eight feet deep. The rebels had burned the bridge, and soon the engineer corps was at work rebuilding it. While the engineers were thus engaged, we were making ourselves comfortable. Quite a large lot of hogs of all ages were running about over the field in which we were camped, and we had an abundance of good, fresh pork for our supper that night.

By dark the bridge builders had completed their work. Our Battery was divided and assigned as follows: The right section, under Lieut. Burton, to march with the 2d Brigade, Gen. Wagner commander; the left section, under Lieut. Fluskey, to be with the 1st Brigade, commanded by Col. Sherman. (It was Gen. Steadman's brigade, but he was at home on leave.) And the center section, under Q. M. Sergt. Murphy, to remain with the 3d Brigade, Col. Harker's.

A few flakes of snow fell at night, but being near a good fence and a straw stack not far off, we cared little for the weather.

On the 30th, all were astir at two o'clock, and in motion by 4:30; the center section, with the 3d Brigade, being in advance. The order of marching was to be changed each day; this was to make pioneering equal among the brigades. At 7:30 we reached a house where was found the body of a rebel, whom our men had killed some days before. Two union women occupied the house. They had brought the body in from where they had found it, with the intention of burying it. The next house we came to was that of Capt. Snow, the noted guerrilla. It was a large brick structure with plenty of surrounding out houses, all showing its owner to be a man of means and sound sense—barring the cause he had engaged in. His premises furnished us two or three wagon loads of splendid hams, shoulders and side-meat.

At nine o'clock we came to a large mill run by the water from a single spring, the water being, however, too warm to drink. At the mill was found some flour and meal; the Battery secured two

or three bags full of each, and this added to the meat drawn from the "Snow donation," made us think we were beginning to live again.

Getting now well out of the rebel forage district, we began to find considerable of everything good, at rebel houses; but nearly all the union people had been stripped of everything, save a barely sufficient quantity of corn meal to keep body and soul together.

At eleven o'clock Georgetown was passed, and "Joe" thought we should next arrive at Washington, but, instead, we halted on the bank of the Hiawasse River, about a mile north of Georgetown, and some eight miles from its mouth. As Gen. Sheridan rode to the bank in advance of the column, a few rebels on the other side fired at him, but did no damage. We expected to meet a steamer here, and as it was not in sight by two o'clock, No. 3 gun was run down to the water's edge and fired a blank as a signal that all was right. At four o'clock the steamer Paint Rock arrived, having a barge lashed to either side, she and the barges being well laden with supplies, which were speedily deposited on the north bank, when the steamer commenced ferrying the troops.

Although we had halted so early we had accomplished our twenty miles, but the deficiency of the day before was not made up. That day two of the Battery G, 1st Missouri men took the steamer to return to their battery, as they were unable to endure the march.

The boat worked steadily all night, crossing the troops. At 4:30, on the 1st of December, the Battery crossed. After crossing the river we halted long enough to feed our horses and draw rations, the last from Government till reaching Knoxville.

This was a union district, and nearly all day women and children were standing on either side of the road, some looking as though they expected to be swallowed the next instant, for they had been told that all Yankees had horns on their foreheads and were cannibals, but as they could not see the horns, they concluded the latter charge was also false, and greeted us thus: "Why, whar do you uns all come from?" "Oh, we are so powerful glad to see you!" etc., etc. Many of these people had walked some distance to see us "Yanks." At night a different atmosphere was reached. We camped just at the suburbs of Decatur, whose citizens were unanimously "secesh." This night the troops were not limited to the top rail, but received orders to burn as much of the fences as

needed, as it was a rebel town, and it may be safely said we did not suffer with cold from hesitation to burn rails. The night was bitter cold, and the morning found no fences in our neighborhood. Decatur was only eleven miles from Hiawasse Ferry, so we had lost nine miles that day.

On the 2d the march was resumed at 7:30 A. M. At ten our advance entered a house where they found six Johnnies taking a fashionable breakfast. The lady of the house had spread the best she had, herself waiting on her guests, who were quietly marched off as prisoners, while the blue coats began an inspection of the premises. The smoke-house was found to be well filled with meat; the granaries full of corn; two or three fine horses were in the stable; many chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys were running about the yard; quite a drove of sheep and several head of cattle were in the field; while in the store-room were found three barrels of sorghum syrup, etc., etc. Nearly all the meat was loaded into wagons; two or three loads of corn were taken; the horses were exchanged for such of ours as were played out; the poultry took a great liking to our men and followed them away, tightly hanging to their belts, haversacks, or in some other secure place, that their mistress might not be able to call them back; a detail from the division took care of the cattle and sheep, driving them along to slaughter as might be needed. But of the syrup! Canteens, tin pails, wash dishes, plates, cups, saucers, jars, jugs, crocks, (boots and shoes might have been used too could they have been spared for that purpose) were filled with sweetening for our pancakes! Just as the last barrel was about emptied, several guards rushed in and drove out every blue coat who was found plundering.

Our acts would have been barbarous had we not known beforehand the character of the person with whom we were dealing. Her husband was a noted rebel officer. There were very few negroes on this march, so we had no accessions to our force from that source, and the few men at home were generally old and decrepit and unfit to shoulder a musket. The district passed through this day was quite thickly settled, the country good until nearing Big Surree Creek. Here the land was low and heavily timbered. At the creek the column halted till the bridge could be repaired. While halted, we visited the premises of a Mrs. Marshall, wife of Gen. Humphrey Marshall, whose daughter Julia was a well educated young lady, but decidedly secesh. She acknowledged it and claimed

that Tennessee was no longer in the union. "Were she a man she would fight as long as she had life." Our investigation proved that the old lady was living very poorly, being poorly dressed and with barely enough to eat. In a house that stood across the road from where she lived were found a fine piano and a great quantity of beautiful and costly furniture, which were left unharmed.

We camped that night on the farm of a rebel, whose name was Prigmore, and near Little Survee Creek. We had marched our twenty miles but had done no more. That night attention was given to Mr. Prigmore's movable property, which was considerable, as he was a very wealthy man for that district. Near our camp lived a man who had been paroled at Vicksburg. He told us he had received orders to join his command just before the battle of Chickamauga, "as he had been properly exchanged," but he did not believe any exchange had been effected, so he remained at home, hiding whenever any rebel soldiers appeared.

Our camp was at the edge of a strong union district, and soon after we had resumed march on the morning of the 3d, all received positive orders that "Any man, who should be found inside any enclosure, no matter what the pretext, would be immediately arrested," and guards were detailed to carry the order into effect. About eight o'clock, one of our corporals being thirsty, and seeing a well near a house, began to climb over the fence to go after some water. He had forgotten the order and was only reminded of it as General Granger, who was quite near caught him by the collar, and raised a rope to strike him. He sprang back, caught the rope, and would have drawn the general to the ground where he intended to "settle matters with him." had not the general spurred his horse, jerked from the corporal's grasp, and rode away at the gallop.

The 3rd Kentucky had charge of the men, who were arrested this day. They caught two of our men, "The Deacon's Son" and "Noisy," as they were quenching their thirst at a springhouse with milk they found there in jars and pipkins.

At Philadelphia our troops halted to let Sherman's army pass. They had followed around by the railroad, and had lived entirely on what they foraged off the country. They had wagons, carts, pack-mules and horses loaded down with forage. At Sweetwater they had found a great quantity of plug tobacco. Some of the men had carried a whole box apiece thus far, and were selling

it at 25 cents per plug. This was quite different from \$1.25 we had been paying at Chattanooga for the same sized plugs, but of inferior quality.

We marched about three miles further and camped on Fort Creek, having traveled about eighteen miles that day.

Near our camp was a grist mill, as the people there called it. The country was quite rich in food, and soon our camp was teeming with such luxuries as chickens, geese, ducks, syrup, meal, flour, etc., for some of our men had been sent out with the horses to bring in corn and "roughness" for the animals, and it was thought well to also bring in something good for ourselves. Our poultry dressed and duly cooking over a splendid rail fire, our attention was next called to see how our friends, "gray-backs," sometimes called back-biters, were flourishing, for they had lately made considerable complaint about inattention. It was found they were thriving admirably well. "Multiply and bite" appeared to be their motto. We advised emigration, and emigrate they did.

Sherman's army was working hard at building a bridge across the Little Tennessee River, about two miles from where we lay. They completed the bridge by the night of the 4th and immediately crossed. It was built of timbers, cut in the neighboring woods, and boards and scantling got in Morgantown, by tearing down empty houses. Morgantown lies on the north bank of the river, and has a population of about two hundred.

On the morning of the 5th, that we might get an early start, we were up at 3:30, but did not move out till eight o'clock. The left section was in advance. After going about five miles around, in order to have better roads, and crossing Bat Creek, we parked within a few rods of the Morgantown and Madisonville pike, to wait till the bridge could be repaired, as a caisson had broken through not long before. It was half past two in the afternoon before we could cross, and then our guns were drawn over by the wheel teams, the other horses having to ford the river some distance above the bridge. Again, our blankets had been left in the wagon, and as it did not catch up with us that day, and the night was quite cold, we suffered considerably. A few who had been thoughtful enough to carry their blankets along, doubled with as many as could get under them.

After crossing the river we bore to the right, crossed Baker's Creek near its mouth, and camped at night near the creek and

seven miles from the bridge. We had already been seven days on the road, and, according to the rumors current when we started, Knoxville must already have been in the hands of the enemy a day. Yet we had marched as rapidly as possible, considering the effects of starvation upon ourselves and our horses, and the condition of the roads, for we always saved a mile where we could by going across lots, and much of the way took a bee line, sometimes scarcely traveling a mile on the road during a whole day.

On the 6th we moved out at an early hour and reached Marysville at 1 P. M., ten miles from our night's camp. Here we found Sherman's army encamped, and received the joyful news that Longstreet had attacked Knoxville, and had been repulsed with such heavy loss as to make him raise the siege and retreat toward Virginia, and that Burnside was following closely on his heels, harassing him at every step and capturing many prisoners and guns.

We marched two miles beyond town and camped on Scott's branch. There was a mill near by, which was immediately set at work. The country was gradually growing poorer as we advanced, and we were reaching the limits of the rebels' foraging ground, so food for man and beast began to grow less, and supplies were laid in wherever we could find them, knowing that the nearer Knoxville the less would be found, while at Knoxville our troops had, for some time, been at the point of starvation.

Being aware that Knoxville was no longer in danger, the army moved at its leisure the remainder of the distance. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 7th before we started. Traveling along the east bank of Pigeon Creek for some distance, we bore off to the right and soon came to Little River. In order to cross this, we had to go about a mile up the river to a ford. The ford was in very poor condition near both banks, and our carriages were nearly tipped over in going down and up them. Safely across, we had to wait about an hour for a wagon train ahead of us to get through the pass.

On the north side of the river, at this point, the hills rise to the height of several hundred feet, and so nearly perpendicular that a man, to ascend, has to climb by pulling himself up from one bush to another. Between this hill and the river, for about half a mile, there is only room for a single wagon track. This track

was already badly cut up by our wagons in advance, and it was with great difficulty we got through. At 1:30 P. M. we passed the village of Rockford, ten miles from Knoxville.

We now found ourselves in a hilly, rock-covered country; everything wore a look of desolation, and at nearly every house the people were in very destitute circumstances. "Bumming" was now commenced by infantry and artillery. At a distance of five miles on either side of the road, Yanks were to be found searching for something to eat, but they found little or nothing. At one house was a woman with three children. One of these was at death's door, and the other two were too small to go to the neighbor's for food or to care for the sick one while the mother went. They had had scarcely anything to eat for three days! We divided the little we had with them. The father of these children was in our army somewhere near Nashville.

When within three miles of our destination the shrill whistle of the locomotive was heard—the first one of ours for months. How our hearts leaped for joy! The echoes from the whistle carried with them many hearty cheers from us. It seemed like getting back into "God's country," to once more hear the trains running and know they were not the enemy's.

The Battery was to camp together that night, but the left section and captain lost their way in the darkness, (we did not reach our camp ground till late at night) and did not join the other sections till next day. The right and center camped about a mile east of Knoxville, where they found wood and water handy and abundant. This closed our march to the relief of Knoxville.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE drew rations on the morning of the 8th of December, each man receiving one pint of flour, half a pint of corn meal, half a pound of salt pork, and his share of nine sheep as soon as they were dressed. This day the following order was issued:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DEPARTMENT MISSISSIPPI, }
IN FIELD, CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Dec. 8, 1863. }

General Orders No. 7.

The general commanding takes great pleasure in publishing to the brave armies under his command the following telegraphic dispatch just received from the president of the United States:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8, 1863.

TO MAJOR GENERAL GRANT:—

Understanding that your lodgement at Chattanooga and Knoxville is now secure, I wish to tender you, and all under your command, my more than thanks—my profoundest gratitude for the skill, courage and perseverance, with which you and they, over so many great difficulties, have effected that important object. God bless you.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

By order MAJ. GEN. U. S. GRANT.
T. S. BOWERS, A. A. G.

On the 9th the wagons were sent out for forage for the animals, but they got very little, as Longstreet had taken every particle of grain in sight for miles around.

Our bread rations on the 10th were a loaf of black bread, weighing about twelve ounces, to be divided among four men.

That day startling news was received, the most of it proving only too true. It was that Morgan and six of his staff had escaped from the penitentiary; Meade had been forced to fall back; Charleston had been in flames sixty-three hours; Longstreet had been reinforced by 10,000 men, and would immediately resume the offensive. At dark orders were received to march the next morning, but at 1 A. M. they were countermanded.

Lieut. Colvin's battery was lying in town where it had been during the siege. The lieutenant, learning of our arrival, came to see us on the 11th. He had recommended Corp. Judd for promotion to a lieutenancy in his battery, and the commission was already on the road. Lieut. Colvin was going home to get his commission as captain, and wished Judd to be immediately detailed to his battery that he might take command during his (Colvin's) absence. Accordingly Judd left us on the 12th, and in a few days signed his orders, "C. M. Judd, Corporal commanding 7th Illinois Battery."

On the morning of the 12th the left section went with the 1st Brigade to Brabson's Mills, distant about seventeen miles to the northeast. In the afternoon the right section and 2d Brigade moved to about a mile southwest of town near Fort Saunders—the scene of the recent wholesale slaughter of rebels. The center section and 3d Brigade camped near night about a mile west of town, near the Knoxville & Covington R. R. We crossed the river on a pontoon that was worked on a new plan to us. Before a vehicle could cross the guard would telegraph to the other end to see if all was clear, and would receive reply by the stroke of a bell.

About dark it began to rain in torrents, to the distress of us poor blue coats, who had no tents or shelter, as on account of the rain no fire could be kept, and the weather was quite cold.

On the 13th the horses of the centre section were sent about twelve miles southeast of town to the "Widow Martin's." Orderly Gillette was in charge of them. The surrounding valley was well freighted with forage, as Longstreet's wagons had not visited it on account of the rough, rocky roads that in many places ran over high, steep hills. As soon as the men had their horses well cared for in Mrs. Martin's stables they started out on explorations in all directions. They found but one or two union families, consequently there was no need of hesitation about helping themselves to everything they wanted. Even the "ardent" was to be had in almost any quantity wished for. Being comfortably situated and enjoying themselves fully, it was deemed a misfortune when, in the afternoon of the 15th, orders were received to report post haste at Knoxville. Two of the men detailed from Battery G had been allowed to go out for a few hours, and as they had not yet returned when the others started for Knoxville, their horses were left that they might catch up with the column. The men started at dark

on the return, and progressed well till they came to a fork of the road. Here the leader decided the left hand road was the proper one. "Mother," who was one of the party, "couldn't see it," so took the right hand road, and was in Knoxville before midnight. The others traveled on the left hand road till they entered the road to Rockford and had proceeded about a mile further, when "Brick Top" declared he had traveled far enough toward the moon. He and the Norwegian had for some time thought they were on the wrong road, and only kept silent to see how far the commander would go before acknowledging his error. They did not reach camp till nearly day-break.

Some of the infantry was sent out by railroad as far as Strawberry Plains. The right section started in the afternoon of the 15th and camped about six miles from Knoxville.

The center section started at 7:30 A. M. on the 16th. They picked up a couple of good wheels that Longstreet had left on the road, which they retained, throwing away two of theirs that were minus a number of spokes the horses had eaten out. During one of their halts, a rebel citizen came along with a wagon load of potatoes, "seerup" and apples. He asked such exorbitant prices that the most of his load was confiscated even to his mittens. The roads were very muddy, and at 3 P. M., while going through an extremely bad place, No. 3 gun broke its pole, causing quite a delay. The center section camped near Rosebury Creek at 5:40 P. M.—twelve miles from Knoxville. The right section camped about two miles further on. The left section, at Brabson's Mills, received orders to return to Knoxville. They left the mills on the 16th and traveled about twelve miles.

About midnight, from the 16th to the 17th, it began to rain so hard that soon the creeks were swollen so as to overflow their banks. We passed a very disagreeable night, having to leave our beds on account of the rain, and compelling us to shelter ourselves as best we could. The march was resumed next morning. At nine o'clock there was considerable disturbance in the wagon trains caused by the exchange of a few shots some distance ahead, and the report that the rebels were trying to get between us and Knoxville. It had been learned some days before that Longstreet was not leaving quite as rapidly as was at first reported, and as it was fully believed he had received large reinforcements, every rumor of an attack by the enemy was received as a fact.

Soon after crossing Flat Creek, the right and center sections and infantry formed a junction and went into camp about a mile from Blain's Cross Roads, eighteen miles from Knoxville.

That day the left section reached the Holston River and camped. On the 18th they entered Knoxville and camped near the depot to await transportation to the front, which, by order of Gen. Foster, was denied them. On the 19th they moved about a quarter of a mile east of the depot, and on the next day took permanent position in a small fort on a hill, but a short distance to the east of the depot. A small house, standing within the works, served them as quarters. There they remained during our sojourn in that region. Occasionally they would send foragers into the country to get corn meal and corn ketchup. They made the best of everything, and lived in as jolly a manner as possible.

At the front the right and center sections lay in a state of doubt for two or three days, not knowing whether they would move immediately or remain where they were for some time. In this unsettled state rail shelters were built consisting of sort of dog kennels made of rails, which were covered with our ponchos. In front of these kennels good fires were kept as long as there was a rail to be had. On the 20th the right section received marching orders which were soon countermanded. In the afternoon several loads of infantry clothing and shoes arrived. How rejoiced were all to see this, for we were suffering much from cold, and our "bosom friends turned back-biters," as "Dick" called them. We had no change of clothing, and if any washing was done, we must wear our outer garments while our under ones were being washed and dried, and vice versa. Soap we had none; some made attempts to make a little, but how could it be done without grease? And grease was as easily obtained as soap from the commissaries. To wash our clothes all we could do was to rub them as clean as possible without soap, then thoroughly boil them. On the 21st we received our share of some clothing that had arrived. It consisted of seven shirts, five pairs of socks, eight or nine pairs of pants, and as many overcoats for a section numbering thirty-five men! Lots were drawn to see which ones should have them, and as is often the case when such things are left to chance, those least in need were the lucky ones. It appears from General Sheridan's Memoirs that even these supplies had a different destination, and were gotten for us by him through a stratagem.

Our horses fared even worse than the men. The rebels had spared neither foe nor friend, and when we came into that section there was not enough left to last the citizens till they could "make craps" the coming summer. Yet we must live or the nation could not, and as there was nothing to be had through Knoxville, we divided with the people till neither they nor ourselves could find anything to eat there. Many of the citizens flocked to Knoxville, where they fared little better than in the country. Government had all it could do to get rations to the post for the troops stationed there. After the boats began running to Loudon, and the cars from there to Knoxville, we began to receive a few more hard tack. The mills for miles around were kept running whenever corn could be got. Our usual rations were one pint of unsifted corn meal, one pound of beef, two spoonfuls of coffee and sugar, and a small pinch of salt, to last two days. That which the butcher styled beef might be so called only in the absence of a more suitable word. The cattle were so poor that to push them slightly would tip them over, so it required little to kill them, and here, as at Chattanooga and every other place in the army, the poorest animal was the one always selected to be skinned. Had those in better condition been selected the poorer ones would have died, and that would have been a dead loss to the butcher, for he would in that case hardly have dared to cut out the animal's heart, liver, tongue, etc., to sell them, and even the alleged beef of such shadows of cattle was probably better for us than nothing. We do not remember having seen a dozen cattle that were allowed to die of starvation during the whole of our soldier life, yet they were not fed as well as were the hundreds of horses and mules that starved to death on every hand that winter!

Wagon trains were sent off toward the west, gathering up what little corn there was within thirty miles in that direction. Sometimes a train, well guarded, would be sent a short distance into the enemy's country, and then, everything eatable for man or beast was taken, for it was known the enemy had no more than we, and if we did not take the supplies they would, so that the citizens would have to suffer, no matter who got them. This will illustrate the sufferings of the loyal East Tennesseans and ourselves during that memorable winter.

Soldiers will be merry, and will know how to enjoy life, no matter what their surroundings. The poor, starving men of

Andersonville found means to amuse themselves by carving out wooden plates, knives and forks, with and out of which to eat their soup and skin beef. The pinnacle of Clinch Mountain stood about a mile to the northeast of our camp. The men would climb its rugged sides, and from its summit view the surrounding picturesque scenery. With the aid of the captain's field glass, we could plainly see the rebel camps lying far below us, some miles to the northeast, could trace the course of our wagon trains for many miles to the west; could plainly see the college standing boldly out on the hill near Knoxville, and could catch a faint glimpse of the city itself, through the openings among the trees on the tops of the intervening hills. The view to the east was grand. The country appeared like a magnified, beautifully terraced garden. Regular parallel ranges of hills, the farther higher than the nearer, till they became small mountain ranges—then larger till they suddenly ended (to our view) with the Smoky Mountains as the highest. After having feasted our eyes sufficiently on this enchanting scene, we would amuse ourselves for hours with our revolvers, hunting squirrels and wild sheep among the trees and rocks on the mountain side. We also found laurel on the mountain, and of its roots made pipes. Whenever there was snow enough to cover the ground, we would go out with our revolvers and generally bring in a rabbit or two. Then there were the various games of cards and dominoes with which to pass away time at camp. All books that chanced to be stored away in the caissons during the march were now brought to light, and read and re-read till their leaves were so badly worn as to make them almost unintelligible. Besides all these, our attention was daily called to the doings of the gray backs (not Johnnies) for there was not one, even to our officers except, only as rumor had it—Gen. Sheridan—who, if he chose, could not have the exciting pleasure of hunting this small but fierce game. We had one man (detailed) who flourished under the sobriquet of "Kansas," who never took the trouble of making a search, save when standing by a warm fire, with one hand in his bosom, he would say, "A louse or no louse for a dollar!" and would always win the wager, be it either way. One of our own men complained bitterly of the rash the unsifted corn meal brought out on his back, causing an almost constant itching there. "Shure and phat else is it but the bran of the male a-coming right out through me skhin?" was his reason given for scratching himself so much.

Nearly every day a few muskets and cannon could be heard to the northeast of us, and occasionally a squad of bare-footed, half-starved Johnnies would be marched by to the rear. Christmas day passed gloomily enough. Our Christmas dinner consisted of a little "skin beef" fried on a stick held in the fire, boiled and stewed in a fry-pan or boiled in a mess-kettle and a little corn meal sprinkled into the soup, a corn cake and some coffee. We ate and thought of home.

On the 30th Corp. Harter and Privates Henderson, Porter, Brown and Mundell arrived from Chattanooga. They had started with a long wagon train that was coming through, bringing the baggage of the division. At Charlestown they became tired of the snail pace of the train and started ahead on a hand car they propelled by poling. Soon after they had gone, Wheeler attacked the train and was defeated. Arriving at Loudon, they procured transportation to Strawberry Plains and then walked to the Battery. They brought word that Corp. Brown was at Bridgeport to attend to our express matter that might come through from home, and that others were with the train, taking care of our baggage.

On the 31st there was some cannonading in the direction of Knoxville, and it was feared that Longstreet had slipped by us and was attacking the place, but we afterwards learned that it was a salute fired in honor of Gen. Grant, who had arrived to see how matters stood in this department. Gen. Burnside had been relieved and Gen. Foster put in his place. As his (Foster) health would not permit his being at the front, the command devolved upon Gen. Parke.

We opened the New Year, A. D. 1864, as we had closed the old one, by sitting around the camp fires and appearing as merry as larks, but all the time thinking of where we should get something for breakfast.

On the 4th of January the center section moved their camp into the woods, where fuel would be more convenient. They built semi-huts out of logs and poles, covered them with pine boughs and ponchos, and then built huge log fires in front of the side they had left open. One night, after the captain and Norwegian had got up a very large pile in front of their shebang and had got the fire well going, they, "Billy Gegan" and others took their seats in the shanty to have a pleasant game of cards; when in the midst of the game they began to feel warm, and looking up,

found their ponchos on the roof all ablaze. Such scrambling as then was! But they lost their roof and Bill's wagon cover was then brought into requisition. The poor Norwegian suffered for this. The captain had already given him extra duty for various offenses, such as snoring in his sleep, cutting too much or too little wood, etc., till he had some twenty days extra duty to work out, and for the shanty's burning he received ten days more!

About this time some wheat flour was issued to us. This was received as a great luxury, but lo, when we had eaten it, it would not remain down! Nearly every man who ate of it was taken sick. It was soon learned that it was made from "sick wheat," as the citizens called it. It was wheat that had grown in the bundle before being threshed.

On the 5th the detailed men, Roach and Heineman, who had been left at the Widow Martin's, returned without horses; they claimed to have been taken prisoners and escaped. On the same day Captain Nailor, of the 10th Indiana Battery, arrived. He came to get his men who wished to re-enlist, as the most of them had been out long enough. All the horses and harness we had of his he turned over to us. That day part of Wood's division crossed the river, and we received orders to be ready to cross on the morrow, which were afterwards countermanded. The same day Isaiah Harper, aged 33, enlisted at Chicago, Illinois, for our Battery for the term of three years. He had formerly been a member of this Battery, but had been allowed to leave, as stated in the fore part of this work.

On the 6th Ord. Gillette started for Chattanooga to attend to the company's affairs there. That day was the first time there had been snow enough to cover the ground since we had been there, but it had not lacked in cold weather.

On the 8th our wagon trains returned empty, having been gone since the 30th ult, after forage. There was none to be had unless they went on the east side of the river, and during this time the river was too high to ford, and the current too swift to allow ferry boats to cross.

On the 10th the 3d Brigade started up the river on a foraging expedition. The center section sent all their horses along. The second day out, as they were passing an opening in the hills that exposed them to the river, they were fired upon by a party of rebels on the opposite side. Three infantry-men were wounded, one of

our horses was killed and another wounded. They went about thirty miles, but found the country so stripped that they came back with empty wagons. They returned on the 12th, on which day Sergt. Amberg, Privates Wright and Loomis arrived from Chattanooga. The same day Chas. D. Gammon, aged 21, and Thatcher Krum, aged 18, enlisted at Odell, Illinois for our Battery, and for the term of three years.

On the 14th our tents and a portion of our baggage arrived in wagons in charge of Captain Batterson, our commissary; Wood's division crossed the river, and the 2d Brigade, with our right section, had orders to cross, but after reaching the bank they were ordered back to camp to wait till morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON the 15th of January we were in motion by seven o'clock in the morning. Our final destination we did not know, neither did we know the real object of the movement, but from rumors many believed it to be to force Longstreet to an unconditional surrender. We had the rumor from a reliable source that Longstreet was upon the point of surrendering, having offered to do so on the terms that Pemberton did at Vicksburg; but that Gen. Foster had decided to brave the lion in his den by marching boldly up to his works and demanding his surrender, or he would ———, well, perhaps do what he did.

Our two sections having formed a junction, marched to a ford some distance below the cross roads, but found the river so high as to forbid our crossing. The night before had been quite warm and this day it rained from an early hour till near night, in consequence, the river was rising rapidly. We hurried to a ford about two miles above. Upon reaching there the river was quite full of loose ice, the water so high as to nearly cover our guns, and half cover the chests. None but the drivers crossed with the carriages. Eagerly each piece was watched as though the next instant was to be its last. The river here was about forty rods wide. As the carriages neared the opposite bank they were helped up the bank with ropes ready for the purpose. Many of the half famished horses could scarcely stand after getting out of the water, and their feebleness was one of our causes for fear, for had one fallen, the swift current would have carried the whole team down the stream into deep water, which would have been certain death to the drivers and horses. Luckily all passed safely over. The men were ferried across in an old scow about half a mile above. The infantry crossed at Strawberry Plains and joined us in the afternoon. We crossed the railroad soon after four o'clock and camped

near Beaver Creek, having marched ten miles. Our camp seemed like a Garden of Eden to us, for we found an abundance of corn for our horses, and secured enough during the afternoon to make us a bountiful supper. For water we had not far to go, and wood was abundant.

We moved out at seven o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and at noon came to Bray's Mountain. Here we must halt for over an hour to allow the train ahead of us to get over the hill, which was about 500 feet high. The road over it was good, but our horses were so poor we had to double up till we had eighteen horses to a carriage, where, had they been in good order, six would readily have done it. Once on top, there was another splendid view of the country to the east. The atmosphere was in just the state to make objects appear near by. Smoky Mountains appeared so near that one fancied he could have discovered a man on them, had there been one there, although the mountains were over fifteen miles distant.

We could hear cannonading to the east, and were told that our forces were attacking the rebels above Dandridge. At four o'clock we reached the town, and marched through to the north side. Our cavalry was coming back in great haste and bringing word that the enemy was advancing on the town and would soon be there. The enemy was so near that some of their shells passed over the place.

We took position near the edge of town and awaited their approach. They were using three batteries, two of which were near enough for us to reach them had we been ordered to fire. As the day closed, so did the battle—the rebels falling back several miles. Our infantry followed them some distance, and when our cavalry discovered the enemy had retreated, they advanced also. That morning the rebel, General Vance, brother of the governor of North Carolina, was captured by our cavalry. He had sent out a body of his cavalry, dressed in our uniform, to reconnoitre, and seeing a body of our men advancing, thought they were his, and thus allowed himself to be caught. At dark the Battery moved into town and camped, having marched twelve miles that day.

About noon on Sunday, the 17th, the center section and 3d Brigade moved about two miles down the French Broad River, to a ford, where two islands lay abreast. The 14th Illinois Cavalry, with a battery of mountain howitzers crossed ahead of them to

inspect the country. The first part of the stream was not very deep, and was easily bridged for the infantry to cross. The second stream was much deeper. Here mule wagons were placed, one ahead of the other, to form a bridge over which the infantry could cross. The guns crossed the first stream very easily, but the second one was so deep and swift that it was with great difficulty that No. 3 gun was saved. The drivers and horses became dizzy and began to turn down the stream, where, had they deviated but twenty feet from the regular track, they would have sunk out of sight! Through the strenuous efforts of the sergeant and the shouting of those on the wagon bridge, all reached the shore. The second island was found to be well stocked with corn, roughness, etc., and when it was discovered that the third stream was so deep, from the rivers having risen rapidly, and could not be crossed that afternoon, the men were not sorry, and immediately set to work to make themselves comfortable, and having cared for their horses, they were soon parching corn over splendid rail fires. Some went so far as to prepare a place to sleep, when up rode an officer and said to the captain, "Get back from here as soon as possible, for the enemy is advancing (we had heard fighting about two miles above for some time) and the river is rising so rapidly that in a short time you will be unable to re-cross!" The latter was found to be the case, but all reached the main land in safety, no damage being done save the wetting of some of the ammunition in the chests. The infantry crossed as fast as they could, some hurrying so that several fell into the river and took a very cold bath. It was impossible to save some of the wagons, as the river had risen so high as to sweep them away.

Our section camped near the bank of the river and had just parched the last corn they intended to that night, while some were already asleep, when orders came to be ready in five minutes to fall in with the wagon train, which was then passing. We were soon in motion, our sections having formed a junction. As we passed the camps of the troops that had been there some time, we saw huge piles of corn given to the flames, while many wagons were empty, and could as well as not have carried many bushels of the precious grain. But this was not the worst. The mill near town was full of corn meal, and instead of its being issued then to the half famished men, or starving loyal citizens, or carried along to issue afterwards, it was shoveled into the river to prevent its falling

into the hands of the rebels! At Mossy Creek, where large stores of clothing had been collected, hundreds of pairs of boots, shoes, pants, etc., etc., were burned rather than say to the unclad men, "Help yourselves, boys!" But this was not all. We had been marched against the enemy with the expectation of a hard battle, when half of the infantry had not a dozen rounds, and many only one or two in their cartridge boxes! And now we were fleeing before a phantom! Scarcely a shot had been fired, so to speak, and here we were running for dear life. From what? The fancied pursuit of Longstreet with an army increased to many times the size of ours, by fresh arrivals from Virginia!

It was said that Gen. Granger had offered to take his two divisions and hold the ground, and that when he was assured by Gen. Parke that to think of it was preposterous, "Little Phil." (Sheridan) said he would do it with our division! But no, the subaltern commanding, or the head chief at Knoxville, had a vision, and the hosts of the confederacy would swallow us all in a few hours if we did not hasten back to Strawberry Plains. It was thought we might make a stand there, if not, then Knoxville, with its natural and artificial defenses, was to be our shield.

It was half past ten o'clock when the retreat began. About two hours later it began to rain, and continued till nearly dark of the next day. So many teams passing over the road soon broke through the frost, and the fast falling rain added to the water already on the ground made the roads in many places almost impassable. A team would stall; "Catch hold of the wheels there, men," the captain would call out. All would lift with all their strength, and after some minutes would succeed in extricating a carriage. Perhaps a horse would fall during the efforts made to advance. If he was not so worn out as to be unable to stand, we would lift him to his feet and steady him till terra-firma was again reached. If, however, as soon as we got him to his feet, he tumbled over again, we would unharness him, drag him to one side so the wheels of the carriages would not run over him; then, if there chanced to be an extra skeleton that had been able to keep up with us, it was put in in his stead, if not, we threw the harness on the carriage and moved on. From two o'clock till daylight we had to halt on account of the intense darkness. Fires were soon springing up, and in a few minutes each was encircled by a body of weary men, many of whom soon dropped to sleep, nor awoke till long

after the column was again in motion, and many of them not then. Had the enemy followed close behind us, as was supposed they were doing, hundreds of our sleeping comrades would have been captured. In many cases shaking, beating or kicking would rouse them only to an appeal to be let alone, when once they had closed their eyes in sleep.

The cavalry was mostly in front of us, but of that portion left to protect the rear, every few minutes one would come along and bid us hurry, and stating that the rebels were following close and gobbling every man who was left behind.

As the darkness began to break the column moved on again. Whenever we came to a place in the road where the rocks were bare, it was dangerous for a man to attempt to ride. The horses were unshod, and if one attempted to pull, or stepped on an uneven spot on the rocks, he would be sure to slip, and there were very few horses in the Battery that could keep from falling if they slipped the least particle. By noon No. 4 caisson horses had all played out, and the caisson was left with three of our men to guard it until the Battery could reach the plains and send back horses for it! We hardly expected to meet our comrades again, for from what the cavalry reported, a man was a prisoner as soon as he had got twenty rods behind our column, and here they were to stay some four miles from Strawberry Plains, the nearest protection after our army should have passed.

The roads were now so bad and the horses so fagged out that we had to use our picket ropes and prolonges to fasten to the carriages for the cannoneers and the infantry to pull by. With about fifty men to each carriage, we wallowed through the hub-deep mud until Strawberry Plains was reached at 1 P. M.

What a city was before us! One brick building, once an academy, now used as quarters for the men who guarded the fort that surrounded it, one frame house some distance from the bridge, two or three little buildings nearer it, and a block house that the rebels built on the west side of the river, some distance from the bridge, were all the traces there were of a town. This, we trusted, was the end of that "Longstreet" so much talked of for some time previous; but not so, the "Longstreet" ended not till Knoxville was reached.

At 2 P. M. we crossed the river on the railroad bridge, which was destroyed a day or two later to prevent the rebels using it.

We pitched camp in some woods about two miles southwest of town. Rain-water was abundant if caught, but we had to go half a mile for water for coffee. That night, even with wet blankets for bedding, was about the sweetest night's rest we ever enjoyed. All were completely fagged out, and nothing could have kept us awake ten minutes after our fires were fairly burning. Hunger was almost forgotten, and soon was entirely so with most of us, who were entirely unconscious, lying before a good, warm fire. Rations could not be had that night save a very little beef, and probably not that had it not been feared that two cattle of the drove could not live till morning.

On the morning of the 19th we drew six ounces of flour, some sugar, coffee and salt. During the afternoon a team was sent back to get the caisson left behind. It was found near the bridge and in possession of Gen. Willich, who, as he came to where the caisson was left and learned that it belonged to Gen. Sheridan's division, had his brigade haul it in, and refused to restore it to us. This was done to retaliate for something of the kind Sheridan's men had done at the battle of Chickamauga. Our captain finally succeeded in getting it.

Troops, especially cavalry, were passing en-route for Knoxville all day. No enemy appeared. They must have had their hands full in taking care of the stragglers, whom they failed to catch in the rear of our column, and were thus unable to attend to eating us.

On the 20th we drew three ounces of unsifted meal and the usual quantity of coffee, etc. It had been decided that the whole army must go to Knoxville.

At 11 A. M. we started with our guns, leaving the caissons to be sent in by rail. We left eight men to guard them. The only thing that occurred on our road to the city, that was of much concern to us, was the fording of Flat Creek. This was successfully accomplished, but through great danger. We reached Knoxville at 5 P. M. and took quarters partly with the left section and partly with Lieut. Colvin's men till the next day, when we moved into the loft of a stable, where Lieut. Colvin kept his horses. The next day the enemy appeared at Strawberry Plains, but thanks to the foresight of Gen. Parke, the bridge had been destroyed, so all they could get across to our forces were a few shells and some bullets. They were "in force," having two or three cannon and nearly a

hundred cavalry-men! Who could withstand such a formidable host? Our men were ordered to put one caisson on the cars and to bury well and deep the ammunition of the others, and then cut and burn the carriages. This they did, and No. 1 caisson was the only one that reached Knoxville. Here also was much clothing destroyed rather than give it to the men!

Thus ended our capture of that famous Longstreet, but not the whole history of the case. When night put an end to the skirmishing on the 17th, the rebels fell back to their works, thinking our forces were advancing on both sides of the river, and would attack them on Monday, the 18th.

On that morning they lay still, expecting their vedettes or scouts would soon report us advancing. Noon came, but no blue backs. In the afternoon their cavalry advanced as far as Dandridge, and finding no signs of Yanks, returned and reported how matters stood. Longstreet's men were not in condition to follow us, and it is probable he mistrusted a trap and chose to remain behind his works, so it was not until the 21st that any body of rebels got within cannon range of the plains. The few rebels who reached the plains discovered there was no trap about it, but that the Yanks were as demoralized as a flock of sheep with a wolf close behind them. Ungallantly taking advantage of this discovery, they followed close upon the heels of "the last man to leave," and without the slightest opposition, captured a large drove of cattle within a few miles of Knoxville; but were kind enough to leave about a quarter of the drove (which were too poor to drive off) for us poor, starving Yanks. Thus ended that disgraceful campaign, of the management of which Gen. Sheridan speaks so indignantly in his Memoirs.

On the 21st the drivers were sent into the country to forage for and feed their horses. Sergt. Murphy was sent in charge. They were to go to or beyond Clinch River, if they did not find an abundance nearer. They started on the Jacksborough road and camped the first night on Beaver Creek. They found an abundance of good food for man and beast, but not enough to warrant them remaining there. The left section horses had been sent out some time before, and the drivers reported a very rich district in the valleys of the Clinch. So, on the 22d they started ahead again. Every few miles they had to unhalter a horse that was too poor to go farther. This day they cut across to the Clinton road,

and at night camped some distance to its right on Bull Run. They divided up that night, half of them stopping at a rebel's, and the rest making themselves at home with a milk-and-water union man named 'Squire Cooper. At both detachments the fare was sumptuous. Splendid light biscuit, butter, honey, syrup, ham, eggs. "Oh, go 'way from me," would end the description the participants gave when detailing their luxuries. The horses fared equally well, enjoying all the corn and roughness they could eat.

On the morning of the 23d things were taken coolly, there being no great hurry to resume the march, as it was intended to average only about eight miles per day—that being as far as the horses were thought to be able to travel—when some citizen arrived with the word that the rebels had got between there and Knoxville and that some were even then in that neighborhood. This was told to 'Squire Cooper, who immediately informed our men of the danger they were in. They sent one of their number post haste to inform the others. The two squads soon met about half way between their camps. They stopped to consult as to the best way out of there, when some shots were heard not far off. This was sufficient. The shots were fired to the southeast of them, so they went northwest, and soon struck the Jacksborough road again. Away they went, leaving the 'squire, doubtless chuckling over the success of his ruse. At noon they dined on the premises of one James Moore, who appeared to have an abundance of everything that was good, even to good looking daughters. At night they again divided, one lot stopping with a staunch union man, named Llewellyn, the others going about a mile farther and putting up with a rebel named Kirkpatrick. They were upwards of twenty miles from Knoxville, and within a mile of Clinch River. The country was teeming with all kinds of forage, there having been no soldiers through there in any great numbers—our men being the greatest number of Yanks the people had seen. Here was an Eden, and here they would pitch their tents (albeit they had none) and this should be their future abode till spring opened, and "March" should again be the command. But alas, after despatching a royally superb supper, and while engaged in preparing their beds, two horsemen were seen to be approaching from the east, evidently urging their horses to their greatest speed. Could they be rebels? All ran to the road in the hope of being able to capture two prisoners. But alas, instead of two rebels ready for capture,

they beheld Sergt. Amberg and Jean Martine, and were told that all hands must be in Knoxville before daylight on the morrow to be ready to march for some place in the direction of Chattanooga.

At 9:30 they started on the return. The night was somewhat cool, but as bright and calm as can be when the moon is at its full. They started with not the slightest intention of returning empty handed. At Moore's they had so loaded their horses with meat that it became necessary to throw some of it away, to make room for sacks of flour and meal obtained at mills along the road. By daylight they had a complete assortment of delicacies and substantials, and we doubt if ever any of Sherman's bummers returned to camp with a load that gave more delight and satisfaction, to the beholders and the sharers, than did our men on the 24th of January.

It was noon before they reached town, as they halted at a rebel's about five miles out, to feed and take a rest. Bill was with them with his wagon, and had it filled with corn and oats bundled, besides many things that were palatable to man.

Many of those at camp had some good, square meals from the proceeds of that expedition. But the meat might as well have been left behind, for it was not salted sufficiently to keep for any length of time—salt and coffee being so scarce among the citizens that they were ready to pay almost any price for a pound of either. The garrison had received a large drove of hogs from Kentucky, and there was nothing to feed them with. If they were not killed immediately they would lose so much in weight, and that would be a dead loss to the contractors. There was not salt enough at the post to think of salting them, so they were killed and issued till we would receive no more.

As we were not prepared, the march was delayed. Our horses had to be shod. We must have more horses, caissons and ammunition, and perfect our equipment as far as possible before leaving.

On the 25th we drew three caissons and ammunition to fill them from the arsenal, forty-five horses and some harness from the 6th Michigan Battery, and a sufficiency of such clothing as was in store at the post. New men came from the 10th Indiana Battery to relieve those who wished to go "vet." At night we answered to our names, as a battery, for the first time in five months. Orders were received to march the next day, but, on the morning of the 26th, they were countermanded. The horses were again sent out, this time under Lieut. Fluskey, and in the direction of

the French Broad River. They fared nearly as well as did those who went toward the Clinch, though the country was not so rich. Near where they stopped that night there was a ball at a union man's house. At this many of the boys enjoyed themselves.

On the 27th the lieutenant returned to Knoxville to escort Bill, who brought in a load of corn. Just at dark orders came for us to march the next day. At midnight the lieutenant started to bring in the men and horses. He reached camp with them at 1 P. M., on the 28th.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KNOXVILLE, notwithstanding its boasted attractions, had no charms for us, and it was with willing hearts and ready hands we prepared to leave. But whither were we to go? To us it mattered little so that it was away from there. There had been rumors that an attempt by the rebels would soon be made to cut off our communications with Chattanooga, and that they had already reached the vicinity of Marysville. London was then the head of steamboat navigation on the Tennessee, also the terminus of the railroad on the south side of Knoxville. This was the most important point, and thither we were to go.

At 4:30 P. M., on the 28th of January, we bid a final adieu to Knoxville and camped on a small creek about two miles out. The only troops accompanying us was the 74th Illinois, the others having gone on before.

We resumed the march at 8:30 A. M., and at 9:30 halted near an old house, then being used as a rebel hospital. In it were about twenty unfortunates from the charge on Fort Saunders. Some had lost an arm, others a leg, some an arm and leg, and one poor fellow, just ready to bid adieu to earth, had lost one leg and one of his arms, which had been taken off so close as to also take out his collar bone. We never had seen human beings in such abject misery as these were. They appeared to have very little to eat, in fact, none of the necessities that beings in their condition would seem to require. They were their own nurses.

The roads were in excellent condition, and we were surprised that it had not rained the day before, as it seemed the rule that it should rain on the day we started. In the afternoon we concluded we had given the weather conductor the slip by leaving in the afternoon; but near night it began to rain as though rejoiced at having discovered our escape, and had been able to overtake us with a shower before we reached our destination.

At Campbell's Station, which, by the way, is some miles from any railroad, or anything else that one would think of calling a station, the houses were completely perforated with shell holes. Eight shells had entered the end of a house that presented at the end a surface of about 16x16 feet. This was some of Burnside's work while on his retreat from Loudon to Knoxville. One of Longstreet's cannon was yet lying in a field near by, where one of Burnside's guns had dismounted it, and there were several places where the underbrush was well cut up by bullets. At one place three of our men had been buried by union women, the rebels having left the bodies unburied, they burying only their own men. We camped that night on Turkey Creek, sixteen miles from Knoxville.

It rained all day of the 30th, soon converting the roads into a bed of mire. It was nine o'clock before feed could be found for our horses, and then it was found some four miles nearer our destination. The owner of the corn found was a rich rebel, named Williams. He was at home and had his protection papers to show us. He complained bitterly about our taking his corn, and declared he knew not where he could get anything to feed his large family on till he could "make a crap." Lieut. Fluskey assured him that he would give him a voucher for the full amount taken, and this, with the consoling words Kirby Smith spoke to him, made him a little more reasonable. We left him about a hundred bushels of corn "to feed his large family on till he could make a crap," and proceeded on our way. Shortly after passing Lenoir Station were seen the ruins of many caissons and wagons destroyed by either Longstreet or Burnside some time before.

The river opposite Loudon was reached at 2 P. M., and crossed by five o'clock by rowing across in small scows. Our guns were placed in position in a rude fort on the top of a high hill to the south of town. A large packing house furnished stabling for our horses, while the men took quarters in what was, before the war, the principal hotel of the place. In one end of this building was a sick rebel colonel with a rebel soldier for nurse. These rebels were visited daily by the ladies of the place, bringing in the choicest dishes they could produce. There were many sick union soldiers in town who needed assistance and luxuries as much as these rebels, and yet they received no such attention. However, it was remembered we were not among friends, and said nothing.

London had apparently been a flourishing town before the war, but now the principal buildings were about ruined, while many of them were in ashes. The wealthier portion of the citizens had all gone to Dixie. Those who had not left before our forces took the place were immediately sent south by us. All who now remained were of the poor class, who could do no harm if they did remain. Of this class there were about thirty families.

Before the rebels fell back, at the time Burnside occupied the place, they burned the large covered railroad and wagon bridge that spanned the river here. Burnside came near capturing a couple of their trains, but rather than let them fall into his hands, the enemy fired the cars, and just as Burnside's advance was coming in sight, ran both trains into the river.

After the battle of Mission Ridge they ran three trains off the portion of bridge from the south side. At low water these ruins were in plain sight, and were taken up at a later date by our pioneers.

The next day, after reaching London, one of our detailed men was taken down with small-pox. He had caught it at Knoxville, where it was making fearful ravages among the citizens and negroes, and had begun to appear among the troops.

At 4 P. M., on the 1st of February, orders were received to cross the river immediately, as it was rumored Longstreet was crossing between us and Knoxville. At half past five we were at the ferry and ready to cross. All hands worked hard, but did not get over till nine o'clock; then camped near the bank, expecting to move forward at break of day next morning, but at ten o'clock, on the 2d, we got orders to report back to Gen. Sheridan. Thinking we should most likely have the first use for our guns on the north side of the river, they were left there in a fort on top of the highest hill in the region, leaving a guard of twenty-four men under charge of Corporal Dolton. Our horses were ferried back to the south side, the packing house fitted up in good style for them, and the men resumed their quarters at the hotel, pitying the poor twenty-four, who were left on top of that bleak hill with only tents for shelter.

That day Samuel A. Murphy, aged eighteen, enlisted for our Battery for the term of three years.

Alas, the pity we had felt for those out in the cold at the guns was reversed on the 4th! They had got good shanties built and were free and easy, while we had guard and police duty to do,

and besides, on this day, (the 4th) we were ousted from our hotel and had to build shanties for ourselves. The tavern was needed for a hospital. We got permission to tear down a couple of old houses in town to build shebangs of. Our camp ground was chosen at the foot of the hill on which our guns were first placed, and between it and the river. Our wood had to be hauled about a mile, and water from the river, whose bank at this side was about sixty feet high and almost perpendicular.

In a few days all were comfortable and were beginning again to feel commiseration for the twenty-four. Again we were the ones to be pitied. While we must be up at dawn to answer to our names, they slept as late in the morning as they pleased. At noon and at night we must be at camp to again say "here," or, if without a permit to be absent, would be pricked, and pricking was followed by extra duty. Another thing: Boats were now arriving almost daily. They would unload on the north bank, their cargoes then having to be hauled to the railroad and loaded on the cars to be shipped to Knoxville. The teams had to pass near the camp of the twenty-four, who appointed themselves inspectors in general. Stationing themselves in the ravine through which the teams had to go, (they chose this spot on account of its being warmer than on top of the hill where the depot was—they had no other reason for it) they closely inspected each load, the drivers recognizing their right to search, and if they found a barrel with too much sugar in it, too many boxes of hard tack, too many pieces of bacon, too many shoulders, too many sacks of coffee, too many boxes of soap, stationery, candles, or too much of anything in the wagon, they always took that overplus out, and, by right of confiscation, appropriated it to their own use. Of course they found great quantities of these contraband articles, and as they could not use them all at that time, and there was danger of their spoiling if left exposed to air, they buried them for future use. There were a few "sardine boxes" (this title was bestowed upon all officers by many of the Tennessee ladies, and, of course, the army was not slow in appropriating it) who were jealous of the high authority of these twenty-four, and did all they could to oust them from office, but without effect. We at first lamented that we were not where we could be appointed the twenty-four's deputies: but, as they soon had such a store on hand that they would not take their share of the rations drawn, we began to be a little more

reconciled to our lot. The cars began to arrive from Chattanooga on the 11th. This gave us a chance to act as inspectors, for they soon began to bring in rations.

While lying at the cross roads one of our "nons" had some words with a private, both using abusive language. On the 12th the private was arrested for using abusive language to his superior.

On the 13th the pay rolls were signed. At night there was quite an alarm in camp. Many thought the post had been attacked and rushed out of their tents to see what was the matter. Certainly there had been a cannon fired at no great distance. After listening some time and hearing nothing more, all returned to their bunks, and learned next day that some infantry had found a shell and thrown it into the fire to see if it would explode. We often saw infantry playing with these life-destroyers as though they were harmless toys, and knew of many who paid dearly for their heedlessness.

Pioneers were now at work in great numbers at rebuilding the bridge, and, on the 15th, they began to raise it. It was slow work, as it was necessary to build four bridges, one on top of the other. First a low trestle of three heights of posts was built, and then a high trestle on top, after which the lower works were knocked out from under.

Among ourselves the time was passed in shell work or the various camp games. Every clear day we would have a game of ball. We also introduced a game that "Father" (give "a" in father the sound of "a" in bad) called "pig-in-the-hole-ah," which was soon the favorite.

On the 16th Ord. Gillett and Beadle arrived from Chattanooga. The same day the rumor was circulated that Longstreet had received large reinforcements and was marching with 20,000 men on the south side and 10,000 on the north side of the river to the siege of Knoxville. Several veteran regiments had reached Loudon en-route for home, but now they had to return to Knoxville.

On the 17th we received two months' pay. At six o'clock, that afternoon, the captain got orders to send one section to Sweetwater, twelve miles down the railroad. The right section, under Lieut. Burton was chosen to go. Their guns crossed the river immediately. The ferrymen declared we ought to be on a gunboat, for we were a floating battery anyhow, so often had they to ferry us to and fro.

The section did not leave till next morning, and then it went in company with the 3d Brigade. At Sweetwater, the inhabitants of which were all rebels, they took quarters in empty houses, and had a grand time while they remained there.

On the 19th the arrested private was courtmartialed and some days later his sentence was read. He was to lose three months' pay and to return to duty. The same day four men returned to the 10th Indiana Battery.

At 1 P. M., on the 22d, the right section returned and immediately fired a salute of thirty-four guns in honor of the day. It was thought best to keep those guns on that side of the river, in case they might again be called out in haste. Seventeen men from Battery G, 1st Missouri, arrived to relieve as many from the 10th Indiana Battery, who left that day.

On the 23d a few of Longstreet's Indians came in. They were headed by their chief. He wanted to know if his tribe would be pardoned if they returned to their loyalty. Being encouraged, the chief left his men (among them his son) as hostages, while he went back to bring in more. A few days before this the Cherokee Indians, under the noted Thomas, found themselves suddenly awakened early in the morning, by the 14th Illinois Cavalry ordering them to surrender. The cavalry captured a number of prisoners and the entire camp equipage with the loss of but few men. Among their mortally wounded was Lieut. Capron, son of Col. Capron. He died on the road back. His body passed through Loudon on the 11th of February. This total rout and defeat caused the Indians to lose all faith in the confederacy, and if their Great Father, at Washington, would let them go unpunished, they would again become his children—and gladly too.

It was a feature of the confederacy to have everything as near like the old block as possible, notwithstanding their protestations against anything connected with the union. As soon as the veteran subject was started in our army they took it up, and many of their regiments re-enlisted, because they saw they might as well do that as not, for they would be held as long as there was war anyway. Some of these went in for forty years, or during the war: while others showed their patriotism more strongly by enrolling their names for during the war or forever. Not to make it appear as entirely a farce, their government allowed a few of them to go home on a furlough, the same as the Yanks were doing.

Some of these gray back "vets" were at home near Levierville, merrily enjoying themselves, when our cavalry took them in. They were the best clothed Johnnies we saw during the war.

On the 25th Gen. Sheridan left for home on leave of absence.

On the morning of the 27th our camp was thrown into a state of great excitement by the finding of a dead body near our horses. By his trousers we recognized him as belonging to the bridge builders. They were immediately notified. It appeared from what they said that the man had small-pox and caught cold during his recovery. He had been deranged for several days, and during that night had escaped from his tent and must have killed himself. That day Harper, a recruit, joined us, and John Hammond was brought back under arrest as a deserter. The same day Lieut. Fluskey and Artificer Trumbull went to Chattanooga to get the fragments of the Battery that were still there, viz: many of our tents, nearly all of our baggage, the Battery wagon and forge, the company's records, etc., etc., together with the men left to guard them, and take all to the Battery.

That day Corporal Schnasse, of gun 5, was promoted to sergeant, and Private Adler to corporal of the same.

On the 29th Hans Johnson, aged twenty-four, and George Johnson, aged twenty-one, enlisted at Thornton, Illinois, for the term of three years for our Battery.

On the 2d of March the right section had orders to move to Charleston to guard bridge builders, but after they were ready to start the order was countermanded, the 23d Indiana Battery going in their stead.

On the 5th two recruits, Krum and Albee, arrived. One man, Ebin Gower, who enlisted when they did, died in the hospital soon after leaving home.

On the 10th some of the furloughed men having returned, (for we had been allowed four for the Battery; Morgan Banks, Wright, Wm. Hamilton and Carey being deemed most in need of them) the two former started for home.

On the 12th the reign of the twenty-four, whose number had increased to thirty, was suddenly terminated by the captain concluding he would have the Battery all together once more.

On the 13th the Battery was inspected by Capt. Edgerton, who had been our chief of artillery ever since taking position at the works in front of Chattanooga.

The same day Hamilton and Carey started for home on furlough.

The 1st and 2d Regiments of Ohio Heavy Artillery were now detailed to act as guards and garrison the fortified points from Chattanooga to Knoxville. On the 16th one company of the 1st arrived at London. Some time before, six new Rodman guns had arrived for Henshaw's battery. As these "heavy men" were to have charge of field guns principally, they were ordered to take these and drill on them. They had served over two years, but only as infantry, and therefore did not know how to mount the guns. We had to do it for them, and then, after the guns were hauled up into the fort, we sent a detail regularly to drill their officers and men. On the 19th they were ordered up to Knoxville, and the guns were left for us to guard.

On the 21st the sanitary commission sent a pailful of sour kroot and a few dozen onions to the invalids of the Battery.

During the night of the 22d snow fell to a great depth. At Chattanooga fifteen inches fell! This was something rare for that district. When this melted and the spring rains had well set in, the river rose so high as to carry away a great portion of the new bridge, and for some time all work ceased on it, the men being sent down the road to rebuild the bridges washed away between here and Chattanooga. When anything like that happened there was a break of several days in our mails. Sometimes a squad of rebels would capture and burn a train; then we would be in a state of uneasiness till we learned positively whether the mail was lost. A letter from home was now our greatest concern.

The method the rebels adopted for capturing trains was to put a torpedo under the track at some point they could safely watch, and then, if the train was broken in two and had not too strong a guard along, they would rush down upon it, sack it and then burn it.

On the 23d two more men arrived from Battery G, 1st Missouri. On the next day all the 10th Indiana Battery men returned to their battery, and Lieut. Fluskey, Thompson, Titus and Gammon arrived from Chattanooga.

On the 25th Corporals Mercer, Korah and Brown, Privates Bonser, Dyson, Wagonmaster Briggs, and others, who were left at Chattanooga, or had returned there from hospital, arrived, bringing

everything we had left behind when starting from Knoxville. Little "Battery" was with them, and right glad were all to see him among us again.

That night Gen. Sheridan returned and was serenaded by the band of the 24th Wisconsin.

Armed with haversacks and canteens, we marched out beside our guns, on the 27th, to again be reviewed by Capt. Edgerton. He found many of us poorly supplied with the above mentioned articles, and ordered them to be immediately furnished us. "But," said he to our captain, "have you no more non-commissioned officers than these wearing their chevrons?" Our captain informed him that it had not been the custom in the Battery for the nons to wear their badges of office. The captain said that must go no farther. We must distinguish our nons from privates. Out of our whole number of nons there were not more than two or three who wore their stripes at that time, and neither did they till over a year later, notwithstanding the order to wear them. We were not a stylish Battery, and anything that approximated show was discountenanced. The red stripes on our jackets, when received, were more than most of us could endure, and they were ripped off before the jacket was thought fit for wear. The two or three unlucky fellows who presumed to show their colors wore them very rarely.

On the 27th, after tramping around through a weed-covered field for several hours on review, we bade a last adieu to our Little Phil. At 3:30 P. M. Gen. Sheridan left us for a field where he won eternal fame and justified the confidence felt in his bravery and ability by those who had served under him in the Army of the Cumberland. The band of the 24th cheered him with some lively airs as he started; Gen. Granger accompanied him to Chattanooga.

Before the train left that bore the general from us, the bridge men struck for higher wages. It was reported to Gen. Granger. He had the whole posse marched out on the bridge and a guard stationed at the end, so as not to allow a man to reach shore. Here they were informed they should stay till they were willing to return to work. There they were, eighty feet above the water, the weather cold, the wind blowing quite hard and sweeping freely by them, no fires to warm them, no clothing on, only such as they were at work in, no food, and to have none till work was resumed! Truly, this was no enviable condition, especially as the general had

hinted at shooting ring leaders! But they held out firmly till next day, when, suffering much from cold and beginning to feel hunger, one after another resumed his work, and by the second day work was as lively as ever; but a strong guard was kept over these men for some time.

A few days later "The Deacon's Son" came into camp in high glee. "I've had a long talk with Gen. Granger," said he. Of course we were all anxious to learn the burden of their conversation, not knowing but the general had disclosed to him all the plans of the coming campaign. "Well, I'll tell you how it was. I was out on the bridge looking at the men to see how they worked under guard, when the general came out too. When he came up to me he looked at me, and said he, 'Are you one of these workmen?' 'No, sir,' said I. 'Where do you belong?' 'Up there at that camp,' I answered. 'Then get there as soon as you know how, or I'll help you along with my boot.' And that was what he had to say." The deacon's son disappeared amid a roar of laughter.

On the 29th we drew new equipments for our guns, and carriages. At noon all were assembled in haste and given just twenty minutes to have our horses hitched up, and we have our best clothes on. All thought there must be something strange going to happen when we should be told to put our best clothes on, and upon inquiry were told that "Gen. Sherman is to be here in twenty minutes, and we are to fire a salute upon his arrival." The day was cold and misty, and the men stood by their guns till two o'clock before he appeared. Our guns were on our usual review ground about half a mile west of town, and near the railroad. As the train approached we fired a salute of thirteen blanks. Upon seeing the general at the depot, we thought it queer that a retired farmer, as he appeared to be, should have been placed in command of so many armies, but upon looking at his high, broad forehead, and seeing foresight and determination so strongly written in his every feature, we were willing to trust to his care all our hopes for the success of our armies.

The same day Hammond's sentence was read to us. He was to forfeit all pay, and to work at hard labor in some military prison till the close of the war.

It might be stated here that when the orderly was absent his duties usually devolved upon "Charley." One day while the orderly was at Chattanooga, Charley got a little too much commissary

on board, or, as he stated it, he had assorted too much corn, and when the men were in line to answer to their names, he could hardly keep his feet. He dropped his pencil, and stooping to pick it up, he hesitated. "Captain," said he, "which is the right one? I can see just a half dozen there." Sergeant Duffy declared he would be a cute fellow if he was only well fed.

On the 30th Lieut. Burton received his commission as senior 1st lieutenant, vice Geo. W. Spencer, promoted. The captain and lieutenants must have a "time" over this good luck. All hands were invited to headquarters, where there was an abundance of commissary, singing, jesting, toasting, etc., till a late hour. During the course of the proceedings the captain informed the audience that Lieut. Burton would probably soon receive another promotion, that he had sent in his resignation accompanied by such good reasons, among which was the plea of his incompetency to command, that he thought there would be no doubt of its success. (This paper was returned by Gen. Granger with the note that the captain would have to show some signs of incompetency before that plea would be received.) Newton's appointment as company clerk was also announced.

On the 31st Lieut. Burton was mustered out as senior 2d lieutenant, and on the 1st of April mustered in as senior 1st lieutenant.

On the 8th Wood's division arrived from Morristown, en-route for Cleveland, where our corps was to re-organize.

On the 9th Capt. Colvin arrived from home and paid us a visit.

Gen. Howard arrived in the afternoon on the dummy to take command of the 4th Corps, relieving Gen. Granger. The dummy, before mentioned, many of us had seen running between Chicago and the junction on the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railroad. It was now down here in the service of the Government.

One man, belonging to the 24th Wisconsin, but detailed into our Battery from Battery G, 1st Missouri, returned to his regiment.

On the 10th Corp. Judd was mustered out of the service to receive a commission as 1st lieutenant in the 7th Illinois Independent Battery.

On the 11th there was a grand review of the whole command lying at London, even to the mule wagons, by Generals Granger and Howard, preparatory to the former leaving and the latter

assuming command. The same day Thompson was made corporal on gun 5, vice Alder, reduced to the ranks at his own request.

On the 13th the bridge was so far completed as to warrant a test of its strength. In the afternoon the locomotive, Greenville, with one passenger car, made a trial trip, and all proving satisfactory, through trains began running from Chattanooga to Knoxville. Hamilton returned from home on the 14th.

At noon on the 16th orders were received from Gen. Wagner, who was temporarily in command of the division, to be ready to march on the Monday following. That portion of the division which was encamped on the north side of the river began to cross to the south side, so as to be ready to all move at once. We were relieved from our charge of the six guns in the fort by the arrival of the 5th Tennessee Infantry, come to take charge of the post. On the 17th, as the 88th Illinois Infantry was crossing the bridge, Lient. Gibson, of Company B, fell off and was drowned.

It was now quite warm weather. This portion of Tennessee, although subject to sudden changes, yet generally enjoys a climate that seems like perpetual spring. The warmest portions of the year are varied by days so cool that one feels the cold quite as much as he does a cold snap in mid-winter, and the next day is quite similiar in its effects upon the feelings of man as the bright day after a long cold spell in spring.

PART IV.

. . . Atlanta Campaign. . . .

CHAPTER XIX.

THE Atlanta Campaign did not begin on the 3d of May, when the vast army under Sherman commenced its forward march; but when the first plans were laid, when the many parts of the army were consolidated on paper, and when those parts were drawn in about one general nucleus, reaching from Chattanooga to Cleveland. With our Battery—yes, with our division—it began on the 18th of April. The day before we had prepared everything for a move, whither we knew not, save that it was in the direction of Chattanooga. We were up by five o'clock, on the 18th, and bade adieu to Loudon at a quarter past seven. At half past eleven we passed through Philadelphia, where we patronized the loyal to the extent of buying a few pegged, or sewed pies.

Our camp ground that night was fourteen miles from Loudon. We broke camp next morning at seven, and camped at half past twelve, about a mile north of the beautiful, quiet village of Athens, having marched thirteen miles. We enjoyed ourselves muchly, as "Charley" would say, during that afternoon, the citizens being mostly all union and very sociable. The 100th Illinois had been there for some time and had so worked upon those, who were at first inimical, that they now really liked the sight of Yanks.

On the 20th we were off at half past six and at two reached Calhoun, forty-one miles from Loudon. This, at that time, was a small, forsaken-looking village, with nothing but women and children in it. We crossed the Hiwassee River that forms the division between Bradley and McMinn counties and separates those twin sisters in wretchedness, Calhoun and Charleston. Having safely crossed on the pontoon, we next sought out a suitable camp ground, for we expected to remain here several days. At last the summit of a hill to the east of the village was selected, and reached with much trouble, giving our horses a very hard pull. On this

hill the rebels had built a small fort, which commanded Calhoun. That and some brush and stumps were all the wood we could find with which to make ourselves comfortable. Water was abundant in the river, but it cost more effort than it was worth to descend and climb that steep hill. Add to this the dullness of the place, and there is no wonder that all were willing—even anxious—to resume the march next morning. That night we drew rations, and over the meat there was considerable fault found. The quartermaster had issued it for two pounds to the man, but it was very evident there was not near so much. One man, "Growler," complained bitterly, at which our captain, who was formerly a butcher, offered to bet him five dollars it would hold out weight. The man immediately took the meat to some Government scales, when it was found to be about a pound and a half. As the man received his five dollars, "There," said he, "there is only \$1.50 lacking," alluding to the \$6.50 of his pay that had been stopped on account of the Louisville affair, in which he had been implicated.

This day Conners, on detail to us from Battery G, 1st Missouri, whom we had left in hospital at Loudon, died.

On the morning of the 21st we were off at seven, and reached Cleveland at half past twelve, twelve miles from Charleston and twenty-eight from Chattanooga. As we passed through the town we were rejoined by Sergt. Hansell, who, being tired of hospital life, had got back to the Battery before his wound was sufficiently healed to warrant it, but no evil results followed. We also found three recruits whom many of us had known at home. Samuel A. Murphy, a brother of our quartermaster sergeant, and Hans and George Johnson, from Thornton, Illinois. That day Brig. Gen. John Newton took command of the division. Gen. Wagner had commanded it on the march.

We camped on a beautiful, grassy slope at the foot of a hill, within a few rods of Mouse Creek, and about half a mile southwest of Cleveland. Wood was abundant, and a splendid spring near by made our camp all that was desirable.

Charles C. Fuller, of gun 1, was transferred to the navy department on the 24th.

Cleveland is a handsome little town at the junction of the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad with the Chattanooga & Knoxville Railroad, and contains about three thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom are staunch unionists.

Here was a large copper foundry that was completed about the outbreak of the war. When Gen. Wilder took the place during the battle of Mission Ridge, his men burned this foundry before they knew the sentiment of the citizens. After they had destroyed this and the railroad for miles on either side of the place, they concluded to remain there that night. They were immediately beset by the union portion of the citizens to eat and take lodgings with them.

On the 25th Lieut. Fluskey, with fifteen men, went to Chattanooga on the cars for some horses that were said to be coming through from Nashville. They did not find the horses there, so they took quarters with the 10th Indiana Battery, and the next day got aboard the train to go to Nashville. At the instant the train started, the lieutenant received orders that the horses would be in that night, so they jumped off. They took quarters at the soldiers' home, where they found any quantity of gray backs, and received coffee, hard tack, soft bread and boiled bacon to eat. For dishes they were furnished with only a tin cup and a tin plate to each man, there being no knives, forks nor spoons.

The horses not arriving on the 27th, those who desired were furnished passes and visited Lookout Mountain.

On the 28th they drew thirty convalescent horses, they and Capt. Bridges taking the lot, Capt. Bridges receiving the odd numbers and they the even, thus invariably separating teams that had been matched. They started in the afternoon, and, fording Chickamauga Creek, camped about three miles farther east at a house, where they were supplied with such delicacies as milk, butter, etc., and reached camp the next day, having left one crow-bait on the road, and having demolished all the commissary they had supplied themselves with on leaving Chattanooga. During this time we at the Battery had been out target practicing, firing a few rounds each day. This day there was a grand review of the entire corps by Gen. Howard. The 10th Wisconsin Battery was attached to our division.

We now painted our carriages and turned over our old harness and ammunition, and instead of the former, drawing new, but for the latter we received condemned ammunition that was far worse than that we had turned over. We wore quite the appearance of a new battery, but claimed to be "the same old Battery, only we had new harness."

On the 1st of May we received thirty men from the 3d Wisconsin Battery, and received orders to send all our extra baggage to the rear for storage; but, as a burned child always shuns the fire, we thought of Bridgeport, and concluded not to send any more. What we could not carry along was either burned or thrown away before leaving.

In turning over the ammunition, we had retained several hundred fuses, and, on the night of the 2d, had a splendid pyrotechnic display. Two parties were formed around some fires, and they began shelling each other by throwing lighted fuses to and fro. Some we would attach to light, slim sticks and send them up as sky rockets. The infantry watched us for some time, and then the 79th Illinois and another regiment began a battle with fire brands. First one regiment would be driven back to its camp, where, securing, in some instances, half rails, they would rally and drive the other back. This was kept up till long after taps.

CHAPTER XX.

ORDERS were received on the 2d of May that on the 3d we should move at twelve o'clock, and, for once, we started to the minute, as did the whole division. About 3 P. M. the cavalry met some rebel vedettes and skirmished with them, losing two or three men. The railroad track had been torn up nearly the whole distance—the ties being used to heat the rails, which were then coiled around trees or telegraph poles, or bent out of shape by sagging down in the middle, their two ends being supported on piles of ties. This had been done by our cavalry at the time they first occupied Cleveland. Our camp that night was a short distance south of Red Clay, which is on the State line, therefore we camped in Georgia, after having made fourteen miles that afternoon.

On the 4th the division was up at 6:15 A. M., and at nine o'clock began to move slowly, throwing out skirmishers. We crossed the Tiger Creek twice, and upon approaching it the third time, formed line in an open field, as the rebels were supposed to be advancing up the valley from the south. This was at 1 P. M. The infantry moved up and down a range of hills near by several times. At six, as the enemy did not appear, we moved a mile and a half south and camped for the night, the Battery being far away from the division.

The next morning the Battery joined the division at Catoosa Springs, about a mile to the west, and camped, expecting to lie still a day or two. Most of us visited the springs, tasted the various kinds of water—judging from the names about forty—and faithfully recorded the names of all in our diaries. After passing through the Congress, Sulphur, Chalybeate, etc., till we came to one that astonished us. Even to pronounce it properly was a puzzler! There it was in large capitals, and we slowly wrote down each that there might be no mistake, for we could not spell it unless looking at the word: C-h-a-n-t-m-o-b-o-u-s-g-a! All would repeat

the letters over and over again, no pronunciation seeming grand enough for such a huge name—until some cruel hearted monster hinted that it would be well to use the odd letters first, and then the even ones, and see what the word then looked like. We walked back to camp, feeling very wise.

Orders were issued on the 6th that cannoneers must carry their baggage. No more mail to go north for fifteen days. After about three days this latter was proved a hoax; but the former was a reality. Now much clothing we had thought to carry along had to be sacrificed.

The 10th Wisconsin Battery was transferred to the cavalry, and Battery A. 1st Ohio, Capt. Goodspeed commanding, became our associate in this division.

On the 7th, all being now ready throughout the army, the "general" was again sounded, and all were soon moving. At 5 A. M. we pulled out, and retracing our steps till after crossing Tiger Creek, bore to the south around a large hill. The road was very rough, and as No. 6 caisson broke its pintle hook, the caisson body had to be left by the roadside. At seven o'clock, having reached the crossing of the old Alabama road, we formed line, not knowing but the enemy might attempt a sally through the gap of the high range of hills on our left, of which Rocky Face is only a much more elevated portion. Our Battery took position while the cavalry advanced cautiously to inspect the country on our left flank. We could hear cannonading some distance to the south, and judged our forces must be near Tunnel Hill, so we moved on.

As we advanced on the wooded portion of the road, it was found blockaded with trees felled across it at every possible point. These had to be removed before our artillery and wagon trains could proceed, consequently our progress was slow. At 1:30 P. M. we came to an opening from which could be seen Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face and the intervening country. Rocky Face was directly east, about a mile distant, and Tunnel Hill about two miles south. We here camped, having marched about eight miles.

During the afternoon Capt. Aylshire joined us. He came from Nashville to take the position of chief of artillery of the division. We sent a limber back to bring up the broken caisson, which, the next day, was sent to Chattanooga to be exchanged for a whole one. The Battery remained ready to move all day, only unharnessing at 7 P. M.

At twelve o'clock at night the right section, under Lieut. Burton, was sent out to take position, if possible, on the summit of Rocky Face. The enemy had possession of the whole east side of the ridge and part of the west. The section, with infantry support, moved to the north end, and, with the assistance of two regiments, they succeeded in getting their guns into position by daylight—having had to pull them up the mountain and the whole distance on top by hand, at times having to carry one side of the carriage to keep it from tipping over, as in places the rocky summit was too narrow for a wagon to pass. The position was one which the enemy had pronounced inaccessible to artillery, and not a little were they surprised when at sunrise our guns opened on them in the valley below from the top of Rocky Face! A shell exploding in one of their forts caused them to speedily withdraw from it. Another shell was exploded near a body of men in an open field, which caused them to run in all directions in search of shelter. We fired but a few shots, as it was hard work to carry ammunition up the rocky sides of the mountain. As the day advanced and the burning heat of the sun began to pour almost directly down upon them, our men suffered much for want of water. We carried considerable to them in canteens, but there were so many to drink it that there was little left with which to make coffee, an indispensable beverage with the soldier. About noon the infantry were forced to fall back a few rods in order to have equal chances with the rebel sharpshooters on either side of the mountain. This left gun 2 between the two fires. The cannoneers had to lie prone on their faces during the whole afternoon. At 5 P. M. Col. Harker rode up and examined the position. "Boys," said he, "that gun must come out of there," and without waiting for further orders, Company E, of the 51st Illinois, rushed forward, and grasping the piece on all sides, hauled it off. They paid dearly for it, for many fell before they had reached the support. The two guns fired twenty-eight rounds during the day, all with good effect.

About six o'clock that morning the rest of the Battery moved to the north end of Rocky Face, and thence about a mile down the west valley. Here it lay for some time in quite an exposed position, and where it could have done no good had it been fired upon by the rebel battery near the south end of Rocky Face. This battery sent several shells by us, but none struck near. Willich's

brigade was on the side, and at the foot of the mountain, engaging the enemy, and what bullets passed his men struck near us. After awhile we moved back to some dense woods, about half a mile to the rear and camped.

The cars arrived about noon. The engineer, for sport, ran his engine through the tunnel and whistled at the Johnnies. They rushed out on the track surprised at the audacity of the Yanks. As soon as a goodly number were together one of our batteries opened on them.

The advance of the 23d Corps on the east of the mountain, and their repulse, together with the constant picking away of Harker's and Willich's brigades on the west side, made the casualties rather large that day. The large detached rocks on the mountain side—each in itself a strong fort for whoever might reach it—made every inch of ground our men advanced cost them dear.

The 10th was not an important day at this point, the bulk of our army having moved toward Snake Creek Gap. A few shells were fired from each side. At 4:30 P. M. the left section, under Lieut. Fluskey, took position in a field about half a mile south. They fired twenty-four rounds at a rebel battery on the mountain side, but could do little good. The sharpshooters turned their attention to them as soon as they unlimbered, and they soon sent their bullets whizzing by our men's ears. Discovering they could be of no service there, they were ordered back.

The 11th was a quiet day. The hard rain of the night before seemed to have driven away all desire for fighting. The new caisson returned. In our camp "Teddy" and "Growler" amused themselves for a few minutes in a scrap.

We were astir by 3 A. M., of the 12th, and soon moved to the gap at the north end of Rocky Face. Here the right section joined us from the mountain. The 23d Corps withdrew to go to the right, and a portion of the 4th took their position. It was expected that the rebels, as soon as they became aware of the withdrawal of the 23d Corps, would advance, and preparations were made to receive them. The right section was put in position in the gap, but it was not so easy to dispose of the rest of the Battery. Capt. Aylshire would place us where he thought best, and almost immediately another staff officer would order us away. The infantry were hard at work building breastworks across the valley. Old logs were carried together and piled one upon another. Dead

trees were felled as if by magic; a few men would walk up to one, swing it to and fro, and over it would tip. Spades, shovels, axes, bayonets, everything was used in this work. To the left was a thick clump of trees which was thought might give the enemy protection. They were speedily felled. Our left and center sections were placed so as to bear on this point. Gen. Newton rode by, swinging his legs as if trying to go faster than his horse would walk, and, seeing our guns, very crossly said to Aylshire, "Get this battery out of here. What are you doing with it in such a position?" At last we were given a position on the slope of the hill on the east of the valley, and waited patiently for the enemy to advance, but they only came far enough to meet our men near the gap and exchange a few rounds.

At 6:30 next morning we received orders to march, and the word that the rebels had evacuated their almost impregnable position for one not near so strong! This was indeed cheering news; but it was a wonder to us why they had retreated after so short an attempt to hold the place. A prisoner captured some time after explained it as follows: "On the morning of the 12th, as Johnston was viewing the mountain from his headquarters with his field-glass, he saw a man with pompons mien gesticulating as if speaking. Examining closely, he found it to be Sherman, and with his acute ear, soon heard him command, "*Attention Creation! By nation's right wheel!*" Johnston immediately decided that it would be useless to attempt to check Sherman if he had the whole of creation under his command, and was making a wheel by nations through Snake Creek Gap, and so he ordered his retreat, which began that day; "and," added the man, "when I saw your army march by to-day, I thought Johnston had better continue retreating." We ourselves were quite surprised at the number of Yanks that passed us while we were waiting for Hooker's men to take the advance.

While marching through Dalton many of its inhabitants cheered us as though they were really glad of our being there. A more desolate place we had never marched through! The rebels on leaving had taken everything they could carry away. A great quantity of tobacco and several bushels of peanuts—"guba-nuts," as the southerners call them—had escaped their search, but the prying eyes of the blue backs soon discovered them, and we supplied ourselves with the two great luxuries in sufficient quantities

to last us several days. Each caisson in the Battery had its bag of peanuts, and each tobacco chewer his pockets full of the precious weed.

In passing we were shown the spot where twelve rebel deserters were murdered, according to their own papers, a day or two before. We camped at night eight miles south of Dalton.

On the 14th all were astir at half past three, but did not march till eight o'clock. At ten the column halted, as our skirmishers had been checked by the enemy. After a few minutes' sharp firing, the enemy fell back, and we moved on a short distance further for the rebels had made another stand. Our brigade rested under the trees, many making coffee. There was a lull in the skirmishing ahead. An officer rode through the brigade and told us to fall in. We did so, and received Stanton's announcement that Hancock had captured a whole division and thirty guns from Longstreet! Cheer upon cheer echoed and re-echoed through the woods, carrying the sound of our rejoicings to the retreating foe. The bands played the national airs. Fatigue was not thought of then, and when at noon the troops moved forward, not even a dog-robber lagged behind. At one o'clock we were ordered up to the front, going on the double quick the most of the way. Upon reaching an opening whence we could see the position of affairs, we found the rebels were behind strong works. Their guns were shelling our forces quite lively. The 4th Corps was to the left of us. To get us there, Capt. Aylshire took us about a quarter of a mile to the rear and left us. Several random shells struck near us—even among our guns. At 2:40 P. M. the 4th Corps moved to the charge. On they went up to the very moats of the enemy's works, but so galling was the fire they were forced to fall back, leaving their dead and wounded where they had fallen. During the charge we moved up to our main line. Cols. Harker and Opdycke, who had received wounds in the charge, came back to where we lay, had their wounds dressed, resumed the saddle and rode to the front.

We now took position on a small hill near by. The left section was soon taken to a more advanced position. In attempting to reach it, gun 6 tipped over, wounding one man and two horses, and had to return. Gun 5 took position and did such execution as to call forth the praise of Gens. Thomas and Hooker, who were near. Guns 1 and 2 fired some from their position. Gun 5 returned at dusk.

Once it was reported that our forces were falling back—at the time they retreated to the woods—causing an immediate retrograde on the part of the cooks and dog-robbers, who a few hours before were so brave. One man came limping along, groaning at every step. As soon as he heard the word, “They’re falling back,” he sprang toward the rear with great agility, being cheered as long as he could be seen by the men who had seen him limping but an instant before.

On Sunday, the 15th, the ball opened at about half past five in the morning. Battery A, 1st Ohio, and our Battery had been given position early in the morning on the front line of the works at the edge of the woods, and on top of a high ridge. The rebel works were about eight hundred yards distant, and on the next hill to the southeast of us. The intervening space was a sort of valley, being in places a hundred and fifty feet below our position. It was an open field, and at every little distance could be seen the body of some soldier who had attempted to cross the field toward our men, who were lying at the foot of the hill, and almost under the muzzle of the rebel guns, yet sheltered from all danger by the hillside. During the night before, the rebels had set fire to the dry leaves outside their works. The fire ran through the brush, burning the bodies of our men, who had fallen there the day before, and which we had been unable to carry off. There were also several of our severely wounded burned to death. As an explanation of this inhuman act, the rebels said the fire had accidentally caught from the fire of their guns.

At eight o’clock our two batteries were ordered to open and fire as rapidly as possible. Gun 6 soon got a shell fast in the muzzle, and had to lie idle till an instrument could be made at the forge to drive it down. Our other guns were soon so hot from the rapid firing that premature discharges of the guns were caused. In Battery A one man lost his right forearm and part of his left hand, and another lost his right hand, and Stillwell, a man detailed from the 3d Wisconsin Battery, and acting on gun 5, of our Battery, lost his left thumb by premature discharges of the guns.

There was a rebel battery a little to the right of our front, at which we principally directed our fire. They soon removed all but one gun which they left with its muzzle protruding over their works. At 2 P. M. we began firing twelve guns at once. Our Battery fired 361 rounds during the day.

At eleven o'clock that night the enemy made a great stir as if attempting to break through. It was expected they would make the trial, and all were prepared for it. Several volleys of musketry were fired, but our artillery beginning to play freely on them, they dried up. It was discovered early the next morning that all this on the part of the rebels was only a feint, for we received shortly after daylight the cheering word, "The rebels have gone!"

It took but a short time for us to be ready for the pursuit, as it was desired to attack them before they should reach another fortified position. By seven o'clock all were on the move. In passing over the battle field, we took a hasty survey of the execution done, as our road led by the fort, where the rebel battery was we had so mercilessly shelled. The hill on which the rebel works were was nearly as steep on the rear side as in the front. Immediately in the rear of where our target stood, were six dead horses, all horribly mangled by shells. Where the guns stood were pieces of the carriages, a couple of disabled wheels and other signs of damage done. Pools of blood were found in many places. In the hollow at the foot of the hill could be seen many traces of good execution. Haversacks, canteens, cartridge boxes and straps torn up or cut in two and covered with blood. As an example of how many shells traveled the same track, a tree, about two feet in diameter at the butt, standing on ground occupied by the rebel battery, bore the marks of twelve shells! We found a number of the rebel dead, but the most of them had either been carried to the rear for burial, or were carried out in the woods, being barely covered with dirt and leaves. There were also quite a number of our own men who had been so daring as to venture through an opening there was inside the rebel lines. This act cost them their lives, and we found their bodies almost nude—the rebels having stripped them of everything but their shirts and drawers.

We reached Resaca at ten o'clock. There was found a large quantity of corn meal, many sacks of beans and shelled corn. At the depot there were a number of old cannon, battery wagons and forges. One would judge from their make that they had been used either during or before the Revolution. They had also left two good cannon in the fort near the bridge. The few houses of the town were well perforated with shell holes. Our troops, which had been within musket shot of the place all the day before, had not spared anything that would be likely to shelter a rebel.

Though our army had been so near, this did not prevent the rebels from burning the railroad bridge.

Before we started from there, the pioneers were hard at work. Trees were felled, hauled to the bridge, sawed the proper lengths, mortised and tenoned as if by magic. The bridge was completed and the cars up with us by noon of the 20th! So closely were the cars kept up with the army during the whole campaign that scarcely could we settle down for the night, after having driven the rebels several miles during the day, before the whistle of the engine was heard close upon our heels. And this day at Resaca, just as our last caisson crossed the rickety bridge the rebels had left unburned, the train came whistling around the curve about half a mile off!

Our advance kept close at the heels of the retreating foe. There was skirmishing all the afternoon with the rebel rear guard. At 5 P. M. the column halted while the skirmishers dislodged some rebels who were making a stand among the trees ahead. Near by us was a church and school house, and by their side was a large shed some eighty feet long. These had been used as a hospital but a few minutes before our arrival. Legs, arms, large pieces of flesh, great pools of fresh blood, all told plainly what our muskets and cannon were doing for the confederacy. Citizens—i. e., women—told us the enemy had sent off several train loads of dead and wounded during the previous night and this day.

We camped at 7 P. M., five miles from Resaca. The right section had been kept up with the skirmish line all the afternoon, to be in readiness should there be anything to do.

On the 17th we were off at 5:30 A. M. At seven we passed through Calhoun, a lovely village, and at nine o'clock took position on a hill, in a grave-yard, near John's Creek. The enemy had thrown up a feeble line of works a short distance ahead, and was evidently making a stand; but it was only intended to protect the retreat of his wagon trains. At eleven o'clock the Battery again took position near the house of one Richard Peters, but the enemy fell back on being pressed by our infantry. The plantation on which we had taken position reminded us of some well-furnished northern farm. It was known as the Atlanta Plantation, and everything about it was in better condition than we had observed in any other farm in the confederacy.

At the next halt gun 5 put a shell through a house behind which there were several rebels who were trying to pick us off. Upon reaching the house we found two women in it. One of them had become a mother about an hour before. The shell that went through the house passed diagonally over the bed on which the mother and child lay, and only about three feet above them! We pronounced the child a young soldier, and laughed considerably at the gunner over his day's work, little imagining that he had as yet scarcely begun it. About a mile further on was Oostanaula Creek. We reached it at four o'clock, and found the enemy entrenched about half a mile south of it. For a little more than a quarter of a mile before reaching the creek, the road was perfectly straight and level, and ran north and south. As was usual, when the column halted all parts closed up, and there was thus a compact mass of guns and caissons and infantry standing in the road. The enemy had a battery planted in such a position as to rake the straight portion of the road its entire length. As soon as the enemy thought we were in proper position they opened on us, but all save one of their shells struck short, and that one passed by a few feet above the drivers' heads, traversed the whole length of the road, and struck and exploded just beyond the curve. It providentially was so high that it did no damage; but it caused some hasty dismounting.

As soon as it could be done our left section was put in position in the road near the creek, and close by a cotton-gin, where it immediately opened on the rebel battery, which immediately withdrew its fire from the column in the road and directed it to our section. For many minutes it was doubtful which side would have to acknowledge itself silenced; but we finally kept good our prestige, and that too, without the loss of a man, though many of the infantry had been killed or wounded around us. Gens. Sherman and Thomas and staffs had a narrow escape as they rode by the section. A shell exploded in their midst, wounding one of their aids seriously.

A strong skirmish line of the 1st Brigade was now sent forward into the woods lately occupied by the rebel battery.

The 6th Ohio Battery now took position near us, and, not being able to distinguish friend from foe at that distance, asked whose men those were, pointing to our skirmishers. They were told by an officer that they were rebels and to open fire on them

immediately. They did so, and did not discover their error until they had killed nearly a dozen of our own men. Of course the men of this battery were not responsible for this, as they were but obeying orders, but when the infantry demanded what battery it was that shelled them, the 6th charged it to us. Now, though all acknowledged how gallantly we had earlier in the day silenced the rebel battery which was killing off so many of our men, yet they would have condemned us on this accusation, had we not found positive proof of our innocence. Upon gaining possession of the battle field, pieces of twelve-pound spherical shells and several unexploded shells of the same caliber were found, but no three-inch rifle shells nor any fragments of such. As our guns were three-inch rifles, while those of the other battery were Napoleons, we were, as a matter of course, exonerated from all blame, and stood even higher with our division comrades than before.

After the battery in our immediate front was silenced gun 5 was taken about three-quarters of a mile to the right, where it could get an entailing fire on the rebel works. Our other guns were in position on the left. The left section disposed of 128 rounds. By six o'clock all was quiet. The northern press, in speaking of this little action, gave great praise to Battery M, 1st Indiana. There was no such battery, as the Indiana batteries were all numbered, not lettered.

On the 18th we moved out at seven o'clock, the enemy having disappeared early. As we had to wait some time near the enemy's position, for other troops to get in motion, we took a general survey of the field, the whole of which looked as though a drove of prairie rooters had been there, it was so completely rooted up by shells. A short distance beyond the rebel works was a brick house of octagonal plan. To this house our section had directed its fire after having silenced the rebel battery, for we knew well that the rebels always sought such places. This house was so well perforated with shell holes as to make it quite airy during the approaching hot weather had it been allowed to stand, but the infantry had suffered so much by the rebels firing from the windows that it was soon given to the flames.

Adairsville was three miles further south. We reached it at 9 A. M., and lay there till 3 P. M., waiting for the Army of the Tennessee, which was coming in from the west, to pass. We then moved six miles further and camped.

Just as the Battery was ready to start, Harding, of gun 1, shot himself through the left arm with his revolver. He was cleaning it when it was accidentally discharged. He was sent to the hospital.

We reached Kingston at 11:30, and, after lying there about an hour, moved about a mile east and halted till five. Skirmishing was going on lively a short distance ahead, and artillery was being brought into use on both sides. Some of the rebel shell passed by us; others struck near. We expected to be ordered to the front, but "Long Range" was not to be found. At last, at five o'clock, after the enemy had fallen back, he rode up in hot haste and wanted us to hurry to the front. We went on the gallop wherever the roads would permit. He took us in so many different directions that when we had time to look and think, we could not tell in what direction we lay from Kingston or any other place. We had traveled through woods, over roads, through fields, until dark found us in a dense wood, and within a few yards of the rebel pickets. Upon discovering where he had taken us, he went back to find where our division was, and was gone nearly an hour, leaving us where we had to make as little noise as possible to avoid letting the enemy know what an easy prey we would then have been. After a long time he returned telling us we must retrace our steps. This was no easy task, and it was with great difficulty we headed our teams toward the rear, having to unlimber some of the pieces and turn them by hand. We went back some distance and camped at 9:20 P. M., not with our division, not knowing where to find it, but we were with the cavalry. It was ten o'clock next day before we found our division, and then we moved to it, about a mile to the rear, and near a large mill on Two Run Creek. At noon the cars arrived.

Preparations now began for another forward move. Packing the chests, drawing rations and clothing, washing and fixing everything that might be out of order with guns, caissons or harness, occupied most of our time for the next day or two. We could hear musketry or cannonading far ahead every day.

On the 23d our already distasteful instructions regarding baggage were made worse by orders being issued to all batteries to still further cut down their baggage; this too just after drawing more clothing. We were allowed one knapsack for four men to be carried in the wagon, and one for five men to be strapped on the caisson. Horses were allowed only four pounds of shelled corn each per day.

That afternoon two men, named Hulse and Barclay, joined us. They had enlisted in Colvin's battery, but had lost the road, and it was almost impossible to return now.

In the 1st Brigade of our division, Col. Frank Sherman was removed from the command, and was made one of Gen. Howard's staff. He was succeeded by Gen. Kimball, who had just arrived from the west.

CHAPTER XXI.

“FORWARD” was the word for the 23d of May. The 14th Corps moved out early. The 4th Corps started at noon, but soon halted till 2 P. M., to allow other troops to pass. As our wagon train moved up and parked near us, we had the first sight of the badge that had been adopted for our corps. It was described in the order for its adoption as follows: It shall be an equilateral triangle, apex upward. For the 1st Division, a red triangle, for the 2d Division, white, and for the 3d Division, blue. Brigades are to have the figure representing their number inscribed in it. Thus one could tell at a glance to what company, regiment, brigade, division and corps a man belonged, if he wore his badge, as he usually had the letter of his company, the State to which he belonged, and the number of his regiment on his cap. Artillery belonged simply to a division, and wore its and the battery's badge. These badges were a great assistance to couriers, and to staff and general officers, for they could easily find a command themselves without asking innumerable questions as they would otherwise have had to do. The order of color for divisions was the same throughout the army, but the badges were quite different. That of the 4th Corps was an equilateral triangle; of the 14th, an acorn; of the 20th, a five-pointed star; of the 23d, a Norman shield; of the 15th, a cartridge box with the words “40 rounds” on it, and of the 17th, an Indian arrow.

About four o'clock we passed the ruins of an extensive rebel salt petre leach and works, and reached the Etowah, or High Tower River at dusk. Here were some rebel works thrown up to protect the covered bridge which they had neglected to burn. We had to wait for the 20th Corps to cross, so there was ample time to make our coffee and take a short nap, as it was ten o'clock before the road was clear for us to move on. We then went about four miles further, passing more ruins of salt petre works, and camped at midnight nine miles from our late camp.

Before resuming the march next morning (the 24th) orders were received to make three small rations last four days.

At Enhaulee Creek we found a large crib full of corn, and filled all the bags we had, which well loaded the caissons. We were determined to keep our horses well fed, even if we had to suffer, and often, on the campaign, our horses pulled the Battery up hills without even halting to rest, when other batteries were unable to ascend without doubling.

The 20th Corps passed through Stylesboro, while we bore off to the right and soon found ourselves in a dense pine forest. We traveled for four hours and a half in this, without finding a drop of water to slake our thirst, when suddenly, on descending a steep hill, we were on the bank of a clear, swift-flowing stream—Raccoon Creek. Here was the 20th Corps wagon train, the corps having taken a short cut and reached here some time before. It was but a few minutes before the creek was filled with men bathing and officers' horses being washed by dog-robbers for a quarter of a mile above and below the road. Gen. Wagner rode out into the creek and stopped beside a man who was washing his feet. Handing the man his tin cup, he said, "Mister, will you please hand up some water?" The man hesitated, stammered something about its not being very clean on account of the number washing in it. "Oh, never mind that, I've drank worse," and he quaffed down two cupfuls.

A detail was now sent from the Battery to bridge the creek, and at 6:30 we crossed and camped near by. At 10 P. M. Lieut. Burton, with another detail, started out to cut a road up the high hill to our right, and along its top, till they should come to where the trees stood far enough apart to admit our passing, or until they should strike a road. A few minutes after they started it began to rain almost in torrents, and all who were not under cover were soon drenched to the skin. Our Purp tents were of little use. They had long been nearly discarded in our company, and carriage tarpaulins used in their stead.

On the 25th the Battery moved at 6:40. The hills were hard to ascend on account of the recent rain. The infantry had gone on the night before, and it was eight o'clock before we caught up with them. Near Burnt Hickory we bore to the west, ascending and descending steep hills all the forenoon. Mica was so abundant about here that the road looked as though paved with silver.

At four o'clock we came to an old rebel's, from whose place could be seen the smoke from the battle going on, near Dallas, about three miles to the southeast. We moved about a mile to the northeast and parked in a wheat field within half a mile of the bridge over Pumpkin Vine Creek, which Hooker's corps was then crossing. As the general, who was riding in advance, reached the bridge he found two women there extinguishing the fire with which the rebels had attempted to destroy it. A few minutes later we heard a volley of musketry, proving that the rebels were near. Shortly after the volley cannonading began, and the battle waged warm till darkness put an end to it. Ambulance after ambulance full of wounded came back to a log house near where we lay, which was being used as an amputating hospital. We saw more arms and legs taken off there than at any other time or place in the army. Hooker had been led into an ambushade, and was himself nearly captured. Determined not to retreat, he ordered up more men. His skirmishers fell back without giving warning, and hence the main line in its advance upon the enemy received a murderous fire at only a few yards range. The underbrush was so thick they could see but a few feet ahead.

Shortly after Hooker became engaged we could hear cannonading farther to the east, and concluded that McPherson must be up with them on that side, and assumed we should be able to drive them very easily from these hills.

At 7 P. M., of the 26th, we crossed the creek and moved up to our lines about two miles east of the bridge. It was quite dark when we reached our destination among stumps, and the bullets were coming quite thick, causing us to lie low.

The next morning cannonading began at seven, and was soon quite hot. Gen. Newton, commanding the division, came along, and seeing we were not yet harnessed up, severely censured Capt. Aylshire for neglecting to have us ready to move. "Long Range" then took us toward the east and tried to find a position for us, but failing to discover one, took us to a spot where he said we could camp.

At noon Battery A and our left section took position and opened fire. At five the right section relieved Battery A, and at six the left section returned to camp. The two sections fired 229 rounds during the afternoon.

On the 28th reveille was sounded at 2:30, as there was considerable cannonading. At five it was quite hard from both sides. At eleven the enemy tried a charge in our immediate front, and was speedily repulsed. Soon after a ball came into camp and killed the captain's favorite horse. Only a few minutes before he had refused to let his groom ride him to the front with orders for the right section, because he was afraid he would be shot. At eleven o'clock that night the rebels charged again, and were again sent back to their works with great loss.

The 29th passed rather quietly, there being only a few cannon fired by either side. The infantry had settled down to their "pecking," not a man on either side daring to show himself without receiving a salute of a dozen bullets. At eleven o'clock that night the enemy charged again. This time our artillery played freely on them. At our caissons they harnessed up, so as to be ready in case they should be called upon. At two, and again at four o'clock, next morning, the enemy began charges again, but advanced only a few yards before retiring.

About a mile to our left Bridges' battery had been hotly shelled on the 29th by a rebel battery in its front. It replied for some time but had to cease firing and the men found safety from the rebel shells where best they could. During the 30th it was silent, and at six o'clock in the afternoon our left and center sections were sent to relieve it. Bridges withdrew, and under cover of darkness we put our guns into the works in which Bridges had been silenced.

Our caissons were left in a ravine a few rods to the rear of our position, and our gun horses were kept in a deep hollow just back of the guns.

At daylight, on the 31st, we took a survey of our position. The first head that looked out through an embrasure demonstrated that we were closely watched and that the watch was at no great distance, for a bullet whizzed by just high enough to clear the works. However, we saw a fort about a thousand yards distant in front of us, said fort being partly bomb proof and presenting eight embrasures. There was a wheat field between us and our antagonist. The many bullets that struck the bank, limbers or passed by, told us our guns were standing too high to be available. To raise the works when there were so many sharpshooters so near us was impossible, so, as that could not be done, we must do the next

best—lower our guns. We got them down a little by eleven o'clock, when the enemy opened on us. We replied, but finding 'twere best for us to say as little as possible until better prepared, we gradually ceased firing, and went to digging as rapidly as possible. We sunk our guns and limbers to the hubs, and dug traverses from the guns to the limbers. Then we cut down the embrasures so as to fit our present position. But this we had not yet completed when, at 3 P. M., the enemy again opened on us, doing no material damage.

Thus ended the month of May. Our army had driven the enemy from two strong positions, flanked them out of a third, and we thought them nearly surrounded in a fourth. But it appeared that others had opinions as well as we. An inquiry made of a prisoner, captured that day, showed that an entirely different impression was prevalent in Johnston's army. He very innocently asked: "Well now, just tell me, which are you uns going to do—surrender or try to cut your way out?"

June 1st opened bright and clear. We were all on the *qui vive*, and prepared to return the rebel fire as soon as they should speak. Eight o'clock came and not a shot had been fired. We thought best to see if we could call forth an answer from the rebels, so we opened fire. They must have been equally on the alert, for the smoke had not yet risen from before our guns when three of their guns had responded. Both sides now worked to their utmost, each determined to silence the other if possible. Knowing that one well directed shell was worth a dozen sent at random, we took careful aim at each round. Our foes were equally careful. One of their shells exploded in No. 5 embrasure, half closing it. Others struck the works, and some just grazed them and exploded between the guns and limbers, while many passed by and greatly endangered our caissons. None of them did any material damage. We felt that it was about an even thing, knowing that when the crisis comes in the battle that side wins which, at the proper instant, shows the greatest pluck. Watching closely to discover the first sign of faltering on their part, it came shortly, when pouring in our shell with redoubled vigor, the duel soon ceased. They never fired another gun from that fort! We continued to shell them for some minutes to show them we were not silenced, then paid our attention to their sharpshooters, whom we found behind piles of rails, large trees and in "gopher holes;" some were in a cotton-gin that stood in

front and to one side of their fort. A single shell would scatter their rail piles. About the second one striking near a gopher hole would cause the occupant to skedaddle to the covering of the woods or their works. Two or three shells were exploded in the gin-house, with what success we know not, save that there were no more bullets sent from it toward us.

That day Orange V. Mercer, aged eighteen, enlisted at Merri-mac, Illinois, for our Battery.

It rained hard nearly all day of the 2d, with occasional hail. At 2 P. M. the Battery moved back to near its last position, and relieved Preston's battery of twenty-pounders, the 5th Indiana taking our place. In our new position we were free from the visitation of the "Whar-is-ye?" but the rebels sent us many of their half-starved "cats." They came along with their "me-a-ow," and would strike the banks, pass by over the caissons, or stop among them in the mud, the sudden halt forcing a thug from them.

That day Carey was placed in the ranks and given a position in No. 3 gun detachment. Powers was made blacksmith.

It rained hard nearly all day of the 3d. Bullets came in more numerous than before. It seemed that the pickets had become fretful on account of the cold, wet weather, and were venting their spite by firing as rapidly as they could.

Our horses were beginning to eat up the carriage wheels whenever they could get to them. We had nothing to feed them, and were not allowed by the enemy to take them out to graze, and where we lay there were no small bushes we could cut down to allow them to eat the leaves. As to ourselves, we had been drawing about as much as the horses. Of the last corn fed our horses, some of the infantry picked the kernels out of the mud where the horses had tramped them nearly out of sight. This day we thought we were really going to see better times, as we drew nearly full rations of hard tack, but alas, after having a good, hearty meal — devouring nearly all of them, we were told there had been a mistake made, and instead of their being for three days, they must last five!

That day Titus left for hospital with the scurvy. Several of the men had been complaining for the last few days of swollen limbs, which in places were black and blue and quite hard. Their teeth were also getting sore, and hurting them so they could scarcely

masticate their food. This last could not be caused by eating hard tack, for we had too few. What the disease was no one could tell, till many who were with us in upper Tennessee and were affected in the same way, said it was scurvy.

It rained quite hard that night and the 4th. At 2 P. M. the battery next on our left opened, and gun 4, of our Battery, thinking the play had again commenced, fired a shot, when it discovered its mistake. Toward night Gen. Wagner rode out to the lines in front of the right section and told the men to be prepared for the rebels as soon as they should rise. He then ordered the buglers to blow the stand to arms, and the enemy, thinking our men were going to charge, rose to receive them; but they dropped in less time than they had risen, as our infantry sent them a well-directed volley from their muskets.

It rained slowly during the night and till eight o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 5th. At six o'clock in the morning our pickets were heartily cheering, and looking in that direction, we saw them on or running to the rebel works! The rebels had left during the night.

Our first thought was to go to the fort we had silenced and discover, if we could, the damage done them. We found blood, pieces of exploded shells, parts of broken wheels, scattered around through the fort. To the rear of it were several trees, every one of which was struck near the butt by a shell, and one or two cut entirely off, although they were a foot or more in diameter, and we concluded from the signs that one would not feel much like working were he placed in as warm a climate as that evidently had been.

By nine o'clock the Battery was together and ready for the "forward" to be sounded, but no order to move came that day, and near night we camped near the fort.

Sergt. Schnasse, Privates Robert Stewart, Charles Franck and Christian Hoffer went to the hospital with scurvy.

At 1 P. M. fortifying began toward the rear, as it was reported Forrest would attempt to capture the wagon train. Several cannon were heard to the rear during the afternoon, but no Forrest appeared near us, though some of his men did come near enough to capture a couple of officers who were bathing in a creek some distance from camp. The officers escaped the same day.

At 8 A. M., on the 6th the Battery moved out. It rained a little in the forenoon to keep good our sign. The roads were

fearfully cut up by the large wagon trains that had passed over them ahead of us. We crossed Little Pumpkin Vine and Altoona Creeks, and camped in a dense forest by a very small branch called Cucumber Creek, on whose borders were found many cucumber trees, from which it probably derived its name. Before settling down in our camp ground, "Long Range" had us turn around no less than twice, this being the third place he selected for us. We had marched nine miles that day. At night we drew a little corn for our horses, and the next morning we drew not only full rations for them, but for ourselves also! And in addition to full rations, got desiccated vegetables and some soap!

The trains could be heard running to Acworth. Our greatest cause for concern was to find vegetables or fruits to check, if possible, the ravages of the scurvy. There was very little green stuff to be found that was eatable, for the rebels had left nothing of the kind behind them.

It had been rumored (and so fair was the story that it was generally believed) that the ambulance train, which Titus had started to the rear in, had been captured by Forrest; but this afternoon, as an ambulance train was going past, we saw Titus, nor had he been near Forrest to his knowledge.

Toward night all thought there was quite a heavy artillery battle to the southeast, but after listening intently for some minutes, discovered it was the artillery of the heavens; and that night, the next day and the next night we received a shower every few minutes.

At 4 A. M. of the 9th "quinine" (sick call) was blown at infantry headquarters, and our officers mistaking it for the "general," ordered "boots and saddles" blown. The Battery was soon ready to move, but not receiving orders as to the order of march, the captain sent to headquarters and there learned that no "general" had been sounded that morning, and would not be that day. The horses were then unharnessed.

That day orders were read that did not entirely satisfy us, but as they appeared to meet the views of the following persons, whose names were appended to them in the manner given, it was thought best not to demur. First came Gen. Thomas, then Gen. Brannan, his chief of artillery, next came Capt. Bridges, chief of artillery of the 4th Corps, Capt. Aylshire, chief of artillery of the 2d Division, and finally Capt. Spencer, commander Battery M, 1st

Illinois Artillery. The orders were to the effect that any battery of the Army of the Cumberland found with even a canteen on gun or caisson while on the march, or a horse tied near enough to a carriage to eat the spokes of the wheels or the poles of the carriages while in camp, would be sent to the rear in disgrace! Not even a sack of grain could be put on a caisson for the horses, but we must wait till our forage wagons (of which we were to have four) could catch up. This would prevent us feeding our horses when we should halt for a few minutes, as we often did, and many times our animals would have to go without their regular meals, as sometimes our wagons were not up with us for a day or two. As to ourselves, our baggage was to be carried in a wagon allotted for the purpose; but as this wagon also hauled all the headquarters' stores, there was none too much room for the knapsacks and blankets, though several of us had only a poncho. Nearly all tried leaving their blankets in the wagon, and the first night on the march had the privilege of sleeping on the bare ground, in the heavy dew, that is so common in that part of the country. The refractory ones carried their blankets, and the second day the whole lot of us were contrary. A few days more and our tarpaulins were double their usual size when folded up, and soon not a dozen men had blankets to carry. The captain would occasionally look at the tarpaulins and make some laughing remark about their growing so fast, and there the matter would drop. In other batteries we noticed that they paid less regard to the order than we, for we did put our knapsacks into the wagon.

CHAPTER XXII.

On the 10th of June the "general" was again sounded, and the army was soon in motion. The 4th Corps received orders to give the road to all other troops or trains; consequently, when we started at ten o'clock, we had to move very slowly, and made very little progress. It rained and thundered very hard in the afternoon and nearly all night. We camped at 6 P. M., two and a half miles from our starting point in the morning.

A number of rebel hospital tents could be seen on a large hill to the east of our camp, and about three miles distant, proving that we should not have far to go before meeting the enemy, and, in fact, our advance was even then skirmishing about a mile off.

Nearly all day of the 11th it seemed to be trying to show how hard it could rain, and there were few blue or gray backs in that region, when night came, who were not wet to the skin. The day was cold and chilly, and fires were quite as acceptable as though it was a March day.

At 11 A. M. the Battery moved about three-fourths of a mile to the east. Here we lay till 6 P. M., being kept lively by the shells that were every few minutes passing through the tree-tops above our heads, or burying themselves in the ground near us, each one seeming to see how close it could come and do no damage, something like the Indian practice of throwing tomahawks at a victim as he stands bound to a tree.

At six o'clock, by doubling to get up a steep hill, we moved about a mile north. The left and center sections took position near an old house at the edge of a field, and facing Pine Mountain. The right section and caissons camped about a quarter of a mile back in the woods. Before dark the two sections at the front had fired forty-four rounds at the enemy on the mountain.

It rained all that night, the day and night of the 12th, and till nearly night of the 13th. There was very little firing from either side. We could hear the rebels' and our trains—theirs as they came past Kennesaw—ours as they approached Big Shanty.

At 11:30 A. M., on the 14th, we harnessed up, as the infantry were to charge in our front and we might have to move. At twelve o'clock several batteries, including ours, opened on the mountain and on the woods at the foot and front of the mountain. The grounds were shelled thoroughly that, when the infantry should advance, they would meet with no great force of the enemy. During the cannonading the rebel Lieutenant General Polk was killed, a ten-pounder shell passing through his body and burying itself in the ground some distance further on. Prisoners who were captured that afternoon said he was killed in the manner before stated and that the battery which fired the shell stood in the field near the old house, clearly describing our position. We know that there was no battery within a quarter of a mile on either side of us, and we were so near the house as to make use of it for quarters.

When the infantry charged—three lines deep—they met with but slight opposition. They drove the enemy from the mountain and about half a mile beyond. Great was the cheering as the news spread that Polk was killed. At half past five we moved nearly two miles further east and camped.

We hitched up on the morning of the 15th, but soon unhitched and unharnessed. At 1 P. M. we again hitched up and moved forward about one and a quarter miles and halted till 8 P. M., when we advanced about one and a half miles and took position, working all night throwing up works. At nine o'clock, on the 16th, all the batteries on our part of the line opened, making such a terrific noise that it sounded more like the consolidation of many thunder storms than the artillery of man. Our Battery fired thirty-six rounds. It was always our motto, when allowed to fire as we chose, to use our ammunition sparingly, but to make each shot tell—always selecting an object before sighting a gun. Closely adhering to this, Battery M was never caught without ammunition from having wasted it in mere noise.

During the night the enemy left their strong works in our front and swung around so as to face to the west instead of the north. At 8:30, next morning, we advanced and halted at a very strong fort, about a mile from where we had lain. In front of this

fort were to be seen many large trees cut, rent and splintered from the effects of our fire. A prisoner told us (and pointed out the place) that one of our shells had struck one of the large logs, (called head logs, laid on top of their works and raised from them so as to leave room to fire under) threw it down upon the men lying behind the works and killed and wounded fourteen.

This fort was about equi-distant from Lost and Kennesaw Mountains—nearly three miles from each. On the former the stars and stripes were waving; on the latter the rebels were signaling, doubtless informing their chief of every movement they saw us make.

At 3 P. M. our lines again advanced, but had gone only about half a mile before finding the enemy behind new works. It seemed that as fast as they were driven from one fortified position they had another all ready to fall back into. While their soldiers were kept constantly at the front with nothing to do but to meet and oppose us, their negroes were at the rear, fortifying every place or position they might have occasion to use.

Finding they were going to make another stand, it was resolved they should have another taste of our artillery. Thirty guns were put in position at five o'clock, the extreme ones not being over eighty rods apart. At six o'clock all opened at once and fired as rapidly as they could for nearly an hour. Our Battery fired 207 rounds, and as each of the others probably fired as many, if not more, the enemy must have had to dodge among 1,035 shells inside an hour.

At 11 P. M. the enemy attempted a charge. Our infantry immediately formed line, while the artillery hitched up so as to be ready to receive them. A few rounds from our artillery restored silence, yet the artillery remained prepared for them the rest of the night. Till after midnight it was almost as light as day, but after that hour it suddenly became cloudy, and long before daylight it was raining very hard. By eight o'clock every little gully was filled with water and the small creeks were overflowing. The rain hardly stopped for an hour till the 23d.

At eight o'clock A. M., of the 18th, our infantry advanced during a very heavy rainstorm. This was unexpected by the enemy, and their first line of works, with many prisoners, was easily taken. Our artillery had previously shelled their pickets from behind their rail piles (the "gopher holes," on account of the rain,

being untenable) so there was no one to warn the rebels of the charge. The prisoners taken were quite the color of the clay in which they had lately been lying, and with which their clothes were literally covered. Their uniform was naturally so near the color of the clay of the country that at any great distance one could not tell whether there was a gray back in the country or not, so long as he did not fire and thus expose himself by the smoke from his gun. In this respect they had a decided advantage over us, whose blue contrasted strongly with the color of the landscape. Though, as a rule, our blue had turned to clay color also from marching, working our guns, and sleeping in the clay mud.

As the prisoners came in by us, the usual salutation, "Hello, Johnny, you coming in out of the wet?" sounded so appropriate this morning that all hands had to laugh—and shiver with the cold too.

At ten o'clock the Battery moved about a mile to the right. From here it shelled the woods to the northeast and east. In a short time a rebel battery that stood almost at right angles to the direction we were firing and on our right flank, opened on us, dropping their shells among our guns and limbers; one shell cut a sponge staff in two that a member of No. 4 gun was holding, and exploded immediately after. One of its pieces struck William Hendershot, of the same gun, in the leg, inflicting a severe wound. He was taken to a crowded hospital at Nashville, where gangrene soon made its appearance among the wounded, many of whom, and among them Hendershot, died from its effects.

As soon as it was discovered where this cross-fire was coming from, we turned our attention to it, and soon had the satisfaction of silencing it. We then resumed our shelling the woods.

There was a point about a thousand yards to the northeast of us, close up under the guns of a rebel fort, which if attained would give us a decided advantage. Three batteries had attempted to reach the position but had been driven back, each sustaining considerable loss. One of the generals proposed to our captain that as his Battery had never been silenced, and had never attempted to take a position without doing it, he should take us to that point. He readily consented and announced that he was going to take one section there. For some reason he delayed doing it till after dark, and then did not take us there till after midnight. That day we had fired 403 rounds.

Gen. Sherman had formerly been a teacher in the military academy at Marietta, where he had taught the young idea how to shoot—at himself. As his army was now within a few miles of it, he remarked that when leaving there he had no idea he should make so great a noise on his return, nor that he should be so warmly received.

The point to which we were taken during the night had been strongly fortified by the enemy, who still occupied a formidable fort about four hundred yards further back, and from it had shelled our batteries which had attempted to reach the works we now held.

As soon as we reached the desired point we began reversing the works, which was no easy job. To fill a moat seven or eight feet wide and four feet deep with earth, thrown over an embankment nearly five feet high, increasing in height as fast as we dug, without making the slightest noise lest the enemy should hear us, and thus all be lost, was no easy matter. If we should through the night succeed in getting the works strong enough to guard against bullets (which was as much as we could expect to accomplish in that short time) how would it fare with us when, in the morning, the enemy would discover our proximity, and, from the fort that looked so frowningly upon us, open with perhaps a dozen guns—their men refreshed by an undisturbed night's rest, while ours had worked hard nearly the whole night? As day approached some would say, "Boys, this is going to be a hot day for us." "Battery M, you can now show yourself," etc. Day dawned. We looked forth to see what the first act of the enemy would be at discovering us so close under the muzzles of their guns. There was not a movement in the fort that we could detect. The silence was almost insufferable. Should we send them an iron messenger telling them it was time to be astir, and make them do something we could see? "I believe they are gone," says one. What in the — keeps them so quiet?" says another. The infantry are equally anxious to know how matters stand behind those works, and one daring fellow crawls out over our works and makes his way running stealthily up to theirs. Others follow; they leap over and give a shout of joy. The works are deserted, the enemy has gone! No, not all, for here and there a sleepy gray back starts to his feet, as if scared out of his senses by the sudden appearance and cheering of our men. "Hello, Johnnies, what are you doing here? Where are the rest of your brothers?" "We don't know. We went

to sleep and did not know they had gone." By this time the works are alive with Yankees. The rebs caught napping are thoroughly pumped by each new-comer. Sometimes a dozen questions are asked them at once, and as they cannot reply to so many at a time, they simply smile and say nothing. A round of fifty parts would be a good representation of the catechism put to these "cornfeds." One man says, "Good morning, Johnny. Thought you'd come in out of the wet, did you?" By that time a second has said, "Good morning, Johnny," and the first says, "Or did you get sleepy?" when the second says, "Thought you'd come in out of the wet, did you?" And number three has arrived and said, "Good morning, Johnny." By the time number twenty has said "Good morning," number one has asked how far ahead they probably are by this time, and so on, each man asking nearly the same questions his predecessor did, till finally number one, having learned about all he thinks he shall be able to, becomes considerate for the Johnny, and says, "Boys, don't ask him so many questions; he can't answer half of them." "You've got through now, have you?" replies number two, and the conversation works out among the crowd as Johnny is left with only one or two questioners, who perhaps are his captors, and they say, "Come, we'll be going." They take them to headquarters and place them in custody of the proper guards, where they are again catechised by dog-robbers and officers.

After the captured works have been closely examined, all return to camp and soon engage in making coffee and in frying meat, the frying-pan generally used being a sharp pointed stick, on which the meat is stuck and held in the fire till cooked.

Over the good news of the morning, and for our hard work the day before and during the night, Gen. Wagner, always alive to attend to our wants when it lay in his power, sent us four gallons of commissary this morning. It was taken to Lieut. Fluskey, who, supposing it was for his section, had the greater part of it issued before he was aware that it was for the whole Battery. As a natural result the left section contained some jolly lads that forenoon.

It was Sunday, and the day began as calm and beautiful as it ever did at home, but what mattered it if it was the Sabbath? The enemy had fallen back, and we must follow closely, or he would have time to fortify his next chosen position unmolested. It will be observed that falling back Saturdays and Sundays was becoming quite fashionable with the enemy.

Our Battery moved out about ten o'clock, though the advance had started some hours before, and occasional cannonading had been heard for some time. While passing through the second line of deserted works, we saw where a Johnny had been hit by a shell as he lay in an uncovered shanty. His brains were so far scattered around that some of them were found on the second shanty on each side of the one in which he was killed, a radius of about fifteen feet. A little further on was seen the body of what had been a fat mule. Its hams had been cut out. Could it be that the rebels were so reduced in their supplies as to be forced to a repetition of Vicksburg?

At eleven o'clock we moved about one and a half miles to the southeast. This brought us within about a mile of the south end of Big Kennesaw, the larger of the twins. We took position in a field and threw a few shells at the mountain and at the knob at its south end. We were ordered to send a salute as far down the valley toward the south as we could, so with a thirty-five second fuse, and an elevation of sixteen degrees, we started off the messengers. Where they went or whether they ever stopped, we never learned.

The rebel skirmishers were in the pine timber about three hundred yards in front of our guns, and their bullets occasionally zipped close to our heads; but our infantry soon advanced, driving them across a small creek further on. The sky had clouded up about noon, and now, at two o'clock, it was raining quite hard. It continued to rain in fitful showers the rest of the day, and we saw no more sunshine till the 23d. At 2:30 we closed up with the skirmishers, the main line lying a few rods back of our guns.

McDowell's 2d Pennsylvania Battery had already taken position some farther to the front, and was supported by only about a dozen infantry. It shelled the surrounding woods rapidly, and as the bullets came thicker, used canister. Wherever a puff of smoke could be seen we would send a shell, but that was slow work among a thousand of the enemy scattered among trees. McDowell had to retreat, having lost over a dozen horses and several men in less than ten minutes. He placed his battery in line with ours. His were twelve-pounder guns, and of short range, as were also the guns of Battery A, 1st Ohio, which was also on the line with us—both batteries being to our left—our right lying near the woods and unprotected. This weak point the rebels soon detected, and crawling as near us as they could, began using our drivers for

targets. One bullet, coming from a distant point in front, struck Noyes, (a detailed man) a driver belonging to gun 3, in the side. He climbed to the ground, and upon examination, found that the bullet, after piercing his clothes had not entered his body, when he returned and took charge of his team.

We had been upon the ground but a few minutes before there was a large puff of smoke on the knob at the foot of Kennesaw, before mentioned. We had not had time to call attention to it before a shell struck in the field about ten rods in front of us, and, recochetting, passed over and far to the rear. The men sprang to their feet and manned the guns, and had sent a reply by the time the second one reached us. A few more came, but none did any damage. It required only about five minutes to dry them up. The two batteries of twelve-pounders on our left could do no good at such long range, so they gave us no assistance.

We then, as the infantry had driven the enemy back far enough that we could freely work our guns, paid attention to some sharpshooters on the side of the knob, who had been amusing themselves by sending their "screaming cats" to us. One of these sharpshooters had fired several times from behind a stump. A shell exploded just right to lift him up in the air so we could see him plainly. Some men approached with a stretcher. A shell exploded near them, and we saw no more of the stretcher. After silencing a few more muskets, we moved back to where we had first taken position and camped. That day we had used 375 rounds. Quite a noisy Sunday for us, but we generally did make the most noise on that day.

The infantry threw up light works that afternoon, and on the morning of the 20th fatigue parties began to build works for our two batteries, a little to the left of where we were when attacked by the rebel battery on the knob. At four o'clock P. M. they were to have had the works completed, as that was the hour for all the batteries to open that afternoon, and ours was to fire the signal. Our officers were on the ground long before the time, and made such suggestions to the pioneers as they saw, if carried out, would improve our position. The brush to some distance in front of our position was cleared away, and a small frame house that stood directly in front, so as to obscure the view, was burned. We took the left of the line, fronting the knob, while Battery A took the right, which was separated from ours by a road that was

left to be used should we have need to advance. At 4:10, though the works were not yet so high but that we could easily fire over them at any point, we opened on the rebels, or rather on the woods in front of us, where we supposed the rebels to be. Still holding a grudge against the knob for its having made us work so lively the day before, we directed our shell to any object on it that we could imagine was a rebel. This firing at will was soon changed to the Resaca plan of fire by battery and by piece from the right, which had given our Battery the name of the "Revolving Battery" among the enemy. "Corn ketchup" ruled that afternoon, and although we had objected mentally, or among ourselves, to fighting under him, yet we forgot not our duty when the command came, "Fire by battery, ready, fire!" Twelve guns belched forth simultaneously, and twelve shells reached their destination almost at the same instant. After firing a few volleys thus, we fired by piece from the right, and our captain's voice rang out, "Attention. By piece from the right, ready, fire!" and our six guns, one immediately after the other, were discharged. Some special object was always selected, as before stated, and if we could see no enemy, would be practicing at target.

In our three years' service our target practice was chiefly at the enemy, and we did not use 125 rounds in target practice proper, although we had forty-four different guns which we had occasion to use, the forty-four composed of six distinct kinds—less than three rounds to a gun and not twenty-one to a kind.

While firing by piece from the right, we noticed a larger smoke on the knob, than a shell could make, and soon a shell struck in front of our position, recochetting over us. This told us we had an antagonist, and immediately the combat began, Battery A joining us with its shot. There was a lively game of ball for a few minutes, when a third party was evidently entering the lists. A shell went over and just to the rear of our guns. "What is that?" asked one of the gunners. "Only the 5th Indiana (which stood to our right and rear, some 300 rods distant) shelling the side of the Kennesaw," replied some one. Scarcely were the words uttered before a shell coming from the right struck just in the rear of our guns, and recochetting, passed on over the infantry. We looked in the direction whence it came and discovered a rebel battery to our right, just in the act of firing. Our officers called to Battery A to attend to the one on the knob should it again open (for we had

just silenced it) and we turned our guns to our new foe, throwing one gun almost exactly in the rear of the one next to its right. In this way we fired several shots till it was seen that we endangered our own men, our three left guns having already ceased firing, when we exchanged positions with Battery A, which, on account of having smooth bore guns, could not reach over half the distance this flank fire was from. We now had it from all directions where the enemy held the ground. From Kennesaw "drones" came down to see us. On top of the knob they had opened again, and also from its side. In our new front a second battery opened; this was nearer our lines and behind a heavy strip of woods, so we could not tell where the battery was, except as we caught sight of the blaze of the guns. We let this last battery fire for some time, thinking it was one of our own, till a shell came from it we could not mistake. Col. Harker, coming up just then, reassured us they were rebels. Besides these fires, their infantry pickets were sending in their bullets thick and close. Shells struck all around us; in front, on both sides, to the rear, and among us; one passed through one of our horses and exploded inside his mate, tearing him in pieces. A piece of shell hit Rundell (detailed from 3d Wisconsin) in the hip, wounding him severely.

Within an hour we had silenced everything except the sharpshooters. We now rested and talked over the work lately engaged in. Soon the rebels opened again from the knob and from the right. We silenced them in less than ten minutes, but not till they had killed some more horses for us. Our loss that day was three men wounded, nine horses killed and many others disabled. At 8:30 P. M. we were relieved by Battery C, 1st Illinois, and I, 1st Ohio, of the 14th Corps. We went back to where our caissons lay and camped.

In this engagement the limbers were in quite as much danger while going to and fro between guns and caissons as at the immediate front; for the shells struck on every side of them, and some went as far to the rear as the caissons. It was almost miraculous that half or more of our men were not killed, while the infantry, who were just to the rear of us, suffered so severely. We fired 375 rounds, and must have received fully as many. Barr, of gun 4, met with an accident that disabled one of his hands for several weeks. He had taken a spoiled cartridge from one of the chests, and as some of the powder fell out through a hole in the cartridge and dropped into the fire near which he was standing, it ignited and exploded.

Just before changing positions with Battery A, gun 6, as well as 5 and 4, had to cease firing or kill our own men.

On the morning of the 21st we drew nine horses, necessitating the dismounting of some of Gen. Newton's orderlies and staff officers.

At six o'clock A. M. we started for the right to relieve a portion of Gen. Hooker's corps, which moved still further to the right. The road was quite miry, yet we reached our destination, which was about two miles from our late camp, with only one or two stalls.

The point to which we had come was where our works formed nearly a right angle and about two miles almost due south from Kennesaw's knob. We rested some time on top of a high hill, but hidden from the enemy by some tall, heavy woods on another hill in front of us. Cannonading was going on quite near our previous day's battle ground; it was reported that our relief had been silenced and that the enemy was still shelling them.

The Battery was ordered back about a quarter of a mile, to where there was a sort of fort near where the 20th Corps hospital had been, and where part of it still remained. As soon as possible—which was some little time, for we had to re-cross a miry creek that occasioned us some trouble—we were in position and firing at sound for targets. We could locate, by the smoke above the tree tops, one of the rebel forts within about half a mile that was doing the damage. To the location of the other fort—there were two engaged in this attack on our successors in yesterday's position—we had nothing to guide us except sound. We fired but few rounds before all cannonading ceased around the point to which we had sent our shells.

We were given the credit of having silenced those two rebel batteries. Gen. Howard sent one of his staff with his thanks for what we had done. Capt. Goodspeed, who stood among our guns during the firing, said he never saw anything to equal it as to splendid shots.

During the time we were directing our shots to the batteries the rebel sharpshooters, behind some rail piles in front of their works, about eight hundred yards distant, had been seeing how near they could send their bullets to us. Now that there was nothing else to engage us, we thought to attempt their dislodgement. A half dozen shells sent more than as many gray backs on the double

quick to their works. We then exploded some shell in a large house that stood in the edge of the woods, to the rear of their works. This was soon in flames. Then some more in and under a cotton-gin that stood to the right of the house, but that failed to burn. Then, having orders to continue firing, but with no particular object mentioned, we chose points along the works. Our shells exploded so well and went so nicely, to the very spot we wished, that in a few minutes there was a line of Johnnies running as if for life, from behind these works to the woods on their left. We dropped a few shells near them, as they ran, to hasten their flight. As the rebels left their rail piles for their works, a single infantry-man, from the 17th Kentucky, followed and did not stop until he was in the moat. Here he lay in safety, others coming up one at a time. As soon as the rebels were seen to be breaking for the cover of the woods, the whole 17th Kentucky and 15th Ohio Regiments, each man armed with a rail besides his musket, dashed forward, and were soon in possession of the rebel works, which they speedily reversed; and by the next day they were much stronger than when the rebels had left them. This rail charge was never forgotten in the army.

Some of the retreating enemy had taken refuge in the cotton-gin, but a shell or two soon drove them out.

At eleven o'clock, the next day, the Battery moved to the north end of the captured line, and lay under some large shade trees near an old house till late in the afternoon. Battery A was in position a little to the left, and did some firing. One signal corps had a station just to the rear of where we lay. The rebel sharpshooters paid strict attention to them and succeeded in wounding the principal signal officer.

At five o'clock a position had been found for us at some distance to the right. The captain rode up and said, "Boys, I'm going to take you to a warm place," and in a few minutes the Battery was in motion.

The position assigned us was just at the point where the rebels had entered the woods, when shelled from behind their works, the day before. Our infantry had built works there, as those of the rebels did not extend quite to the woods. Just as we moved up to the works, an infantry-man was killed by the side of No. 4 gun, almost falling over on it. A short time after, another was killed near the same place. Bullets came in very fast and close, but if

we lay low we should be out of harm's reach. That, however, could not be done, as embrasures must be made for our guns. While working at this Cogswell and Ralph were struck by spent balls, which left bruises on them but did not unfit them for duty.

As soon as the enemy discovered us he opened on us, from a battery they had in our immediate front, but we were so low they could not reach us, yet his shells greatly endangered us by cutting off limbs of trees over our heads.

"Whisky" now came along and ordered us to fire percussion shell! To have done so would have been simply slaughtering our own men, for our skirmish line was in the woods in front of us, and if a shell hit a limb or tree, it would explode and kill or greatly endanger our men beneath the trees. The order was obeyed so far that one shell was fired, and it exploded about ten rods in front of the gun, though it does not seem to have done any damage. At the order "fire," John Scales, who was No. 4 (the one who fires the gun) on No. 4 gun, in compliance with orders issued by the chief of artillery of the army, that under no circumstances should percussion shell be fired in woods over our own men, refused to pull the lanyard, although he had fixed the friction primer in the gun and stood with the lanyard almost taut at the position of "fire." Thinking the order had not been heard, or had been misunderstood, the order was again given and in no uncertain tones, in the words, "Pull, John, pull. Why in h—ll don't you pull?" For sometime after that, when marching by the infantry that were lying within hearing distance at the time, (the circumstances were soon known throughout the corps) they would call out to the commander by way of recognition, "Pull, John pull. Why in h—ll don't you pull?"

That day orders were given for all who were able to sit up, to report at the guns for duty. We were so worn down by overwork and the "Georgia gallop" as to have only four or five men to a gun.

At 1 P. M., on the 23d, we began to throw up some light works about twenty feet to the rear of the captured ones, and about fifty yards to our left, to protect us should we be replied to during the approaching shelling of the enemy, and our position had been changed so as to give us a better chance to fire without endangering our own troops. At four o'clock Capt. Bridges rode up. He had guns 2 and 3 fire a few shots to test the quality of our ammunition. It was found to be very poor, not one-quarter of the shells exploding.

At five o'clock we fired, as a signal, six guns, and scarcely had the last one sent forth its missile of death before all the batteries, for three miles on each side of us, were firing at will. We continued for about fifteen minutes. Immediately on our ceasing the infantry in front of the 4th and 14th Corps sounded the charge, but as no one moved save a portion of the 100th Illinois, that lay in our front, they were of course worsted, as they had no support. As Col. Bartleson, commanding the regiment, rode through the gap near our guns, he stopped to say a few words to some of our men with whom he was acquainted, and then rode forward. Just as he reached the cotton-gin a bullet killed him, not five minutes after he was talking with us. His loss was deeply felt by all who knew him, for he was an officer who had the respect of both officers and men.

This demonstration on our front was a feint to call the attention of the enemy to our portion of the lines while Stanley, with the 1st Division of our corps, (the 4th) who had been sent some distance to the right, could with less risk attempt the capture of a strongly fortified hill, which, if in our possession, would put our lines in better shape and materially strengthen them. Stanley charged and was successful, capturing the hill with very little loss. As soon as the enemy could get their forces concentrated, they charged resolutely to re-take the hill, but, being twice repulsed with much loss, they desisted.

The mistake made in our front by the 100th Illinois caused us to expect a charge by the rebels, so we ran our guns up to the main works and cut embrasures as soon as we could. A few rebels did appear, but they were prisoners, not wild Johnnies as rebels were called when running loose.

Toward dark a large number of deserters from our army were marched by. They had been released from prison by order of the President, on condition that they would return to their commands and serve faithfully. Among them was John Hammond, of our Battery.

On the 24th Adler wrote and handed to Gen. Howard a memorial, asking that some steps be taken in regard to the immense amount of whisky punished by those in authority. The general read it and promised his attention.

This day Aylshire was forever separated from us. He was sent to the 20th Corps, and Capt. Goodspeed, of Battery A, 1st

Ohio, by seniority of rank, became chief of artillery in his stead. The day was remarkably quiet, very few shots being fired from either side. Our horses had not been unharnessed for several days, and were beginning to look very rough. At dusk Gen. Brannon rode up and ordered them unharnessed and left so until further orders, or until needed.

That day caissons 1, 2 and 3 were sent back to Big Shanty in charge of Sergt. Gillette, to get ammunition, as it could not be hauled to us in wagons as fast as needed. The caissons returned on the 26th. The drivers enjoyed all the commissary they wanted while gone.

Pontoon trains now began to arrive, to be in readiness should opportunity be offered to effect a crossing of the Chattahoochee. For several days we had very pleasant weather, and though it was past harvest time, it seemed like spring. We had not seen our baggage wagon (that was to have been kept closed up with the Battery) for several days, but now being informed that no more aggressive movements on our part would be made for sometime, the wagons were ordered up.

On that morning there was a grand artillery duel between the batteries of the 14th Corps and the rebel guns on top of Kenesaw. We could not see where their shells struck, but could see ours explode so nicely—apparently against the very muzzles of their guns—that our troops kept up almost a continual cheer. In about an hour the rebel guns were silenced, but in the afternoon they opened again. This time it did not require so long to silence them. Our batteries continued to shell them and the knob all the afternoon, and at five o'clock succeeded in exploding one of their caissons on the knob. Then there was shouting and cheering along our lines. All that night the pioneers were hard at work throwing up a fort around the cotton-gin, for a battery of twenty and twenty-four-pounders—the 11th Indiana Battery. The enemy discovered it and kept it quite warm for a time.

Early on the morning of Sunday, the 26th, we began to improve on our embrasures, for it seemed that there was a storm brewing. The guns on the right needed more done for them than those on the left, so the men of 5 and 6 assisted 1 and 2. Charles Sickles (detailed from the 3d Wisconsin Battery) of No. 5, had just returned to his gun from helping No. 1, when a bullet struck him in the back of his head and passed out through his forehead.

He said, "I'm shot," and fell dead. But a few minutes before, while needlessly exposing himself on the works, he was told he would be hit. "They can't hit me," was his reply.

At 10:45 A. M. we buried him near where there had been about twenty buried before. Lieut. Burton read a chapter from the Bible and Sergt. Murphy offered an appropriate prayer.

That morning Hulse, who as before stated, belonged to Colvin's battery, but could not reach it, died in division hospital.

The same day Dr. Brown, a three-months' volunteer, joined us as Battery surgeon. During the whole day troops were moving to the right. Telegraph lines now ran from Sherman's headquarters to all the department headquarters, thus dispensing with much of the signal work, and bringing all parts of the field within conversing distance. At dark the 11th Indiana Battery, with four twenty-pounder Parrotts and two twenty-four-pounder howitzers, moved into the new fort.

Early on the morning of the 27th our Battery was moved to the front of Davis' (2d) division, of the 14th Corps. This was about a mile and a half to the right of where we had lain. Our first thought was that there was to be an attack at this point, but when the infantry were maneuvered on top of the hills, in plain view of the rebels, instead of in the ravines, where there was ample place and where they could not be seen by the enemy until at the moment they were ready to advance, we concluded it could only be another feint while the attack was to be at some other point. While the troops were marching to and fro, forming lines, we had a short greeting with our old friends of Chickamunga—the 78th Illinois, 121st Ohio, etc. But how little did we think as we shook hands with them and wished them godspeed as their bugle sounded, that within an hour many of them would be sleeping the sleep that knows no waking! They were in the front line and when we became convinced that it was no feint, we looked to see our old firm friends march on to speedy and grand victory. Twelve lines, one in rear of the other, had formed, and we felt that nothing short of complete success could be the result.

At 9:40 the lines slowly moved to the attack. Col. Dan McCook rode in front of the first line and addressed them: "Boys, go just as far as you can and then lie down. I will keep your support closed up ready to march by you." The colonel was soon carried from the field mortally wounded. The front line steadily

and firmly advanced, but the others halted. Up within a few yards of the enemy's works this brave line pushed its way through brush and stumps and amid a shower of lead and canister. The line halts and throws itself upon the ground, though many of them press on, scale the rebel works and are made prisoners. The line lies still, waiting for their support to pass by them, but it comes not. The enemy are slaughtering these brave men as they lie upon the ground waiting for their supports. Those who are yet untouched look back and discover that no reinforcements are coming. They rise to their feet and break for the rear, many falling at every foot, pierced by the enemy's bullets. As a few of our comrades came scattering back, we could scarcely believe that what we beheld was the truth.

It was thought in a few minutes the charge would be resumed; but no, we had been repulsed—signally repulsed, and there was no more charging to be done to sacrifice life. Major Yager, of the 121st Ohio, who, not half an hour before had warmly bade us good-bye, was now a corpse within twenty yards of the enemy's works surrounded by scores of bodies of those he had led to the charge but a few minutes before. There were not many wounded, for the rebels had their own way and made sure work. There the bodies lay for two days before we could bury them, and then they were so far decayed that the stench, arising from them, made it almost impossible to approach them.

The enemy seemed quite as much surprised as we that the charge was not resumed, and lay almost quiet till noon, when, discovering that all signs of a renewal were removed, they opened with their artillery.

But if our immediate front, the 14th Corps, had been defeated, we were borne up with the hope that our own 4th Corps had not. But listen to the word that comes from there: "Harker led his brigade to the charge. He is killed and his men are nearly all killed or made prisoners." Reports vary: "Harker is mortally wounded." "Harker is only severely wounded; he will recover." "Harker is dead." But all agree that his brigade is badly cut up. "Defeat, sore defeat," is the word from all quarters. From our division we learn that they charged six companies deep. They formed one company in solid square in rear of another, and thus they moved to the assault. With little loss the front line reached the works and captured them in many places, marching a number

of prisoners back to our works; but as the rebels who had fled, discovered that our front line was not supported, they returned, recaptured their works and began to mow our men down by their enfilading fires, till the victors became the victims. Our division (2d Division 4th Corps) was reported to have lost over 700 killed, wounded and prisoners. Among the killed was brave Harker, brigade commander of our brigade, the 3d.

As Col. Harker put on his coat at headquarters, preparatory to going to the head of his brigade, he took a package of papers from his pocket and handed them to one of his aids saying, "Send those to my mother, for I shall not return," and mounting his horse he rode to—death!

Col. Harker stood high in the love and esteem of all who knew him, whether officers or privates, and his loss was deeply felt throughout the corps. In him the nation lost one who never shrank from his duty to his country, and one who was ever at the front in the hour of danger. He met danger without the least sign of fear. He had long merited promotion, but as he was not one to ask for it, he received it not. Long after his death he was regularly promoted, first to brigadier and then to major general.

But to return to our portion of the field. About 500 yards to our right, and on top of a high, bald hill, Battery M, 1st New York, and the 13th New York Battery had taken position. Early in the morning they opened on the enemy, and received no reply till noon, when the rebels opened on them in good earnest. The rebel artillery made some good shots though disastrous to us. Both sides continued firing till dark.

At 1 P. M. all began building shades for the horses, for in the ravine where we lay the heat of the mid-day sun was almost insufferable. Just as the shades were completed, the horses under them, and the men trying to catch breath after their hard work, orders were given to hitch up. We did so, and lay there till after five, when ordered to unhitch and unharness. At six o'clock the caissons closed up with us. At eight o'clock, just as all were spreading down their blankets for the night, a detail of fifteen men was made, to go and cut a road to where our lines were entrenching themselves. This looked as though there might be another forward on the morrow, and it was hoped there would be, for the men were not satisfied with the disgraceful defeat it had been thus far.

Armed with axes, pickaxes, and spades, the fifteen had come to an "arms at will," and were awaiting the command "forward," when they were told to turn in again, as three hundred men could do very little where it was intended they were to go.

Thus ended that bloody day. We had attempted to cut the rebel army in twain, and if possible to capture one entire half of it. There is no good reason for the failure. We had their works in many places and could have pushed on to complete victory had all parts of the machinery worked as desired. General Sherman, in his official report, takes all the blame for the failure upon himself. In this he wrongs an innocent and blameless person. His plans were well formed and we think would have met with complete success, had it not been for the presence of so much "fire water" among his subordinates. Alas! how many thousands that demon whisky killed during the war!

At five o'clock, on the morning of the 28th, our artillery opened briskly on the enemy with shell, the rebels saying nothing till about eight o'clock, when they responded, firing mostly at random. All were quietly enjoying the shades with the horses, when along came a shell striking on the hill above us and dropping, exploded between the guns and caissons. Kopf, of gun 3, saw the shell as it ricocheted from the hill, and, knowing it was coming near, fell upon his face, just as the shell struck not three feet ahead of him. It quite covered him with earth and we thought he must be killed, but he arose to his feet, shaking off the dust and with his peculiar smile, said, "Golly, that was close." But a piece of it had made even a closer call to another. Bates, of gun 3, (detailed from 3d Wisconsin) was near where it exploded; a piece of it tore out a portion of the rim of his hat, and just grazed his right ear. Sergts. Tait and Cope, of gun 6, were sitting writing under a small shade they had put up; a shell passed through one corner of it and within two feet of their heads. Another shell exploded in the midst of a game of poker, eagerly watched by a crowd of perhaps a dozen men. The fragments of the shell flew upward with the cards, the stakes and a cloud of dust, but no one was hurt. Other shells came close and wounded some of the infantry near by. We hitched up, but at eleven unhitched again.

At 2 P. M. orders were received to rejoin our division. We moved to the left about a mile and selected a camp ground about

eighty rods in rear of our lines. Great care was taken in policing before putting up our tents, for we expected to remain here several days. In fact, there was some cause for believing we should not again be sent to the front. We were told that as soon as another battery could get here from Nashville, we were to be relieved and allowed to go to the rear to recuperate.

At nine and then again at twelve o'clock, in the night of the 28th, the rebels tried charging in our front. They kept up considerable of a rumpus for about half an hour each time, many of their bullets reaching our camp. Our artillery quieted them both times.

On the morning of the 29th our horses, that were unfit for a fifteen days' march, were selected out and turned over. About half of them were included among the condemned. These preparations for a long march did not promise much for our relief. Besides turning over the worn-out horses we must reduce the number of our guns till we should have men enough to man the others. Two guns were turned over. Those of the left section were chosen. The cannoneers and drivers were distributed among the other sections, while the "nons" were thrown out of employment, not entirely to their dislike.

At assembly that night orders were received to put all our baggage, except one blanket, one poncho and half a Purp tent into the wagon—the exceptions we were to carry. Then immediately following the order, were told to go to the quartermaster sergeant's tent and put down our names for such clothing as we wanted! This we considered a good joke and greeted it with hearty laughter—to think us still verdant enough to draw clothing that day, after having just been told as plainly as could be wished for, that on the next we should have to throw it away.

During the day there was an armistice at our front for the purpose of burying the dead of the late failure. Midway between the lines were hundreds of blue and gray backs, not all engaged in burying the slain, but many conversing foe with foe. Many pounds of coffee and tobacco changed hands that day, besides scores of newspapers. Some of the Johnnies came inside our works, and many of them thought they did not feel like walking to and fro between the lines, so they remained with us. An agreement was entered into—among the privates—that neither side was to fire without warning the other, and for a day or two after scarcely a

shot was fired. If, however, the rebs did feel like sending a shot over, they would call out, "Look out there, Yank, we're going to shoot," and soon there would come the bullet. Our men were equally courteous, calling out, "Lie down there, Johnny."

During the night Davis' men were advancing their lines by rolling barrels filled with earth in front of them. At 3 A. M. the rebels discovered the trick and immediately tried to drive our men back with a shower of bullets. Our artillery responded, and in about half an hour all was again quiet. The Battery was hitched up and ready to move, not knowing how soon it might be called upon.

At 6 A. M., on the 30th, we moved to a small fort about a quarter of a mile east of our camp. Between this fort and the enemy the ground was open, and the Johnnies could be plainly seen as they walked about on their works. The lines were almost within conversing distance. Both lines were just at the edge of heavy woods, so that a rod or two to the rear of the works a person would be out of sight to those opposite. The men worked a little at the embrasures, dressing them up so as to make them a little more serviceable. It was noticed that the Johnnies were making embrasures too, but they were allowed to work, as by agreement each party was not to be interrupted without first receiving warning. All was quiet here, but just to our right firing was kept up without intermission. Two Kentucky regiments there confronted each other. They were sworn enemies, and would not even think of sparing a shot whenever they saw even a puff of smoke. At night even a fire-fly exposing its light would be fired at, being mistaken for a distant flash of an enemy's gun. There were brothers opposing brothers, sons opposing fathers, yet in no part of the armies was there as much intense hatred as when "Greek met Greek." There was no reconciliation between them.

On the 30th Lieut. Fluskey started for Chattanooga in charge of the condemned artillery of the corps, each battery that was short in men having turned over a section. In the afternoon we had our regular biennial muster, and Nathaniel Banks, of gun 4, was announced corporal of the same. That month we had marched only about thirty-three miles, were engaged twelve days, had been under fire twenty days and fired 1,817 rounds.

It rained considerable on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July. At 7 P. M., on the 1st, all our artillery opened on the enemy. This was

thought to be ample warning to those in our front, so we took the privilege of sending them sixteen rounds, expecting they would reply, but they said not a word. Samuel Patton, of gun 2, went to the hospital, very sick.

On the 2d cannonading began at 4:30 A. M. in front of Kenesaw, and gradually worked around to our position, when we fired forty rounds. At dusk the Battery moved back to near the position occupied on the 26th. That day Corp. Brown, of gun 6, left for hospital with the scurvy, and never returned to the Battery. Robert Stewart, Ezra Winnemore and Geo. Johnson returned from hospital. They brought the cheering news that we were being largely reinforced by fresh troops. That night preparations were made for a warm day on the morrow. We were to take a more advanced position and were to engage the rebel fort that stood about 800 yards in front of us, which we knew would not spare us when they discovered our position.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT sunrise of Sunday, the 3d, it was learned that the enemy had again fallen back. In half an hour the star spangled banner waved from the summit of Kennesaw, and troops were immediately started in pursuit of the flying foe. At eight o'clock our Battery slowly moved out.

Marietta was about three miles ahead. We halted for some time in a beautiful grove in its southern suburbs. This gave us opportunity to take a glance at the large grave-yard, run through the town, and to visit the much talked of military academy. In the grave-yard were found many head-boards marked, "Killed at Dalton," "Killed at Resaca," "Killed in action May —, 1864," etc., etc.

We found the town to be a very pretty and promising place. It contained many large, brick buildings, and bore marks of having done considerable business before the war. It stands on the highest ground of any place on that railroad.

The military academy stands on a high rise of ground about eighty rods south of the city. From its roof could be had one of the grandest views ever offered us during the war. Two miles and a half to the northeast stand the twins Kennesaw, the larger rising to the height of 1,828 feet above the level of the sea. To the south and west of them stand Lost and Pine Mountains. Then swinging around to the left till to about the northeast, there was one level green ocean as far as the eye could see, or till the heavens appeared to meet its green surface, unbroken, save by Stone Mountain, about ten miles nearly east. This rises to the height of 2,200 feet, and appears like a huge sugar loaf rising from the depths of the plain. Our eyes had so long been used to seeing no more than a stretch of but a mile or two, that we had to shade them when extending our gaze over this enchanting scene. In the distant northeast could be seen the dim outlines of spurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains, while some nearer was Hog Mountain, and still nearer

Black Jack and several smaller ones. This green ocean that lay beneath our feet extending toward the south, and which appeared as smooth as a sheet of level ice, we found to be quite uneven upon descending to its depths. Aided by our captain's field-glass, so enchanting was the scene from the roof of the academy that when the bugle sounded "stand to horse," all were loath to descend and march over the rough, rugged country which lay before us.

We passed one or two lines of works after leaving Marietta, and camped at night about five and a half miles from there, close by the side of the railroad. While marching out from Marietta we met quite a number of deserters coming in, bringing their arms with them. They reported that the rebel army was nearly demoralized.

The Fourth dawned bright and beautiful, but by noon it had become so hot and sultry that breathing became very difficult. At six o'clock in the morning we moved our guns about half a mile to the front and left our caissons at our night's camp. The rebels appeared to have thrown up hasty works, and acted as though they were determined to stand behind them. With considerable reluctance they gave up their first line. Their artillery, stationed in small forts back of their second line, shelled us freely. The day was certainly too warm for charging or throwing up works, so it was passed in maneuvering and preparing for an early assault in the cool of the next morning. We moved the Battery first to one position and then to another—changing places several times during the day, but managing each time to stop in the open field, where the sun poured his burning rays almost perpendicularly upon us, and where shells and slugs appeared to be trying to see how near to us they could hit. At each new position we threw up slight works, but were not allowed to fire. There were very few of us who were not perfectly willing to say nothing this day. Water was scarce and the day so hot it was about as much as one wished to do to breathe without working. And we were glad not to be ordered to engage two or three batteries which were posted so as to give an enfilading fire on us, each apparently with good earth works to protect it, while we had none. But, as it grew cooler, toward evening, we took position in an orchard beside a small house and worked till long after dark in throwing up a fort with flank protections for each gun, to guard against the effects of enfilading fire.

Little "Battery" left us on this day, and we mourned him as dead, thinking a stray bullet from the enemy had killed him.

Early on the morning of the 5th the enemy sent us a few bullets, but our skirmishers soon advanced to "feel them," not a shot being fired from either side after they were in motion. On they went up to the rebel works and then over them, when behold, there stood about a dozen unarmed rebels before them! The others had left during the night, and these were ordered to remain and keep up the firing that we might not know of their withdrawal.

Our Battery moved out at eight o'clock. The 4th Corps traveled on the left side, and the 14th on the right side of the railroad, close by the side of the railroad track, till in the afternoon, when we crossed, and the two corps marched side by side in the same road. The advance kept close up with the rebel rear guard all day, and every few minutes one side or the other would open with artillery. At two o'clock we came out on top of a high ridge. From here could be seen where several batteries—ours and the rebels'—were in position. We got ready to fire, but were ordered not to, as our lines were advancing so rapidly that it would make it unsafe to fire over them.

We halted at 3 P. M. near the crossing at Vinings Station. Just to our left stood a high hill from which the signal corps was telegraphing to other posts. As we expected to lie here for some time, many of us were soon on top of the hill. About three miles to the south could be seen the whole rebel wagon train parked in a large opening near the railroad bridge, waiting to cross. The 7th Indiana Battery, with four ten-pounder Parrotts, was now on the hill and trying to reach the rebel wagons with its shell, but the target was too far off to be hit.

About eight miles to the southeast could be seen what we had long been fighting for—Atlanta. This was our first sight of the city. With its tall steeples looming up before us, it seemed we could almost reach it with shell from where we stood.

About three-quarters of a mile to the east of us flowed the murky Chattahoochee. Our next forward would bring us to its bank; then we expected to have a long siege, or a bloody battle in order to effect a crossing.

The body of a rebel soldier had been found hanging to a tree about half way down, and at the north end of the hill. He had evidently hanged himself, as he was suspended by one of his

suspenders. By papers found in his pocket, his name appeared to be B. P. Duncan. We afterwards learned that two more bodies had been found farther around to the west on the hill.

This hill was known thereafter as Signal Hill. We used frequently to ask citizens the names of hills, mountains or creeks, and they would reply, "We don't know no name for it, but you uns call it so and so."

At 8:30 P. M. we moved forward about a mile and took position on a high ridge about two hundred feet above the river and near its edge. Battery A took position near us on our left. We immediately began fortifying, and were soon joined by some pioneers, who did so little and stole so much as to make us sorry they had not remained away.

Baker, of gun 1, and Ryan, of gun 3, went to the hospital with scurvy. Baker never returned to the Battery.

On the morning of the 6th we took a survey of our position. We were about forty rods from the river, and between us and it, and a little to our right, was a field of corn. Just below this field and on the opposite side, lay a pontoon bridge that the enemy had cut loose from our side and let it swing around to his own. This was at the regular ferry on the road from Marietta to Atlanta. The rebels had works thrown up on both sides of the road and extending some distance up and down the river. Their works were within easy range of our cannon, and some so near that the infantry, lying behind them, reached us with their bullets. At eight o'clock the batteries above and below us began to shell the rebels. Shortly after Gen. Sherman and his chiefs of staff departments—Gens. Barry, Elliott and Corse; Gen. Thomas and his chiefs, Gens. Brannan and Whipple; and Gens. Howard, Palmer, Schofield, Newton and Wood visited us. They had Battery A fire a few shots, and then called upon gun 2, of our Battery. But there were too many gunners. Each general thought he knew best, so very poor shots were made. They chose some rebel works about 1,200 yards distant for a target, but failed to touch them.

At night the cars arrived at Vinings Station, which, by the way, consisted of a wood shed and a small hut used as a telegraph office, and announced their coming to the rebels by whistling for about half an hour. The next day an engine ran out within

musket shot of the enemy's lines, and whistled a long while at the Johnnies, who were so taken aback by this audacity on the part of our engineer that they did not fire a shot.

At 6 P. M., on the 7th, we fired sixteen rounds at the rebel works near the pontoon in order to have the range in case the rebels should open, for we thought we detected a fort standing back a short distance, but nearly hidden by trees and brush in its front. At 8:15 we fired four guns, when immediately five other batteries stationed near us opened, and kept the air for about fifteen minutes perfectly ablaze with the discharge of guns and the explosion of their shells. There was a large rebel camp, to judge from fires to be seen, about two miles to the east. To that we sent a number of shells. At 9:20 Gen. Howard sent us orders to fire two volleys at long range, so we sent them six thirty-second fuse and two percussion shells, each at an elevation of ten degrees. During the night the rebels tried to secure their pontoon by letting it drop down below our lines, but as soon as it was cut loose it swung across to our side.* Our forces quietly took possession of it. They also cut away considerable timber in front of their works at the ferry, so that on the morning of the 8th we could plainly see their fort. Early in the morning they sent us a few bullets, some of which struck in our camp. During the day an understanding was come to between the picket lines, and both sides went in bathing together. Our men would swim over to their side, carrying coffee, gold pens, knives, etc., and in exchange bring back tobacco. This was continued for two or three days, till a rebel colonel, who was a Kentucky officer, ordered our men to remain on their own side of the river.

The enemy yet held quite a large district extending above and below the railroad bridge on the west side of the river, and on the morning of the 8th, as Col. Frank Sherman, with his orderly, rode out to examine our picket lines, he found himself inside the rebel lines and surrounded by rebel bayonets.

At 2 A. M., on the 9th, pioneers went to the edge of the river at the north end of the ridge on which we lay, and began cutting at and pounding on trees, and occasionally would chop one down. Others had a dozen planks which they would carry to and fro, throwing them down near the water's edge so as to make a noise. Some would play mule drivers and curse their teams vociferously. Officers would swear at the men, and tell them to hurry,

work lively, and not to make so much noise. Then others would splash in the water as though a pontoon was being launched. Thus it continued until just as day dawned, when all was cleared away, and by the time it was light enough for the rebels to see across the river there was not a sign left of anything having been done. This was a feint which attracted the enemy to this point so that a pontoon could be thrown across some distance above, where a crossing was effected and two cannon captured—the rebels having been taken by surprise. In the forenoon Battery A joined the division to go on a march up the river. They crossed the river about eight miles above us, and went seven miles further on the east side. At Rosswell our cavalry, which scoured the country on the flanks, captured a factory and three hundred female operatives; these three hundred were subsequently given their choice to go north or south, and about half of them went north. The division found no rebels, but great quantities of forage, for the valley along the river was a rich farming district. They lost seven men, killed, while they were gone. They returned on the 12th.

During the time the division was absent we did very little. The rebels opened several times from their fort at the ferry, and fired at the men on Signal Hill. We replied to them three or four times, but they never returned the compliment. On the 11th, the enemy having got all their wagons and stores safely across the bridge, they burned it, leaving nothing to fall into our hands.

At night after our division returned, we got orders to join it, so we were up by 3 A. M., of the 13th, and by daylight were ready to move. While letting our guns down the hill to where the limbers were, gun 4 got loose, and was soon going at the rate of two-forty. It finally stopped as it struck a stump and capsized, breaking one of the wheels and other portions of the carriage. Our division was found camped at Merritt's Mills, about three miles above. We unhitched and put up our tents, but at 9:30 had to hitch up and cross the pontoon bridge about a mile further on. This bridge was made of skeleton pontoons covered with canvas. We camped two miles southeast of the bridge and began to throw up works, working till 9 P. M.

Blackberries were now ripening, and at every opportunity we were out in search of them, as they were wanted not only as a luxury but a preventive of scurvy. There were no rebels within two miles of us, so we had quite a large range, but there were so many others to share with us, that we got very few berries. •

On the 14th men were sent back to Marietta for fresh horses. They brought about a dozen that all declared were good frames.

On the 17th Loomis joined us from hospital. We got a sprinkle of rain nearly every day, but not in sufficient quantity to lay the dust. The season was quite late. Corn was only a little more than waist high, yet with all the rain and cold weather we had had there were some days that were regular scorchers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Now that our army was safely across the river, and with scarcely the loss of a man, and since we had had several days of rest, we must again onward, not to Richmond, but to Atlanta, the Gate City of the south, and the great objective point of this campaign. The 18th of July was the day on which the several portions of this grand army were to break camp. At two o'clock in the morning the "general" was sounding in all directions. We drew rations and by four o'clock were on the road. At seven o'clock the enemy's pickets were met and skirmishing began. In half an hour they opened on us with a battery, sending their shells crashing through the trees, cutting off limbs and exploding or burying themselves in the earth. Several went by and struck near our caissons. We took position, but the trees stood so thick we could not see to fire any distance. The rebels fell back and our forces followed on. At twelve o'clock they again made a stand and opened with their artillery. They had a battery on a high hill on the south side of Nancy's Creek. We took position in a level field on the north side and replied to them, but they soon withdrew. Here Col. Opdycke lost his favorite horse. He had him buried and set up a finely lettered head-board at his grave.

At 1 P. M. we halted at Buckhead Cross Roads, where five roads come together, and threw up a small work for defense, should the enemy try a charge.

At noon the next day we took another position about forty rods to the left and made some embrasures in the works the infantry had built. At half past three received orders to hitch up, and moved about a mile to the front where we lay till dark, then moved over hills and through swampy creeks, most of the time picking our way through the brush and trees, and camped in an open space, on the south side of a hill, and nearly a mile to the left of the main road.

Were up by 2:30 A. M. on the 20th. As soon as it was daylight we discovered a large field of corn near by and got some to feed our horses. At six o'clock the Battery moved out—the infantry being already in motion—going back toward the road. Just as we began to turn our pieces a bullet struck one of the carriages. It came from the direction of the infantry camp, near Peach Tree Creek, and some one called out to them to be more careful, and was answered by a second one striking the lid of the battery wagon just as the men were getting something out. It was then discovered that we were within almost pistol shot of the rebel pickets. They soon wounded a man and a horse for Battery A and killed two of our horses. We took position in the edge of a field, to the right of the road, and began to throw up works. It was rumored that all were to lie quiet till 5 P. M., or until the day became cooler, when the enemy's works on the south side were to be charged.

The Johnnies had burned the bridge that spanned the creek at this point, and our pioneers were rapidly building another. The creek was about sixty feet wide and eight to ten feet deep at this place. On the south side there was a high hill over which the road passed. The road ascended the hill by winding along between it and the creek, for a short distance, and then going up a gradual slope. The south side of this hill was quite steep. About one thousand yards farther on was another hill that was as high above the first as that was above the creek. The enemy had strong works on both of these hills, but had been driven from the first by our advance. The rebels had a battery on the second hill and shelled us nearly the whole forenoon with it.

About 4 P. M. our infantry had effected a crossing, and, pushing on, found no enemy even on top of the second hill, his artillery having been withdrawn as soon as our forces were crossing the creek. The 20th Corps had also effected a crossing to our right, and about half a mile down the stream. The enemy appeared to be engaging it some distance farther down for there was very heavy musketry and artillery firing going on.

As soon as our infantry ascended the second hill, our Battery was ordered across in great haste by an officer of Gen. Thomas' staff, who rode on to order up other batteries lying in rear of our position.

Just as we reached the summit of the first hill with our guns, at 4:15, we discovered the enemy issuing from the woods in our

front and to the left of the second hill, and almost immediately a volley of bullets was sent into our broadside. Our infantry had thrown up some feeble works here. We unlimbered as best we could, in the sudden jam that was occasioned by this unexpected attack, and began to shell the enemy, who had planted two guns at the edge of the woods to engage us and thus draw our fire from his infantry. These guns fired but three shots before they had to limber to the rear, and we heard no more from them. It was evident the rebels were attempting to reach the bridge and thus cut us off from our left wing; and could they but reach the shelter of the hill, on which we stood, the way would be open to them. Through the fields below us came heavy columns of the enemy, with colors flying, and in as fine array as if on dress parade. Gen. Thomas, who was standing near our guns, was the first to point out the enemy, with the words, "There they are; give them canister." We poured in the shrapnell, and, as these columns came nearer we gave them canister, and as they came still nearer we double-shotted our guns. General Thomas, meanwhile, looking on and clapping his hands as he saw them waver. "Give it to them!" "Well done!" "That is good!" he would shout. As we finally checked them, when they had almost reached the foot of the hill and shelled them back to the cover of the woods, he said: "You have driven them back well; now give them a cheer." But never had a hearty cheer been heard in the Battery, and even on this occasion we could not raise one. We had done most efficient work and had come into position at a most opportune moment: had made the most of our grand opportunity, but, as usual, we most fortunately had but one man wounded—Scanlon, of gun 1, detailed from 3d Wisconsin Battery, who had been hit in the heel by a bullet, while we had inflicted a most severe loss upon the enemy.

The rebels wavered and rallied three times, and when they finally broke were so nearly under us that to depress his piece sufficiently to reach them, the gunner of gun 3, held the trail as high as his breast as he commanded fire. He measured his length on the ground some feet to the rear of where he had stood, but luckily received no severe hurt. Once Lieut. Burton mounted the works just at the muzzle of one of the guns, as the command fire was given by the gunner, and, had the man at the lanyard not observed him, the lieutenant would have lost his life by one of his own guns. During this day we fired about three hundred rounds.

Battery A, 1st Ohio, was in position at the foot of the second hill and did excellent execution. We were on the extreme left of our portion of the army, there being only a portion of a regiment above us, on the creek; then there was a gap of over four miles to the right of Melpherson's corps, which was passing around the enemy's right to attack Atlanta from the east.

Johnston had that day been removed and Hood placed at the head of the rebel army. Hood was aware of the gap before mentioned, and, seeing an opportunity to make his name immortal, ordered the charge. He was mistaken in the exact locality of the gap, and his mistake probably saved us several months of hard fighting and many lives. As luck would have it his right happened to agree exactly with our left and thus, he was met at every point. We confronted Stevens' division of Hardee's corps. Stevens was mortally wounded and his dead horse was left lying about half way between our guns and and the woods.

A rebel correspondent, from the rebel headquarters, thus describes that day in a letter to a Macon paper.

"Night, July 20. A battle, or rather an engagement, has taken place, and the fitful flashes of musketry along the lines denote that it has ended without substantial results. I will not enter much into details, and probably it would not be prudent to do so. First, because of the incompleteness of the affair, and secondly, the liability of capture while this letter is en-route to Macon, it being likely that the enemy will strike our only remaining line of communication to-night. The following, therefore, is only a simple outline of the afternoon's work:

"The object of Gen. Hood in planning the attack was twofold, namely, to withdraw if possible from the enemy's left, to center and right, a portion of the forces with which he had been so persistently pressing our right; and to defeat and cut up one of his wings. By examining the map and recalling the preceding description of the situation of Sherman's forces, you will observe that a portion of the line of the latter extended from near the junction of the Chattahoochee and Peach Tree Creek in an easterly direction. Into this angle it was believed that by a proper combination of our forces, we could drive the right of Sherman's army, and effect the object in view. Stewart's corps held our left, Hardee the center. The attack by these two bodies was nearly simultaneous. The advance commenced about two o'clock. Leaving their breastworks

our men slowly, but confidently, pushed their way toward the front. Skirmishing began almost immediately. Strange to say, a part of the enemy's line was discovered to be advancing. Our men charged with a yell and drove it back in disorder. One, two, and in some instances three lines of incipient or temporary breastworks were mounted and left behind, and the battle in our favor appeared to go on swimmingly. (This was in front of the 14th and 20th Corps.) Suddenly Stewart was brought to a standstill. In his front was the main line of Yankee intrenchments and a redoubt manned by a Yankee battery.

"Gathering fresh strength, however, one of his brigades plunged against the works and it yielded. A heavy enfilading fire from a park of artillery on the right drove them back. The federals re-occupied the redoubt. Our men advanced a second time and again captured it; but the same terrible fire, pouring upon them from the distant artillery, they were compelled to abandon the prize. Meanwhile, Hardee had also reached the continuation of the same line. (In front of our Battery.) His men fighting bravely, had overcome every obstacle thus far, and were prepared to dash yet further on and drive the enemy into the creek. But here the judgment of the commander and the gallantry of the troops were at variance.

"Gen. Hardee deemed it imprudent to risk the lives of his men in achieving an object which threatened to cost so much. A halt was ordered. Our loss in the affair will doubtless not fall short of 1,000 or 1,200. Six hundred and five killed and wounded have been reported in the corps of Gen. Stewart. Our captures are two or three stands of colors (they lost nearly a dozen) and some three or four hundred prisoners. Hooker's corps is reported by prisoners to be badly crippled."

"Gen. Stevens was shot (in our front as before stated) while leading his men; the ball entering behind the right ear and lodging in the brain, from which it has not, up to this writing, been removed. His horse was killed at the same moment, and two men who went to his relief were wounded. One may judge of the severity of the enemy's fire from these statements."

At 5:30 our right section was sent to our previous night's camp to check the rebels at that point should they again advance. Thus closed our third noted 20th.

Next day all the dead in our front were buried, but the enemy would not allow the 20th Corps to bury the dead rebels in their

front, neither would the rebels bury them themselves, so that by the 22d, when the enemy had withdrawn, the bodies had lain so long in the hot sun that no one felt like approaching them; and thus many were never buried.

On the morning of the 22d, we drew large rations of whisky, and soon some were feeling good. We moved out at 9:30. At twelve the right section moved forward and took position, and at three the centre section also took position, but we had orders not to fire until the works were sufficiently strong to warrant it, so we fortified, being shelled all the afternoon by the enemy who was scouring the woods in search of Yankees as far as he could reach with his shells. Our caissons were left about half a mile to the rear and were in quite as much danger as were the guns. The works we were building and on which we worked all night were, as we afterwards learned, one mile and a quarter from the city, and about eighty rods to the right of the Atlanta and Marietta pike.

During the day heavy firing was heard toward the left front, and we were told it was McPherson approaching the east side of the city. At one time it was reported he was already in the city. The news was hurried to the rear and next morning's *Chattanooga Gazette* contained a long account of the capture of the Gate City, and of how grand the stars and stripes appeared as they waved over the court house. There really was some ground for the rumor, as McPherson's troops were really inside the city limits at one time, and there is little doubt that, could our part of the army have engaged the attention of the enemy so as to have drawn some of his force to our front, the city might have been ours that day and the rebel army badly crippled. Toward night we received the painful announcement of McPherson's death. Although we had never served under him, yet we looked upon him as being an able general, and all felt that in his death the nation had suffered a great loss.

CHAPTER XXV.

ATLANTA was not yet taken, and as it seemed imprudent to attempt its capture by charging its formidable works, a regular siege was begun. Accordingly "fortify" was the order, and, wherever there was a portion of the enemy's lines which if taken would straighten ours, a charge had to be made. Thus the 20th, 14th and afterwards the 16th, 17th and 23d Corps captured several lines of fortifications. With the 4th Corps our first lines were our last with slight exceptions as we were as near the enemy's forts as the lay of the country would permit us to approach. Between the ridge on which we were and that on which the enemy had his forts, was a sort of valley broken directly in front of our Battery by a hill so high as to obscure our view of what lay beyond.

We continued our work on the 23d. The enemy shelled the woods all day, doing but little damage. The shells appeared to be hunting either the commanders' or the cooks' and dog-robbers' headquarters; for they were sent far to the rear of the main lines. Our caissons went into regular camp about a mile to the rear of our guns, the captain making his headquarters with them.

Being now in what was thought to be a permanent position for at least the next month, we ventured that night to divest ourselves of most of our clothing. At midnight the enemy suddenly made a noisy demonstration; we sprang to our pieces in just the garb suited for warm work, but as all was soon quiet, we laid down again, not having had a word to say.

Our horses at the guns were kept in harness all the time so as to be ready for a move. In the afternoon of the 24th they were sent to the rear and the caisson horses brought to relieve them. That day Battery M, 1st Ohio, joined the division. The enemy shelled the woods all day.

By 4 P. M. of the 25th, our works were considered complete, but as those adjoining us were not, we were not allowed to open, although orders had been given to open all along the lines,

and we had received the contents of the caisson limbers at the guns so as to have a store to work from. The enemy sent a number of shells, some of which struck uncomfortably near us.

That day Gen. Howard left us to assume command of the Army of the Tennessee. We greatly regretted his departure, yet, in his successor, Gen. Stanley, we placed implicit confidence.

Gen. Kimball succeeded Gen. Stanley in command of the first division, and Maj. Osborne was made chief of artillery.

In this camp we found ourselves blessed with such associates as scorpions, jiggers, lizards tarantulas, and flies by the myriads were regular boarders at our tents. The springs were so murky with particles of mica that one avoided drinking the water unless it had first been allowed to settle, and then it was too warm to drink. Newts and frogs appeared to thrive well in these springs.

On the 26th the program suddenly changed. The rebels now had very little to say while we had become very noisy. At noon nearly every battery on our lines opened. In the afternoon our center section took another position about forty rods to the left and made fresh embrasures. Toward night the extra ammunition was sent back to the caissons. Balziger went to the hospital.

On the 27th the Army of the Tennessee evacuated its works extending across the Augusta railroad, and began moving around to the right. As soon as the enemy discovered the movement, he began shelling the empty works with great vigor, and gradually worked the fire around toward our right. As it swept past us we received a few compliments in the shape of some camp-kettles (thirty-two and sixty-four pounder shells). We replied to them. Our corps (the 4th) and 23d Corps stretched out toward our left so as to cover the railroad.

That day three of our men who belonged to infantry regiments, but who had been detailed from Battery G, 1st Missouri, and also Barclay, of Colvin's battery, returned to their commands.

As the Army of the Tennessee wagon and ambulance train was passing, our little "Battery" was discovered and rescued, notwithstanding the protestations of an ambulance driver, "That the dog was his and had been with him for months." "Battery" was warmly received by all of us. We also saw three large squads of negroes that McPherson had captured. They had been fortifying for the rebels, but were now well guarded and allowed to fortify for the Yankees whenever there was necessity.

It was 8 A. M., on the 28th, before a shot was fired. The silence seemed ominous. Reports came in that the rebels were marching toward their left to meet our forces wherever they should stop. As the troops were still marching by, the captain of Battery H, 1st Illinois, rode up and inquired if we had three men named Gammon, Albee and Krum, and when told we had, he said they belonged to his battery and ordered them to report there immediately. The explanation of this strange proceeding was that our battery was first known at home as Miller's battery and when these men went to enlist in our Battery—they having several acquaintances in it—they said they wanted to enlist in Miller's battery. The mustering officer told them he knew of no such battery, but thought it must be Battery H, 1st Illinois, so they were mustered in for that battery and came to ours. It was arranged to let them remain with us.

About noon heavy cannonading and musketry was heard in the distance toward the right, and continued till night. The infantry along our lines was ordered to make demonstrations to keep the enemy from moving to the right. In the afternoon we shelled the city. It was stated that an officer asked Sherman if it would not be well to send them warning in Atlanta before he opened on it. The general's answer was said to have been, "Send them warning! Why, I have warned them ever since I started on this campaign. The first shot fired at Rocky Face was a summons for them to leave Atlanta."

On account of the high hill and dense woods between us and the city we could not see where to fire, and therefore made an observatory in the top of a tall pine tree that stood near our guns. A man stationed in this would tell us whether we fired too high, too low, too far to the right or too far to the left, until finally we could hit any house we chose that stood within range. By our reckonings we were just one and seven-eighths miles from the round house that stood near the middle of the city as to north and south. Our fire was directed mostly to this point.

That day Gen. Hooker left for Washington and Lieut. Fluskey returned from Chattanooga.

At 10 P. M. we received orders to fire two rounds every five minutes from then till daylight, at Atlanta.

It was rumored that Howard had caused a loss of over 10,000 to the enemy that day! And it was reported that we and other

batteries had been ordered to shell the city to prevent Hood making a hospital of the city.

On the 29th there was a report that a large band of guerrillas was in the rear on the road by which we had come, and orders were issued for no more teams to go that way. Sergt. Tait had long been in charge of our forage wagons. That afternoon he came through from Marietta over the same road, and said all the ground there was for a scare was that a lot of our men were shooting pigs.

Corp. Brumfield was detailed to the 2d Division Ordnance Department. On this day we fired about 160 rounds.

On the 30th the horses at the guns were again relieved. All the artillery of the corps, which was composed of the 6th Ohio, 5th Indiana, 2d Pennsylvania, A, 1st Ohio, M, 1st Illinois, M, 1st Ohio, and Bridges' battery, was now placed under one commander and was to be known as the artillery brigade of the 4th Corps. Capt. Bridges was made chief of the brigade. He was to have one assistant, and he chose a surly Kentucky captain named Tomlinson, who, for his persistent fault finding, we soon nicknamed "Capt. Troublesome." He inspected us on the 31st and made great ado because we were not all wearing new pants and jackets, and had not our shoes blacked. He said that on the next Sunday, when he came around, we must have our boots blacked. We thought that style might do for some such place as Nashville, but here at the front where we could not carry a second suit, we couldn't see it. The day appeared to be generally observed by both sides, as there was scarcely a shot fired.

This month we had marched thirty-two miles; been under fire thirty-one days; been engaged nine days; and had fired 982 rounds from our four guns.

August opened with heavy cannonading on both sides, which was kept up all day.

That day the 23d Corps moved to the right, thus leaving the 4th Corps on the extreme left, save a small cavalry force that was kept to watch the flank. As the corps had to spread out so as to occupy the whole ground lately occupied by the 23d, it made our lines quite thin, and to maintain our strength we had to greatly strengthen the works.

On the 2d Battery A was relieved at the front by Battery M, 1st Ohio, and went into reserve camp near our caissons.

On the 3d there was considerable cannonading on the right. We received orders to be ready to march at a moment's warning. The 23d Corps was having a warm time. The 14th Corps was ordered to its support, but moved so slowly on account of a question of rank between the commanding officers of the two corps, that it was not up in time to lend much aid. Gen. Palmer, who seemed to be at fault, was accordingly allowed to go home. To our right the lines advanced and easily captured three lines of works—the enemy being mostly farther to the right opposing Schofield. This brought our men within twenty rods of the enemy's forts, and so near the city that their bullets easily reached it.

The right section fired some and was replied to. One rebel shell killed both of the lead horses of gun 3, the enemy having shelled both sections.

Before our men closed up on the Johnnies ladies from Atlanta used to come out and stand on the rebel works to view ours. This was allowed till it was discovered that just as soon as a Yankee showed his head above the works a couple of bullets whizzed by. The trick worked no longer. When the women next appeared upon the works, a volley was sent over—the bullets passing just high enough to not hit them. The ladies took the hint and came no more to see the Yankees.

On the 4th Wesley Briggs was detailed to act as artillery brigade wagon-master, and we received orders to get and deliver our mail at the artillery brigade headquarters instead of at the 3d Brigade. Twice during the night there was heavy cannonading on our right.

During the greater portion of the 5th heavy firing could be heard on the distant right. At 2:30 the infantry on our lines made a feint to draw the rebels from the right. All the artillery bearing on the city opened, and it was certainly warm enough to make them "hunt their bomb-proofs."

The bridge over the Chattahoochee being completed, the trains arrived during the afternoon. They made great noise with their whistles, but we think the soldiers outdid them. After having listened long to the whistle of the enemy's engines, it seemed so good to have our own trains once more where we could hear them, that all must shout and cheer—always excepting Battery M, which never had cheered yet.

Toward night we took our caissons to the creek to wash them that they might look trim, even if the men did not, at the inspection next Sunday.

After this date the teams were sent out daily for forage. At first there was an abundance of corn along Nancy's Creek, but that was soon gone after the cavalry had made its camp about a mile to the rear of our guns. Then we must send in different directions, until, finally, there was not a load of good corn to be had inside of seven or eight miles. Sometimes the teams (we generally sent two) would go on to the Hog Mountain, the Roswell or Marietta road, after passing Buckhead. Toward the latter part of the siege, the infantry began going out in large squads as guards—sometimes a whole regiment. On such occasions the teams would go ten or twelve miles—often inside of acknowledged rebel ground. Sometimes our men would, after they had loaded their two wagons, start off on a bumming expedition, but never more than three together. They would sometimes go three or four miles farther than the wagons had gone, and would always return with all the apples, berries, potatoes, etc., they could carry. That all might have a chance, different ones, or those from different messes, were sent out. This gave those at the guns a nearer equal chance with those at the caissons; the former being now far more in need of vegetables than the latter. The cavalry vedettes were always careful to allow no wagon to pass out unless it had a suitable guard, i. e., four or five men along. One day the colonel commanding the picket post would not allow any teams to pass out. The enemy must be in considerable force for they had come inside the colonel's lines and captured two of his men. Two of our corporals were with our teams that day; they had heard of a like incident some days before and, mistrusting it was the same, they ventured to ask the colonel when the men were captured. "Three days ago," said the colonel. "Why, we were out ten miles in this direction twice since then and saw no rebels." As soon as the guard learned when the men had been captured, they laughed so heartily to think the cavalry were just beginning to feel scared about it, that the colonel finally concluded they might pass. "But I shall send out a large squad of cavalry to be on hand in case of need." There were but few citizens at home through the country.

Nearly every day we saluted the city with our shells. Sometimes the enemy would reply by sending us a few "camp-kettles" or smaller missiles. One day "Charley" was sitting under a tree a short distance from the guns enjoying its cooling shade. A freakish shell soon came along and struck the tree near the top, fell to the ground and exploded, enveloping "Charley" in smoke. Many rushed toward him, thinking he was mortally wounded if not killed, but how rejoiced were all to see him jump from the smoke and run toward us unhurt, but exclaiming, "I never cut my fuse that short before;" perhaps meaning that he had never had one of his shells explode until it had got farther from him.

On the 7th Lieut. Fluskey went to the 2d Division hospital, having been taken down with the measles. The sanitary commission sent us half a barrel of dried apples that day.

Since Battery A had been in reserve they were busy making neat's-foot oil for the artillery brigade harness. On this day, although it was Sunday, we began oiling our harness. This day Mareks was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps. We might here state that the members of this corps were styled in the army "Condemned Yankees." They were so dressed that they could be easily distinguished as far as seen and were kept in the rear to guard hospitals, patrol the streets of cities, etc.

On the 8th Quartermaster Sergt. Murphy was mustered in as junior 2d lieutenant in the Battery. Corporal Nathaniel Banks, of Squad 4, was made sergeant of No. 4 vice Sergt. Hansell, promoted to fill the vacancy occasioned by Sergt. Murphy's promotion. Wm. Hamilton was promoted to corporal to fill Banks' place as chief of caisson.

On the next day we began building shades for our horses. The caissons had already changed position four or five times, but now they settled down in permanent camp, putting the caissons in park. The tents of those belonging to the caissons were placed in regular order and covered with shades, the camp ground being policed daily.

On the 12th John G. McAllister, aged twenty-four, enlisted at Springfield, Ill., for the term of one year, for our Battery.

At the caissons, on the 12th, one of the detailed men was on guard (?) and instead of being among caissons, was found by the captain racing through camp chasing some of the men around with his sword. After this the guards had to walk their beats,

and this was followed by the resumption of the regular morning roll-call. The same day orders were issued to deal out no more salt meat during the rest of the month. The beef we were drawing was generally of the quality we had received at Blains Cross Roads, for forage for the cattle was not to be had where it was safe to keep them, and thus the old practice of killing the poorest animals was again in vogue.

On the 13th Lieut. Fluskey was mustered in as junior 1st lieutenant. At 8 P. M. the Battery received orders to fire two rounds per minute till daylight, at the city. Other batteries had similar orders. At midnight a large fire appeared near the heart of the city. Bells rang, cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard and a general hubbub appeared to be in progress. In about an hour the fire was stifled. The next night there was another large fire in the city.

On the 14th Lieut. Fluskey started for Chattanooga on business for the artillery brigade. That day Orderly Sergt. Gillette was mustered as senior 2d lieutenant, and on the 15th Corporal Morgan Banks, of gun 4, was promoted to fill the vacancy. John Scales was promoted to Banks' place as gunner of gun 4.

On the 16th Sergt. Tait and Corp. Harter started for Marietta with some more of our worn-out horses, and to draw fresh ones in their places. They returned on the 21st.

In the afternoon of the 16th the rebels were seen to be massing in front of the 20th Corps. Orders were issued for us to have a large supply of ammunition on hand, and for all to lie on their arms that night. During the night rockets were sent up at different points inside the rebel lines, and it was expected every minute the attack would commence. There were some fears entertained of some of our works being undermined, and it was thought the mines would be exploded during this night, but the 17th dawned bright and clear nothing having occurred to mar the quiet of the night.

At 5 P. M., on the 17th, Capt. Grant, aide to Capt. Tomlinson, inspected us. We received orders to draw three days' rations for ourselves and six for our horses, as if preparing for a march. At 8 P. M. Battery A and a small force of infantry moved about three miles to the left. Once there, they began to make as much noise as possible, so as to appear to be a large force. The infantry bugles sounded the "halt" at different places and immediately fires

would spring up at each place, as though a regiment was encamping. The battery bugle would sound the "halt;" then the "stable call;" then going around a hill, would halt in another place, and go through the same performance. Thus they continued, till near midnight, when they returned to their old camp, well tired out.

This feint was intended to make the enemy believe our troops were again moving to the left, satisfied we could not reach their only remaining line of railroad on our right, or that we were receiving large reinforcements.

At 4 A. M., on the 18th, the enemy thought they would test our lines in front of the 20th Corps to see if we were yet there. They opened with all their artillery that bore on that part of our lines and continued the fire till nearly seven o'clock, our batteries replying very leisurely. At the same hour on the 19th they again opened, but had fired only two rounds before all our artillery within range of their guns began to fire as rapidly as possible. Not another shot came from their side. We thought the display of fire-works on the night when we shelled the enemy on the banks of the Chattahoochee was grand, but this was sublime! Never before or after did we see anything to compare with it. The surrounding space was kept as light as day for about forty minutes by the flashes of guns, the burning of fuses and exploding of shells.

For some time there had been two batteries of thirty pounders on our portion of the lines—one in the 20th Corps, the other adjoining us on the right. At 7:30, this morning, one of the guns near us exploded a caisson that stood in one of the enemy's forts. This success called forth loud cheering from our side. Some of the thirty-pounder shell made a noise much resembling a passenger locomotive as it leaves a station, and we soon called them "locomotives"—calling out to the Johnnies as one would start: "There goes another locomotive; add that to your 'rolling stock'."

On the 19th Corp. Brumfield met with an accident. He was mounting his horse and, slipping, fell and hurt himself quite seriously. He was sent to the hospital.

On the 20th, contrary to "beef orders," we drew a number of shoulders. They were so strong they completely overpowered us, and we had quite a task to get them out of camp. We were worse off than though we had beef; for now we had no meat.

There was now rain nearly every day and sometimes in very hard showers. This rain was greatly enjoyed, not even one complaining when it fell the fastest.

On the 22d there was considerable stir among the members of the center section, over two or three of their number receiving heavy extra duty for doing what, till then, had not been considered an offense. The captain, however, set all to rights by withdrawing the extra duty, and informing the young lieutenant who had bestowed it, that he would not allow a repetition.

We had preserved nearly all the "port-fires" drawn with our ammunition on the campaign, not knowing what use we should ever have for them, they being intended for use in firing our guns should our supply of friction primers run out. But now, when the object was to destroy as much of the city as possible, in order to hasten its surrender, we bethought ourselves that as this burned much the same as Greek-fire, it might be made to fulfill the same office. Accordingly we cut the port-fire into pieces about one inch and a half long, and emptying some of the powder out of the shells filled them with these pieces. Whether they did the work intended, we do not know, but we do know that fires were of frequent occurrence in Atlanta while we lay before it.

On the 23d we saw some of our old friends of the 10th Indiana Battery who were now connected with the cavalry. They had shortly before returned from their trip around Atlanta, and gave us a glowing account of the number of mules and horses, belonging to rebel wagon trains, they had captured or killed. Also of their escape when they charged and cut their way through the columns of the enemy who had surrounded them, and also of the "brick" for courage Col. Brownlow had again proved himself to be.

On the 24th orders were received to keep three days' rations on hand, and that men and horses were to have only about half rations thereafter. In the afternoon orders came for us to be ready to march by night of the next day. Toward night a large fire appeared in Atlanta, and it was thought the enemy was burning his stores preparatory to evacuation.

This was our last day of firing at the city. Since we had lain before it we had fired 2,350 rounds of ammunition from our four guns.

CHAPTER XXVI.

For some time there had been a rumor that our lines on the left were to be drawn in or rather swung around so as to make the railroad the line. On the morning of the 25th of August, as we withdrew our guns from the works and were temporarily relieved by Battery M, 1st Ohio, there was much conjecture as to our destination. It was learned that at night the lines at this point were to be abandoned. Not knowing what was the move, and finding no one who knew, all were forced to await results to have their queries answered. Certainly we were not going to make the railroad our next line, for Bill's team was dispatched to draw fifteen days' rations for us. As the whole Battery lay at the camp of the caissons awaiting the bugle call "Stand to horse" it began to rain as hard as we had known it to during the campaign. "Well, boys, you can just set it down that we are going on a long march," was the general decision.

We started at 1:30 P. M. and moved toward the right, camping at night on a high hill in rear of the 16th Corps, and about seven miles from our late camp. The rebels had formerly held the hill, and had built strong works on it. Our forces had subsequently built stronger ones facing toward Atlanta, so we were protected on all sides. No large fires were allowed to be built, nor were we allowed to show ourselves on the works. At an old hospital camp, at the foot of the hill, was found large quantities of desiccated vegetables which proved to be quite a godsend when, a few days later, we had little else to eat.

From this hill we had a plain view of Atlanta—distant about two miles. It was the first time we had been where there was an unobstructed sight at the object for which we had been so long contending.

That afternoon Sergt. Tait had been sent to our old caisson camp to await the arrival of one of our mule-teams to load up the

corn we had left there. The team, minus the corn, joined us the next day, but we never saw Sergt. Tait again. From an artilleryman, who was exchanged through the cartel entered into between Sherman and Hood a short time after, we learned that Tait was taken to Americus where this man had met him. He said Tait told him he had waited till late at night for the wagon, and then being weary he tied his horse, laid down on the sacks of corn and soon fell asleep. When he next awoke the sun was shining bright and clear in his face. He sprang to his feet, remembering that the troops had been withdrawn, and thinking it was time for him to be leaving, but looking around discovered he was surrounded by rebels who were leisurely walking over our late camp to see what they could find. They had removed his horse and had allowed him to sleep on undisturbed, but as soon as they discovered he was awake they politely informed him he was a prisoner.

At midnight on the 25th the infantry began to arrive. They also, as many as could, camped on the hill on which we were.

The 26th dawned clear and beautiful—quite like a spring morning. At noon it rained very hard, after which it became very warm and sultry. As soon as it was daylight the infantry crowded on top of the works to get a view of Atlanta. About seven o'clock the enemy discovered it and opened on us from three different forts. Some of his shells struck on the side of the hill, but most of them passed high above—so high that some made no more noise to our ears than a passing swarm of bees. We hitched up and moved out to get beyond their range. The enemy's infantry was already following in our steps of yesterday and began to skirmish with our rear guard just as we pulled out. They thought to capture a lot of Yankees, but the tables were so far turned as to cause about a score of Johnnies to lay down their arms and march under a federal guard.

We marched at times quite fast, and at twelve, halted after crossing Utoy Creek, in an orchard near the forks of the Atlanta, Sandtown, Red Oak and East Point roads. The heavy rains soon raised the creek to overflowing its banks, so it was with difficulty the infantry crossed. At 4 P. M. the battery took position on a high hill about a mile east of the Forks, facing our guns to the southeast and bearing on the Army of the Tennessee wagon train that lay about a mile in our front. Front! We could not tell which way was front, for our guns were, by orders, faced to the

southeast while we expected the enemy to come in from the south, west and north!

At 9:15, on the 27th, the brigade moved to the Forks and lay there till eleven o'clock when they moved out on the Red Oak road. Much of the way the artillery brigade had to march at the side of the road, as the main track was so badly cut up we could not travel in it. In many places it was necessary to cut roads through the thick, young undergrowth. Capt. Tomlinson called for a detail of five men from the Battery to act as pioneers. Gen. Newton remonstrated—arguing it was the duty of the pioneers to keep our road open, but the captain prevailed, and the detail was accordingly made out and sent ahead of the column. At 2 P. M. we came up with a squad of the enemy. Our infantry began immediately to throw up works facing to the east and south, and soon a formidable line of breastworks over a mile in length was ready to aid in repelling any charge the enemy might make. There was a creek called Camp Creek about eighty rods in our front. On the south side of this creek was a large field of corn, the first we had seen on this march. Some of the infantry were soon at the creek endeavoring to effect a crossing to get some of the corn, but found the rebels so watchful that they had to desist. Before the works were half completed the enemy had opened with two guns from a hill beyond the corn field; but only fired a few rounds. At six o'clock the 6th Ohio and Bridges' battery having thrown up some works on a hill, in advance of the main line, opened on the spot from whence the rebels had fired some four hours before, but as the enemy no longer had any guns there they received no reply.

Before breaking camp, on the morning of the 28th, we received strict orders to put nothing, not even a fry-pan, on the caissons or guns. At 7:40 we moved about a mile southwest, across Camp Creek, but our advance had gone only a few rods beyond ere they were greeted by a volley of musketry. The artillery was immediately parked. We lay there till 4 P. M., then recrossed the creek and returned to near our last night's camp. At 5 P. M. the caissons were sent back to march with the reserve artillery of our brigade. We soon after advanced about four miles south and camped within about a mile of the Montgomery railroad. At 8:15 the caissons followed and camped at midnight half a mile nearer the railroad.

That day we tried to draw rations, but could not, as we were supposed to have fifteen days' rations in one of our wagons. The wagon was not up with us yet, and all watched eagerly for its arrival. At last it was seen coming up! Now, certainly, we should have something to eat, when, lo! the wagon was loaded with solid shot! Having been unable to get any provisions, the driver had loaded with the next best thing—ammunition. This was not exactly "asking for bread and receiving a stone;" but, considering the times, it was much the same. The Norwegian shook his head and repeated his solemn "No more, I thank you;" he had been fed enough on such by the rebels without having his country, which he was so faithfully serving, issue the same to him.

On the morning of the 29th all were beginning to feel almost ravenous. But our lucky star was yet above the horizon, for while lamenting our famishing condition, one of gun 3's men found a box of hard tack that had evidently fallen out of one of the wagons while passing by during the night. At nine o'clock we succeeded in drawing three days' half rations. In the morning the third division was sent out to destroy the railroad. They returned at 3 P. M., having burned about ten miles of the track. The troops remaining in camp threw up light works to be prepared should the enemy appear. Toward night our caissons joined us.

At 6:15, on the morning of the 30th, the troops were in motion. Soon after crossing the railroad the advance met a few of the enemy. Flankers were immediately deployed and we moved on again very slowly.

At noon heavy firing was heard to the south, and it was reported Howard was engaging the enemy, who had got wind of our move and had outstripped us. When our troops withdrew from before Atlanta, the rebels evidently thought they were falling back beyond the Chattahoochee and imagined the presence of their cavalry in our rear was the cause of it. The 20th Corps was sent back to the bridge, but no other troops were detached from the main army of "flinkers." The morning the army withdrew from our lines, the rebel papers were full of rejoicing. "The Yankees have fled across the river, their army being badly demoralized over the fact of our cavalry having broken their communications. There are no more Yankee invaders threatening Atlanta!" And after we had proved to them their mistake and had possessed

ourselves of the city, we were told "You'uns don't fight fair. You'uns flink we'uns out of all our places."

At 1 P. M. we parked in a corn field while the infantry were dislodging some of the enemy who were secreted in some brush a short distance ahead of us. We soon moved on, but just as we approached the next piece of timber, there being a large field on either side, the enemy sent a volley among us, but luckily wounded but few—none of the artillery-men. There was a sweet potato field on each side of the road; the cooks had already found them and they were digging as if for dear life; but when the bullets whizzed by they dropped hoes, potatoes and kettles, and broke for the rear, affording much sport for the combatants. Our right section immediately took position at the edge of the woods, while the infantry hurriedly threw up slight works. Shortly after, the center section was given a position to the right in the field. They built slight protections against bullets and then rested. At 5 P. M. there was some cannonading some distance to the rear, and works were soon thrown up facing that direction. On the morning of the 31st we added a little to the strength of our works, as the 14th Corps, which lay on our right, was having a lively time shelling the enemy. Our captain had been out prospecting and reported a large fort, well mounted, about a mile directly in our front. The enemy's trains were running briskly to and from Atlanta. Their whistles sounded so near it seemed we could reach them with shells. At 10 A. M. the 23d Corps arrived, bringing up the rear. Shortly after, we made a detour to the right and came in rear of the works the 14th Corps had held in the morning. At twelve we came to some strong rebel works from which our advance had just driven the enemy. The works faced to the south and extended—as near as we could judge—for two or three miles on both sides of the road. In our front and near Mar's Mill on Flint Creek, they had a fort with four embrasures. At four we crossed the creek and took position on a hill to the right of the fort, and began to fortify. The railroad could be traced for several miles by the smoke that now arose from it. Our advance had struck and was burning the Macon railroad.

At dark, just as our works were completed, orders were received to move forward. We advanced about two miles and camped. The caissons as they closed up had much difficulty. First there was a miry creek to cross, then a mile of dense woods

to travel through amid Egyptian darkness. "Ansel" and the Norwegian will never forget the "forty rods of grape vine" they brought into camp attached to their caisson.

All the forenoon heavy cannonading was heard to the south. Howard was fighting two corps of the enemy.

This month we had been under fire thirty days, and had fired 1,862 rounds in ten days; had marched thirty-three miles in six days and had found the country well stripped of everything, the rebel forage trains having "tithed" till they had left very little for the few citizens to live on—half an acre of corn being all that was allowed a family of five. They had cleared the country several miles on each side of the two railroads, for fifty miles south of the city.

We moved out at 7:30 on the morning of the first of September, and halted shortly after in a field near by, where we found large quantities of nice, luscious vine apricots, which were greatly enjoyed. At 2 P. M. we came in sight of the railroad, and at four halted near it. Here we lay until the 3d Division could tear up more of the track. At five the 23d Corps passed us. A grand charge had been ordered to begin at 5 P. M., and the 23d Corps was to have been on its portion of the line to have acted its part. Waiting half an hour after the 23d Corps had passed, we again advanced at 5:30. At six we came up near the enemy's works. They were shelling the woods freely. The artillery brigade was jammed up in the road so it would have been impossible to have moved had the enemy tried a charge. Shells flew by us and some struck on both sides. Finally the artillery was moved out into a field a few rods further on, and parked, leaving the infantry to do the fighting alone. The charge was made, but somewhat as a balky team pulls. Our loss was not great, and neither was our victory when compared with what it would have been had the several corps been on the ground punctually at the appointed hour. As it was, many Johnnies bit the dust, hundreds were made prisoners, and we had taken several cannon.

That day we lent Battery A a team, as their horses were so used up they had scarcely enough to move their carriages. We camped where we had parked.

At 1 A. M. all were awakened by a great noise in the direction of Atlanta. It continued till four o'clock and sounded as though there were several hundred guns firing at will. At first it was

thought the 20th Corps was attacking the place, but as it continued, we were satisfied the enemy were exploding their magazines. At six we moved out, went about a mile and a half south, crossing the railroad, then eastwardly nearly a mile, then bore to the southwest, going on the trot, sometimes through brush and trees, then over old by-roads until, finally, we halted in a field where the rest of the artillery brigade was camped. Looking across the railroad, toward the west, we beheld our night's camp ground just opposite us.

Our three days' rations, drawn on the 29th, were long since gone, and we found so little corn to eat that all were beginning to feel hunger. For three days at every five minutes' halt, fires would be built and those who were lucky enough to have found some would roast an ear or more of corn. Once we passed through a large field of corn in which there were many nice roasting ears, and then we had a feast.

But to return. We unhitched, and, having drawn three half rations to last four days, began to cook breakfast, but had not our "dundefunk" fried before orders came to hitch up, and were soon on the road again, traveling over the ground passed over in the same direction not three hours before. It was two and a half miles to Jonesboro, which place was reached at 10:30, where was found certainly the greatest number of Yankees we had ever seen in one body. On the road were many dead rebels—the result of the fighting of the day before.

We halted in town till about 2 P. M. At the water tank there was an abundance of good water, and it was such a luxury all were loth to leave it. There were also other good things in town: we managed to dig about ten bushels of nice, sweet potatoes.

At two o'clock the different corps had spread out and were again advancing. We moved on the east side of the railroad, and the Army of the Tennessee on the west. After having gone about three miles it was discovered we had again met a fortified foe, and he opened lively on us with his artillery. Our guns were placed in position on a hill near by and replied, finally camping on the same hill for the night, making our coffee of water taken from a branch near by. It rained hard all that night and at times the next morning.

In the forenoon of the 3d. we mustered and then the promotions made in August were made known to us. In the afternoon nearly all the guns on the line opened. We fired 170 rounds.

We now began to debate the question whether our army was going to advance farther or fall back and enjoy the fruits of our labor—Atlanta. The tearing up of the track as far back as Rough and Ready was sufficient answer that all would soon be moving to the rear.

The 4th was quite pleasant, and so intense was the quiet it seemed like being in some noisy city where all business was suddenly hushed. Confederates and federals alike seemed willing to let this Sabbath pass without having the boom of the cannon mar its holy calm. Toward night however one or two of our batteries sent a salute to the enemy.

On the 5th orders were received to fire as much as we pleased. We sent 253 rounds to the Johnnies and this proved to be the last word we ever had the privilege of saying to them.

Our caissons started for the rear early in the afternoon of the 5th and camped near the place where we first struck the Macon railroad, eight miles toward Atlanta. At 3 P. M. it began to rain and though it was thought we had seen the hardest rain storms, yet this afternoon we passed through the worst storm during our military career. We joined the caissons at midnight, and if ever there was a lot of Yankees whose life was nearly drenched out of them, we were of that number. That day Emery M. Wilber aged eighteen years, enlisted for the term of three years for our Battery.

On the 6th we drew three more rations to last four days, and at eleven moved out, but went only about two miles before camping. It rained very hard all the afternoon.

On the 7th we were to have an early start; so at 12:30 the reveille was blown and all were soon ready to move; but it was four o'clock before starting. The roads were very muddy and badly cut up by the artillery and wagon trains ahead of us. We passed the ruins of Chapman's and Battle Stations and saw several trains the rebels had burned to prevent their changing owners. The famous Rough and Ready was found to be as rough as need be, all the buildings and citizens appearing to have "rough" boldly stamped upon them. The ready part was not so distinct, unless it meant—ready to do anything evil. We marched about

two miles further and camped, after going through fields, through brush and woods, cutting a road here, and rolling a large log away at another place, letting down fences—and really going over a mile out of the way rather than march in the road, which was at this point in such good order that the mule teams trotted nearly the whole two miles. But this was only a feature of the artillery brigade tactics and we had still more of it when, after camping, we were ordered to pick up all the loose limbs lying around on the ground, and were required to move the tents already put up in front of the park to the rear of it. We were only about half a mile from water.

On the morning of the 8th the right section was sent to the rear to take its position in rear of the whole army as rear-guard. As we pulled out at 7:40, Capt. Tomlinson was on the ground, and as each carriage passed him, he would crossly order, "Take that canteen off." "Take that horse shoe off that caisson." "There's a strap; off with it." "See that mess-pan, take it off," etc., until the carriages were entirely stripped. We carried the articles in our hands about eighty rods, when they again took their old places on the carriages.

At ten o'clock, during a hard shower, we struck the pike, then formed column of sections, and marched thus to the city—some three miles. The infantry with their banners flying and bands playing the national airs, the artillery marching beside their pieces. No one can feel the proud upheaving of the heart we then felt unless he be a member of a triumphant army, as it is receiving the surrender of what it has fought long and valiantly to obtain. Our hearts were filled to overflowing as we entered the first line of the enemy's works, and when we set foot within the city proper our hearts were too full for utterance.

We halted awhile at the depot of the Augusta railroad, and, while there, strolled around to see what was the extent of our capture. The only objects of note near by were six sixty-four-pounder siege guns, and one smaller, breech-loading gun, the rebels had left behind. We next halted near the ruins of the large foundry, machine-shop and rolling-mill which the enemy had burned. There were also the remains of two trains loaded with artillery, muskets and ammunition; the enemy had run the trains up to the side of the rolling-mill and then burned and exploded them. For many rods around, the ground was so completely

it covered with the pieces of the various kinds of missiles, that it was almost impossible to find a place large enough for the foot to stand without being on some of these pieces. There were also missiles of all sizes from the Minnie ball to the one hundred-pounder shell and other instruments of death from the little hand-grenade to the torpedo that contained 32 pounds of powder.

At another foundry, nearer town, were found tons of shells and solid shot, varying in weight from two to one hundred pounds. We noticed, also, that at nearly every house a bomb-proof had been dug. This called forth a sort of satisfactory feeling that seemed to say to us, "Well done."

We moved about a mile and a half east of the city and camped on the north side of the Augusta railroad, and near the spot where Gen. McPherson was killed. A few feet in front of our park was a long grave that contained a hundred or more of our late enemy.

That day Lieut. Flusky arrived and Samuel A. Murphy joined us from hospital.

That evening at roll-call the following orders were read to us:

Headquarters Dept. of the Cumberland.
Near Jonesboro, Ga., Sept. 6, 1864.

Orders.

The general commanding directs that the following orders be published to all the troops composing the Army of the Cumberland.

Headquarters Military Div. of the Mississippi.
In the Field, Jonesboro, Ga. Sept. 6, 1864.

Special Field Orders No. 66.

I. The general commanding communicates with a feeling of just pride and satisfaction the following order of the President of the United States, and the telegram of Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant on hearing of the capture of Atlanta.

(1st)

Executive Mansion.
Washington D. C., Sept. 3, 1864.

The national thanks are tendered by the president to Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers of his command before Atlanta, for the distinguished ability, courage and perseverance displayed in the campaign in Georgia, which under divine favor has resulted in the capture of the City of

Atlanta. The marches, battles, sieges and other military operations that have signalized the campaign must render it famous in the annals of war, and have entitled those who have participated therein to the applause of the nation.

(Signed)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

President of the United States.

2nd.

Executive Mansion.

Washington D. C., Sept. 3, 1864.

Ordered.

Second. That on Wednesday, the 7th day of September, commencing at the hour of 12 o'clock M. there shall be fired a salute of one hundred (100) guns at the Arsenal at Washington and at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, New Port, Ky., St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Hilton Head, and Newbern, or the day after the receipt of this order, for the brilliant achievements of the army under the command of Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman in the State of Georgia, and the capture of Atlanta. The Secretary of War will issue directions for the execution of this order.

(Signed)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

President of the United States.

(3rd)

City Point, Va.

Sept. 4th, P. M. 1864.

MAJ. GEN. SHERMAN:

I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired with *shotted guns* from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour, amidst great rejoicing.

(Signed)

U. S. GRANT,

Lieut. General.

II All the corps, regiments and batteries, composing the army may without further orders inscribe "Atlanta" on their "colors."

By command of MAJ. GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

(Signed)

L. M. DAYTON, A. D. C.

By command of MAJ. GEN. GEO. H. THOMAS.

HENRY STONE, CAPT. & A. A. G.

MAJ. GEN. D. S. STANLEY,


Commanding 4th A. C.

LIEUT. D. IMMEL, A. A. A. G.

Artillery Brigade, 4th A. C.

Thus closed the Atlanta Campaign, but as our "colors" were worn out, we did not inscribe "Atlanta" on them.

PART V.

. . . Our “Hefty” Campaign.  . . .

CHAPTER XXVII.

WE now enter upon what proved to be our "Hefty" campaign: though at its incipieney we knew not but what it would be fraught with as great dangers as any other portion of our military career. Being now in the heart of the enemy's country, surrounded on all sides by the foe—though of course in small numbers in many parts, yet nevertheless our sworn enemies, who would unhesitatingly have sent a bullet through us had opportunity been given them—we looked for more hard fighting than we had yet seen. A move was expected in some direction within a few days. It was understood that we should have thirty days for rest, and then must resume the march. We doubted not our Battery would be booked for the next "forward;" for since we had been given the chance to go to the rear, and had not accepted it, we heard very little more about being relieved. Whichever direction we should take, we doubted not we should not stop till reaching a point whence communication could be held with the other side. We looked for a move on Augusta or Montgomery, which one, we did not know, but one of the two was thought certain.

While discussing the prospects of a forward move, the stillness that surrounded us made us quite forget that war was abroad in the land, and even our guns, standing there in plain view, scarcely recalled the fact. We seemed to be in a sweet dream in which it appeared we were off in some back woods country on a pleasure trip, and these, our tents, the necessary concomitants of the trip. So sweet was the dream that all dreaded to be awakened from it, lest they should find the realities of our surroundings little pleasanter than though still pressing the enemy.

On the 9th of September, Sergt. Schnasse, Franck, Westendorf, and Hoffer, returned from hospital.

Capt. Bridges, our worthy corps chief of artillery, concluded, that, as he had so many batteries under his paternal care, he would camp them so near together as to have the whole under his

eye at once. Accordingly he set his planning machinery at work to devise a form of camp that should bring us within a small compass. No better form presented itself than to have us in line. Next, he must find suitable grounds. He found such, that by a few days' grubbing, would give plenty of room. This was on the south side of, and adjoining, the Augusta Railroad and about a mile from the heart of the city.

On the 12th a detail of three men, accompanied by one or more commissioned officers, from each battery, was on the ground to stake out the several camps. By night they had it partly done. We sent out two teams for forage in the morning, expecting them to be gone two days, but at night they returned with good loads.

On the 13th the artillery brigade moved to their new camp. We were given the place nearest the railroad. By night we had the form of our camp well staked out. Our guns were in the center, Nos. 1 and 2 squads on the right or south side and Nos. 3 and 4, on the north. The horses were picketed on either side of the park, and between the guns and our tents. The officers' and staffs' (orderly, quartermaster sergeant and bugler) tents were about ten rods to the rear—or nearer town. We were to assemble at roll-calls just in rear of the caissons. In time we built splendid shades over our tents covering them with branches of trees, and hanging the sides with pine boughs. We also built good shades for our horses.

In the afternoon our horses were inspected by Capt. Bridges to see how many were unfit for service. He picked out twenty-six which he condemned.

Our camp in good order we began to enjoy our quiet camp life. During the day we had very little to do, as about the only work in preparing for the coming move devolved upon the blacksmiths, wheelwright and harness maker. We had only six guards a day so there was very little guard duty to do. During the day we would visit town, the late battle fields, the rebel works, or at camp we would enjoy ourselves over various games, or work at our old trade—shell work. At night we would, if pleasant weather, congregate at some level spot of ground where it was not too dusty, and while away the hours in "stag" and "Juba" dances, singing and yarn spinning.

During our thirty days rest, it was decided that one man out of twenty-five could go home, and orders were issued from

military division headquarters to that effect. Our Battery was entitled to full four men and doubtful one—there being but seventy-six of our own, and twenty-five detailed men, present on the first of the month. There were many applicants for furloughs, and quite a number had good reasons for wishing to go home. It was decided we should draw lots—three of the furloughs to be for our men, and one for the detailed. On the 15th about twenty drew lots, and Sergt. Short, of gun 2, Newton, the company clerk, and Martin, of gun 4, were the lucky ones of our men, and Van Slyke among the detailed. At night the captain was informed he could give one more furlough, and Corp. Lissenden, of gun 3, and Flint, of gun 1, drew for it—Flint being successful. The proper applications were immediately sent in, and in due time were returned approved.

On the 16th we turned over our two extra caissons. That afternoon some fire near the ruins of the iron foundry reached some unexploded shells and soon caused them to explode. The pieces were sent flying many rods in all directions. Luckily no one was hurt.

At dark, on the 17th, there was a very cracked assembly blown, and as it was so unusual, all rushed out to see what was the matter. The call sounded as though there was an order of great moment to be read. Sick, hale, guards off duty, non-combatants, "dog-robbers"—one and all rushed out to learn the good news. All in line and standing almost on tiptoe, so eager were all to hear what was coming, they waited. The captain finally spoke: "The bugler's silver mouthpiece has been stolen," and he like his predecessor, could not now "get a lip." We pitied him; but that was not all. We were next told that some one had it, and that all were to stand where we were until the mouthpiece was produced, or the theft was acknowledged! Our pity ebbed. No one said: "I am he;" so after standing there some time, we were told that thereafter there would be four roll-calls per day. Before this there had been two. We were then right-faced and allowed to go to our tents. "Here's your mouthpiece," was the last heard of the affair, but the article was never found.

On the 19th Lieut. Murphy was detailed to a command in Bridges' battery and never returned to duty in ours.

The weather was now quite warm and the many half-buried rebels, near the only well in the vicinity, created such a stench that

many were sickened when going after water. In many cases these bodies had become entirely uncovered.

After the left section guns were turned over, there was nothing for the "nons" to do, save to stand guard once in seven or eight days; so, whenever there was a detail to headquarters of the artillery brigade called for out of our Battery, these extra "nons" were selected. On the 19th Corp. Thompson, of Squad 5, and Harter, of Squad 6, were detailed to take charge of the guards at artillery brigade headquarters.

The brigade had received a large stock of onions, of which we received one barrel, and were truly thankful therefor.

On the 24th Dr. Brown (big medicine) left us for a more elevated position—a department in the hospital on Lookout Mountain. The same day Battery M, 1st Ohio, started for home, but only got as far as the depot, there being no transportation for them.

We now received the almost certain information that we were to be relieved at the front. Rumor had it that we were to go to Nashville. We did not like the place, but it would take us that much nearer home. Notwithstanding we were having a good rest, we still felt that we had been at the front about our share of the time, and were willing to go to the rear and let the "yearlings" have a taste of the realities of war. So, with the discussion of this subject and politics, we managed to keep considerable life in camp. If our state would not allow us to vote at the coming elections, we had the satisfaction of feeling we could talk as much as we pleased.

There was one other subject to which we paid some heed, as its results might affect our bread-basket, even if it should not call us to the field again, and that was the report that Hood was crossing the river, below Sand Town, and was trying to cut our communications. The 2d Division breaking camp the next day, and marching toward the rear, confirmed our belief that the report had some foundation.

On the 26th Gen. Stanley inspected the artillery brigade. The same day orders were received to prepare to go to the rear—to go as far as Chattanooga, and perhaps to Nashville. We turned over seventy-eight of our horses, retaining only such as were necessary to mount the officers and the non-commissioned staff.

On the 28th Corps. Brumfield, Thompson and Harter returned to the Battery. That day Lewis H. Miller, aged twenty-two years, enlisted at Chicago, Illinois, for one year, in our Battery.

On the 30th orders were received to leave at seven o'clock that evening; but as there was no likelihood of getting transportation for some time, we still remained at camp.

Thus ended the month of September. We had marched forty-nine miles in seven days; had been engaged in shelling the enemy two days, and had sent them 415 rounds.

The citizens, who were yet in Atlanta, were in high glee over the prospects of its evacuation by our army and its re-occupation by theirs. Gen. Sherman had sent all who chose to go south of our lines, while the others he was sending north as fast as transportation could be furnished them. In a general order, or circular, he had stated his reasons for removing all citizens from the city. It was to be used as a military post, and nothing but what belonged to the army was wanted there. In his spicy correspondence with Gen. Hood he had vindicated himself for firing upon the city while we lay before it, and for sending off the populace since he possessed it. Those citizens who had chosen to be sent north did so because they thought they would fare better than if they went farther into Dixie, for they thought our armies would immediately press forward and in a few months they would have to move again. But where could they go to the next time? We were already so far into the heart of their country they had warned us to take in our long range guns or we should kill our own men on the other side; and the next forward of ours could not fail to again cut their confederacy in twain as had the opening of the Mississippi. But when they saw our troops moving to the rear—when they were refused transportation, they began to believe what they had been told, that the rebel army was only drawing us on the more easily to annihilate us. Many had professed their loyalty, but, as soon as they thought the rebels were going to return, they forgot it. Such was the state of affairs at Atlanta at the close of September.

At roll-call on the night of the 1st of October, the order was read for no more applications for furlough to be sent in, and all those who had received furloughs and had not yet got outside the department, were to be sent back to their commands. This prevented our men from going home, as they had not yet started,

there having been no chance to get transportation since their furloughs had been received. This day Hans Johnson was discharged at Nashville.

On the 2d orders came for us to leave for the rear on the next morning, so, by three o'clock A. M., of the 3d, everything was ready to move. We borrowed horses, hauled our guns to the depot, and thought surely nothing could now prevent our going. But upon reaching the depot with our last baggage, word came that the bridge across the Etowah had been washed away, and we should not be able to go for nearly a week. We chose camp ground about half a mile east of the depot and soon had up good shebangs. Our camp was near a detachment from the 32d Indiana and 2d Massachusetts Infantry.

That day George Little, aged twenty-one; William Little, aged eighteen; Norman Chapman, aged eighteen, and James D. Miller, aged seventeen; all of Bloom, Illinois, enlisted for our Battery for the term of one year.

On the 5th orders were received to send our horses to the country to graze, but they were soon after countermanded. In the afternoon we got drivers and horses from Battery D, 1st Illinois, to move our guns about two miles southwest from the depot to some rebel forts. Our caissons were left about half way to town. We sent no guards with the caissons, and those who had hauled them out there for us were kind enough to examine the chests before they left them. When we next looked into the chests they were found to be minus several gold pens, soldier's housewives, suits of new clothing, books, and what was prized most of all, likenesses of our friends at home. Some things they did not care to take had been destroyed, and the remains were found lying around upon the ground. The captain said he could not pity us as we had kept them in the chests contrary to orders; but we felt their loss notwithstanding all that.

We were now under command of Maj. Houghteling, chief of artillery of the 14th Corps. We put up good shanties, boards being abundant, and were soon enjoying ourselves as well as any soldiers could under the circumstances. The drivers were back with the caissons where the captain made his headquarters. The fort in which our guns were placed bore proofs of having received the close attention of one of our batteries during the late siege. Eighteen shells had struck in the rear

of the fort, all of them having passed through three embrasures not two feet square.

One citizen told us that one night, when we were shelling the city, he had retired before we commenced firing, but was unable to sleep on account of the number of shells that were constantly exploding near his house. He arose and walked out on his veranda which he paced until he became tired; he said that each shell, as it approached, appeared to be coming directly for his house, but that they seemed to shun it as they neared. He said he even thought it was because he was a union man. (He was a member of a secret Union League in the city, and had cared for several of our wounded whom he had got permission to take from the rebel hospital.) When he became tired of walking his beat, he went into his parlor and sat down in front of his fire-place, but he could not sit still, so he started for his beat again, but had barely closed the door before a shell entered the house, struck the floor in such a place that it must have cut him in two had he yet been in his seat, and exploded, the pieces making many holes through the walls as they left the house. This gentleman was one of the leading merchants of the city. He also said that a co-leaguer of his had kept count of the number of shells that struck near his house that night and that there were over eight hundred!

On the north and west sides of town and extending to the heart of the city, it was hard to find a house that had not from one to ten shell holes in it. In many places were the ruins of houses the shells had set fire to. Nearly every house had in its dooryard what we styled bomb-holes. They were dug about five feet deep and covered with earth about three feet, an opening or door being left on the lee side. Into these bomb-proofs the citizens would go as soon as the shelling began, and would remain there until we had ceased firing. Some had tried cellars, but they appeared to afford very little protection, as a shell exploding in one would be very apt to injure some of the occupants.

Many of our shells had performed queer antics. In one part of the city was a shell lying in a large hole it had made in a chimney, its point just protruding outside the brick. It had passed through one side of the chimney and only had force enough to make an opening through the other side where it quietly lay. In another place a shell had just force enough to go through the side of the roof of a porch in front of a store, and there it stopped,

its butt being in plain sight to passers by. The principal engine house was completely riddled. A thirty-pounder shell had struck one of the rails of the railroad track near by and cut the rail in two, throwing the shorter piece several feet away. In all parts of the city were found traces of the destruction the shells had worked; but if the city had suffered this far, what term can be applied to its final condition when our forces evacuated it.

Fortifying was going on rapidly. The rebel works were to be leveled, and a strong line of forts was to be built nearer the city—so near that many of them were inside the city limits. These forts were lettered from the right, Fort A being almost due west from the city. One fort was to mount thirty-six guns. All houses that chanced to stand where these works were to be erected were torn down. This destroyed many of the most beautiful residences of the city, as the hills, or rises of ground, that had been chosen for the spot on which to erect the most costly buildings, were just the places for forts. One very large and strong fort was built around the court house. The forts and works once completed, Atlanta would really be the Gate City of the South.

The Army of the Tennessee being shipped to the rear by rail, our construction corps began tearing up the track to Rough-and-Ready (which had been the scene of the recent exchange of prisoners between Sherman and Hood) and hauling the iron to the rear to repair the road Hood had been and was destroying. At the engine and machine shops repairs were going on as rapidly as possible, considerable machinery having been brought there from Chattanooga before Hood made the break. Everything indicated that Atlanta was to be made the strongest and best military post on the whole frontier. When the citizens saw this they again became loyal, and clamored for transportation to the rear.

It was soon discovered that in the 14th Corps a soldier could buy anything he needed that they had at the commissary, if he got his officer to certify that he really needed it. We were soon enjoying the privilege, as our rations were now cut down; but soon they ran so low at the commissary that they would not sell except to commissioned officers. We took an order signed by our captain in which it was stated that the articles wanted were for us. "We cannot issue any more on such orders; but if you will bring one stating it is for your officers' personal use, we will sell on that." Of course we did not feel like asking our officers to

write a falsehood and neither did we choose to ask them to sign away all their rights to rations as they once did at Chattanooga; so recourse must be had to another expedient. There were many fragments of regiments and companies arriving daily, and no one at the commissary's knew who arrived and who did not. An order of this description would always bring anything we wanted:

ATLANTA, GA., Oct.—1864.

COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE OR POST QUARTERMASTER:

Please sell to the bearer, a member of my company, 3 lbs. coffee, 5 lbs. sugar, 2 lbs. soap, 1 ham, 3 lbs. desiccated potatoes, and 10 lbs. beans. For my personal use.

JOHN QUIMBY,

1st Lieut. Com'd'g Detach. Co. B. 14th N. Y. Vol. Infy.

Being always careful to choose a name probably not in the service and a regiment that was never in the department. The next thing after the order was written was to disguise our being artillery-men. For this purpose we kept a suit of infantry clothing on hand, for which we had traded some of our artillery garments. Should they by chance refuse to sell on the order we would go off in high dudgeon, with threats to report at headquarters, and, after writing an order to suit them, would appear again and ask if that one would do. "Certainly, certainly. I hope your lieutenant took no offense; but you see we have to be so careful; each order has to be worded just so." "Well, the lieutenant was a little angry at first, but then, you see he has not been out long, and don't understand all your hooks and crooks." That was always satisfactory. We could get all the commissary, or anything else wanted, if it was there to be had. Some may pronounce this stealing, but we argued after the manner the negro did when he took one of his master's pigs for his own use: It was Uncle Sam's; we were Uncle Sam's, so it was only giving Uncle Sam's to Uncle Sam's, and in that there certainly could be no harm.

Whenever trains ran through and brought in stores, we could get all the hard tack we wished at the depot, the guards telling us to help ourselves. Occasionally a box of hard tack, a chest of desiccated potatoes or cakes of desiccated vegetables, would find its way into camp. We lived like lords! In a basement in town the rebs had left a large quantity of rice. This we freely helped ourselves to. It was considerably worm-eaten; but we easily washed

out the spoiled grains. We always chose to get what we needed honestly, but if that way failed, and it was still to be had, we generally got it—soldiers will do so. For extra meat we generally bought livers, hearts, or beeves' heads at the butchers'.

On the 8th there were fears entertained of an attack, and considerable more artillery was sent to the lines. We drew two more Rodmans and manned them from the men at the caissons. They were put in position about a quarter of a mile east of our other guns. No rebels appeared.

About 8 P. M. on the 9th, the Signal Corps sent the dispatch to the post: "Grant is in Richmond! The city is occupied by federal soldiers!!" In a few minutes the bulletin boards had it displayed in large letters. The cheering was kept up till a late hour. Bands in all directions were playing our national airs. Our Norwegian had retired when the news was received, but two or three made him get up and give three grunts; he declared he would not cheer till his headquarters had received official notice to that effect. We finally settled down to our bunks to dream of home; but most of our dreaming was with eyes wide open.

Toward noon of the next day it began to be hinted that Mr. H. U. M. Bug had again had hold of the wires, and, by night, all were firmly convinced such was the fact. In time it was learned that the sell had started at Allatoona.

On the 11th forage trains began to be sent out to the southeast and east, and always returned heavily laden with the choicest the country afforded, and, as we always sent Bill's team, and sometimes two or three teams, we fared like princes. Huge yams, pails of honey, apples, sweet potatoes, fat beeves and porkers, onions—everything good, for the country was rich in forage. Never, while soldiers, did we fare so sumptuously as while lying at Atlanta.

Harding and Rhodes returned from hospital on the 17th.

For some time preparations had been going on in town to start a theatre. On the 21st the doors were thrown open at "Hayden's Negro Sale Rooms"—that had been. Johnny Hammond was soon the leading star, and quite an audience he attracted. The house was always crowded. The band of the 33d Massachusetts furnished the music. But we must not neglect to state that there was also one other building which was crowded every night in the week. It was a church that stood near the court

house. It was often not large enough to accommodate half those wanting admission, and then another large church standing near would be opened.

On the 29th through trains from Chattanooga arrived, the break Hood had occasioned having been repaired. The sick were immediately shipped to the rear. Next the machinery, just put up, was taken down and shipped; also all the extra artillery, of which there were over a hundred pieces, including captured guns and worn-out guns turned over by our batteries. There were some fifteen sixty-four pounder old model U. S. siege guns—all but five of which had been dug up where the rebels had buried them. These guns were, however, not sent to the rear, but were allowed to fall into the rebels' hands again after Gen. Sherman had burned the city. The rebels seemed always fond of burying such articles as they did not wish us to become possessed of. At Chattanooga our forces dug up several cannon in their graveyard. They were buried as though they were men, a head board, properly numbered, being placed at the head of the grave. But at Atlanta there was no need of examining the two acres of graves, for the whole lot had sunk so—in many cases six or seven graves having sunk together as one—as to leave no doubt that only bona fide bodies had been interred there.

As soon as the first through trains came in we began to prepare to leave, for we were to be shipped as soon as empty flats could be had, there being standing orders to that effect. We turned over the two new guns on the 29th. Our own guns were to be taken back to Resaca, there to be unloaded, the men proceeding to Chattanooga and perhaps to Nashville. That afternoon a long forage train returned. It had been gone three days and it had been reported it was captured. The first day out it had met some of the rebels and had sent back for reinforcements. All obstacles overcome, it moved on, going twenty-five miles from Atlanta. It had met with complete success, all the wagons being loaded as full as they could be. We were represented by a dozen men who had done their share of bumming in a manner and with success entirely to the satisfaction of us at camp. Bill's wagon and Capt. Batterson's famous cart were full of the choicest. It was our last and best forage expedition while before or in Atlanta. From the proceeds of that trip we had many good meals after getting back to where there was nothing but starvation to be had. But if our

men and the infantry had fared so well, the cavalry, that was along as scouts, did not. The rebels killed several of them and hung their bodies to trees in conspicuous places where the main force would be sure to see them as they returned. They pinned a slip of paper on their clothes on which was written "Yankee Vandals."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Toward night, on the 31st of October, word was received that a train would be empty during the night for us to load on. The whole Battery was gathered together at the caissons, except the battery wagon, forge and harness, which were at the depot where they were first hauled and where there had been five or six men to guard them all the time. After dark we hauled everything to the depot. About midnight the cars were switched in for us, and by 3 A. M. of the 1st of November we were all ready to bid adieu to Atlanta. But it did seem that the city was loth to part with us, for it was 12:30 P. M. before the train began to move. Till about 3 P. M. the weather was delightful, but then it turned cold, clouded up and soon was raining quite hard. We were on flats and for shelter spread the tarpaulins over the guns and many of us crawled under them. But the tarpaulins were old and worn, and being spread out so flat they shed very little rain, and those under them were soon nearly as wet as though they had staid out and weathered it, as several did. We reached Marietta at four o'clock. Here it seemed we were to be forever blockaded by trains. In military parlance, a train consisted of sections. In our train there were ten sections, and, at Marietta, was met a down train with twelve sections. The side-track was only long enough to allow two sections to "saw-off" at a time, and as it was several hours before the last section was up, no section could proceed till all had closed up, as there was no chance to pass after leaving the station for several miles; "sawing" was not through till noon of the 2d, and then the section in front of us, ran off the track near the switch, which delayed us an hour longer.

It rained hard all night of the 1st; many of us soaked much and slept little under our tarpaulins. Some were lucky enough to find room in a large brick house near by, which was well crowded with infantry. There they kept dry but shook with cold, as there

was scarcely any wood to be had and then among so many one could scarcely get a smell at the small fire in the fire-place. On the morning of the 2d we made coffee and boiled beef where best we could. It rained so hard as to make it almost impossible to keep a fire out doors. Some of the lucky ones succeeded in getting something in town to warm the inner man, even if there was no fire to keep warm the outer. The spirits of those few gradually rose till they began to re-fight their battles. Not having any side weapons they pitched in with their fists and, accordingly, two or three of them came out of the fray with bloody noses.

At 12:30 P. M. of the 2d, the engine again began to puff and the train started forward. We passed Resaca at 8 P. M., not stopping to unload our guns as had been intended. Here we passed several more down trains, all heavily loaded with provisions. About dark we had passed Kingston, where we met the 14th Corps en-route for Atlanta. They told us they had chased Hood into Alabama and that the 4th and 23d Corps were left to watch his movements.

We reached Tilton at daylight on the 3d. Here we were again delayed some time in "sawing" by another train of several sections. As we lay alongside we were not slow in supplying ourselves with such eatables as we needed. Several boxes of hard tack and one whole chest of bacon changed hands notwithstanding the threats and bayonet thrusts of the men who were guarding the trains.

At 8:30 we reached Dalton. How changed was the place since we first saw it! Then it wore a look of desolation and misery; now it bore the marks of destruction. The rebels had burned everything they thought could be of service to us when we again became masters there. Every track—the main road and side-tracks—was torn up and burned. The whole length of the road they had made their work most complete. At places, where there were deep cuts, they had filled them up as full as they had time to fill them, with huge rocks, trees, brush, earth—everything available. Doubtless had they succeeded at Allatoona it would have taken us a month to remove the obstructions they would have filled that cut with; but brave Gen. Corse held it against all opposition and, holding that, saved us the rebuilding of many miles of railroad. The whole length of the road was strewn with wrecks of engines and cars. At some places were three or four trains, in one

continuous string, burned. There were eight or nine engines that had been thrown from the track since Hood had passed. They were merely tipped over on their side and another engine put in their place at the heads of the trains.

Passing through the tunnel after leaving Dalton all wondered why they had not attempted to destroy that, as its destruction would certainly have obstructed the road for months. Their reasons may have been a recollection of their defeat at Allatoona, and also that our trains could be sent around by Cleveland, that road having been repaired early in the campaign.

At 3 P. M. the train slacked its speed! What a slack it was! The most of the way, or at every little grade, we could and did walk faster than the train moved, and how could it run slower? It was approaching the suburbs of Chattanooga—our future home. We were switched off on a side-track beside a platform and told to unload as soon as possible as the cars were needed to ship troops to Huntsville and Nashville, as it was now thought that Hood would attempt the capture of the latter place. The train was unloaded in less than half an hour and the cars taken away. We then started out to take a view of the city and to get something good to eat. At every step after leaving the platform one would sink nearly to his knees in mud. Go where we would there was nothing but mud. It was soon found that prices had improved very much since we left here nearly a year before. Besides the high prices for what they had to sell, there was very little to buy, as the great numbers of troops daily passing through kept the sutlers' shebangs well drained of everything wanted. The new men coming in from home with their pockets filled with greenbacks—the proceeds of their late enlistment—were ready to buy anything and everything a sutler might have that could be eaten by man, no matter what the cost, and this kept the prices so high that a poor dog from the front was rarely able to buy enough for a good meal.

The night was extremely cold, and we felt it the more as our clothes were all wet and wood could not be had to build fires to dry them. We slept in a new machine shop that was then being built.

About 4 P. M. of the 4th, the Battery moved to fort McAloon which stood just outside the town to the east and on a high portion of the bank of the Tennessee River. This fort was an old

rebel work and was calculated to command the river for a mile above. Our guns were hauled out by mule teams that were detailed for the purpose from one of the corrals.

Here on the bank of the river it was dreary enough that day and for many more. That night we had to sleep on the ground with wet blankets for bedding, the weather cold and freezing hard, the wind blowing almost a gale from the north and having unobstructed sweep over our hill, the works being in so dilapidated a condition (they never having been half completed) that they afforded us no protection from the wind. There was a long stable or shed near us; but it was so full of holes as to be worse than nothing. There was no wood to be had that night and it was with difficulty we found enough to build fire sufficient to boil a kettle of that indispensable—coffee. The greater number of our detailed men went to their commands and there had good warm lodgings. Those from the 3d Wisconsin Battery formally returned to that command next day.

On the 5th Capt. Colvin called to see us and found us still shivering in the cold. We heartily wished the rear to which we had come was in a somewhat warmer place and we back at the front. Our captain immediately set out to get lumber for us to build shanties with. There were three or four steam saw-mills in sight, but there was not a foot of lumber to be had at any of them. "They already had orders for many thousand feet more than they had on hand, but if we would wait a month they could supply us." This was encouraging! We thought we would not wait. But where or in what way could we better ourselves? The heavy timber toward Mission Ridge and even to its summit had been cut and used during our absence. On the north side of the river we should have to go two or three miles before getting anything that could be used to make shanties of. At one of the mills they agreed to saw lumber for us if we would bring them logs; so some were in favor of going up the river several miles, making a raft of pine logs and floating it down to the mill. But that would take perhaps weeks. On the whole, it was concluded that we would borrow what lumber we could at the mills (for they had large piles on hand which they were selling to sutlers and citizens) and supply the deficiency with logs and poles that we would get on the north side of the river—the captain agreeing to get three or four teams to haul for us. We still had Bill's team and

"Capt. Batterson's" cart. With the former we could haul enough wood to burn, while the latter could bring the rations from the commissary, and then, if we could get a detail of three or four teams we should soon have enough of various material to build our shanties of. We would, to economize time, haul logs during the day from the woods, and carry lumber at night from the mills.

We set to work immediately. Our camp was staked out into streets and alleys—a lot being 12x16 feet and on which a shanty 10x12 feet was to be built. A shanty of that size was calculated to be large enough for four men, and we were accordingly divided off into fours. Building progressed as rapidly as it could under the snatch-grab way in which it had to be done. It rained quite hard nearly every day for a week; but this only made us work the livelier whenever we could get teams to haul for us. Our shanties up and covered, the next thing was to get material to build fire-places of. That was really hard to be found. We would go out with Batterson's cart and pick up a whole brick here, a half a one there and a flat stone somewhere else, until we finally found material enough to raise the chimneys above the roofs of our shanties. By the end of two weeks we were as comfortably housed as any of the troops at Chattanooga, although our camp must have greatly resembled Joseph's coat for variety, so many different kinds of material being employed in building the shanties and chimneys. There was but one thing in which we lacked and that was rations. We had supposed that once at the rear we should have all we needed to eat, but we found it not so, and soon wished ourselves back at the front. But the front, where was it? No one knew. In truth it was anywhere between Nashville and Atlanta.

On the 7th we signed the rolls for ten months' pay. Hutchins went to the hospital and never returned to the Battery.

On the 11th the Battery was to be inspected by Gen. Brannan. Everything was put in readiness to make him think as highly of us as possible, for we knew something of his opinion of us by an expression he once made during the campaign in reference to our carrying grain and blankets on our caissons: "D—n that battery; they fight well, but they give me more trouble than any other battery I have." And to cause him to look more favorably upon us and to prove that we wished to please him, we went so far as for six of our number to appear with their shoes blacked when

called upon to "fall in." We "fell in" twice; but no general appeared, save "General Dyson" of our Battery; and thus all our trouble was for nothing.

On the 12th Wilber arrived and was assigned to gun 4. Our pay-rolls were returned with the notice that we could not receive ten months' pay that time, so we re-signed them for eight months.

In the afternoon of the 14th Gen. Brannan arrived, and, though he took us somewhat by surprise, and found us not as well prepared to meet him as on the appointed time; yet he appeared pleased with us and said we had the best quarters he had ever seen.

Our pay-rolls were again returned to us as having been improperly signed, so on the 15th we corrected them and received eight months' pay.

Now that we were at the rear those who had received furloughs, at Atlanta, prepared to go home. Having received their pay, on the 16th Sergt. Short, Corp. Cogswell and Private Flint left us on a thirty day visit to their friends. Lient. Burton having received a leave of absence accompanied them. As he was going to Chicago, where so many of our friends lived, we sent a considerable sum in greenbacks with him. The same day our colored blacksmith, Shadrach, left us for his home in Middle Tennessee.

While at Shelbyville and other places, a great quantity of our surplus rations had been sold and the proceeds put in the "company fund." This fund was supposed to have been materially increased by the addition of commutation money, we should have received for the rations allowed us, but, not drawn during the siege of Chattanooga and the Knoxville campaign. Now that our pay had been increased, an order was issued to pay no more for undrawn rations, and many were now a little inquisitive to know about how much of a fund was on hand. Concluding we should probably have no further need of a fund the large amount was, on the 17th, distributed among us. It amounted to the enormous sum of two dollars and sixty-five cents to the man. This gave us something to talk about when there was nothing else to do.

To busy ourselves, after being comfortably fitted up inside our shanties, most of us began shell work again. We were now where these little specimens of our handicraft could be sent to our friends without danger of their being captured by train burners. Each shebang was soon a jewelry manufactory. When shells

began to run low a new material was found in which to work, that was quite as easily fashioned as were mussel shells, and from which could be produced articles quite as beautiful. At a fort then building near the depot could be had all the Tennessee marble we wished. The moat was sunk three or four feet deep in the marble and thus gave us a choice of several different qualities and colors. Of this we made picture frames, little fancy boxes, pipes, etc., etc. Some work was also going on in laurel, making pipes, etc. We also drained the sutlers' stores of their supply of gutta percha rulers, buttons, etc., of which to make badges, rings, etc.

'Twas now that our "officers" and "members" became the more important. "General D." was in favor at the quartermaster's and was thus able to keep us tolerably well supplied with potatoes, beans, pork, bread, etc., at regular army prices. "Major B." opened a small sutler shop in camp where we could get anything he had to sell, on tick, though at an advanced price. Capt. Battersen gave us our daily bread. "Lieut. B." "did us" on paper, showing our position in different battles. (These pictures he afterwards had photographed.) "Serg. D." was always "so as to be around with his chuck-a-luck." While "Corp. K." put chevrons and cords on our jackets and pants. Johnny H. was the star at "Bishops' Varieties." "Poodle" attended to our legal affairs. "Senator Wilson" was our diplomatist. "Dr. Ryan," of the "Cooper Institute," attended to our medical wants, but, unlike all other doctors in the army, he recommended "blue mass" instead of quinine. "Slippery Jim" was careful that no key be turned upon us, or that no lock should debar our going wheresoever we would. "Father" (use a as in hare) with his venerable gray locks, and "Mother" with her kit of tools, cared for the welfare of their children. "Channahon" (captain of the Channahon Battery) did our ironing. "Skipper" (the canal boat captain) had charge of our boats—for we had two and sometimes three on the river. The "Deacon's Son" attended to having seventy-five photographs of "Battery" taken for us, that each might have a "purp" to take home with him. We also had an anatomist and entomologist among us, who made it his study to discover the real difference between the Yankee and rebel gray backs: for we all felt there was a difference besides the stripes on the latter by which they were readily distinguished. He found the rebel gray back to be furnished with a pair of sharp claws, and concluded they were

necessary to them in order that they might hold on to the rebels whenever they ran. The discovery of these claws accounted for the peculiar nip the striped gray backs gave us. Our bugler also blowed and fiddled. "Billy Geagan" made sweet music while "Doc H" tripped the light fantastic toe. "Christie" kept us alive with his good humor and jokes. "Salt Pine" interested us with his former encounters with the greasers. "Laddie" told us of "Hold Hingland." "Kirby Smith" had dropped military life and taken to politics. Then there was the droll "Lop-eared Dutchman;" "Noisy" (detailed from the 24th Wisconsin); "Kickapoo," and others who each played his part.

The Christian League that was formed at the Post Chapel had several members in the Battery; but we were more largely represented at the "Temperance Society."

On the night of the 18th one of the nearest saw-mills burned down. We shed no tears over it, for it was one which had kept the strongest guard to keep us from "borrowing" boards, but with very little effect.

On the 21st John Martin went home on furlough. That night two of our men happened to be in town without passes and were accosted by the patrols. They said they had no passes. "Then we must take you to the guard-house." The men requested to be taken to headquarters, so the guards marched them to Gen. Steadman's headquarters and into the general's presence. The general asked them to what command they belonged: "To Battery M, 1st Illinois, sir." "What are you doing in town without passes?" The men had tasted a little commissary and claimed to have lost their way and wanted to get back to the Battery. "Where is the Battery stationed?" "On the river outside of town." Turning to a clerk, the general said: "Give these men a pass for two days." Then turning to them he said: "You can get to camp in that time, can't you?" While they were waiting for the pass, the general turned to his staff and said: "These men belong to my Battery, of which I have told you."

On the 22d we turned over our Rodmans and drew six worn-out twelve-pounder howitzers.

On the 23d Porter returned from the hospital. The same day McAllister joined us and was assigned to gun 1.

On the 24th we received word that if we would send to the Sanitary Commission rooms we could get some vegetables. We

sent and drew about six bushels of onions, and, a day or two later, got four bushels more.

Several of our men who had been in hospitals some time, and who were able to travel, were given furloughs and went home. One of them, however, refused to go. "He did not wish to see home till he was discharged and could remain there."

On the 24th Balziger returned from furlough. On the 27th a team drove up with a load of muskets, and we were told they were for us; that we must drill and stand guard with them! Here we had served over two-thirds of our time, and had done our duty as artillery-men, but now we must learn the infantry drill and become not only infantry-men, but artillery and infantry at once. We almost felt like instituting a young rebellion, but then remembering how poorly the gigantic one was faring, we thought best to take the muskets and do no more with them than we had to. Toward night two negroes and a white man floated down stream on the bottom of a dug-out, which had capsized. They were beyond our help when seen, but were rescued at the pontoon bridge.

Hood was being closely watched, but no one knew what he was going to do, or where he was intending to go. Some thought he would fall back and on his road call on Chattanooga. This seemed to be the opinion at headquarters, so the post must be prepared for a siege. The first thing was to get a large supply of wood on hand, and for that purpose a large detail was made on the 29th. We were in the artillery garrison department and were called upon for eighteen men who were to be there eight days; but the eight days became nearly eighty before they were excused.

On the 30th our rations, already small enough, were cut down to about the "Siege of Chattanooga" standard. Hood was now where he threatened our communications and we were to be on short rations until his removal from the rear.

On the 1st of December we drew a barrel of onions and a pail of sauer kraut from the Sanitary Commission.

On the 3d orders were received from Major Church, chief of garrison artillery, regulating our camp duties. In them, hours were set down for reveille, assembly, breakfast, guard-mount, infantry-drill (of which there were four, one for the "nons," one for the commissioned officers, one for the company, with muskets, and a company artillery-drill) assembly at noon, retreat, tattoo, and taps.

On the 4th we had the first "guard-mount" ever performed in the Battery. Never before this had the guards assembled before or during the time they were on guard. On the next day we began drilling with the detested muskets.

Our old, worn-out and broken howitzers had to have their carriages repainted by order of the post chief of artillery, and we commenced on the 7th. There were now no more trains running to Nashville, so rumors began to flow in fast. First, Nashville had been taken by some one proving traitor and Gen. Steadman was killed. Then, Hood had charged the works thirteen times, and was repulsed each time. And then we would hear that all is right and Sherman is within seven miles of Savannah, etc., etc.

On the 8th we sent a detail of ten men, namely: Harding, Hunt, Henderson, J. Howard, Kane, Kempf, Kopf, Krum, S. Lissenden, and Loomis, to Harrison's Landing to guard men who were getting out saw-logs for the mills.

We now drew five small rations to last ten days, and were told that Hood was reported to be fortifying in front of Nashville, and, if that was the case, we could not expect better times for a long while, for Thomas had not force enough to charge and drive him from his works.

On the 11th an extra guard was required for our wood pile. This made our guards three or nine per day, which, together with the eighteen to cut wood for the garrison, four to cut wood for ourselves, and ten up at Harrison, brought us on duty quite often, as there were now only about sixty men for duty.

On the morning of the 13th as the *Chattanooga Gazette* made its regular calls, great was the consternation among the sutlers when they saw a price list governing sutlers and traders at this post, signed by Col. Carlton, who was commanding the post. This price list placed nearly all the articles at even lower prices than they could be bought for in the north! Many of the sutlers closed their shebangs, while others continued to sell at their old prices and soon had a fine to pay—\$25.00 for each article sold higher than the list stipulated. Some, more sensible, sold such articles as they could afford to at the fixed figures and had none on hand of anything on which they would lose. This was what most of the soldiers wished to see, for they had been robbed long enough. We were expecting to pay a high price, but to pay five or six times as much for an article as it would cost at home we

did not relish. But in a few days the prices were as high as ever, the colonel having issued an order allowing it.

"Sojers" at the rear are generally supposed to be dressed up, and as there were so many all around us, even to the negro regiments camped next to us, who wore paper collars, the paper collars gradually worked their way around some of our necks. A soldier seen with one on was either whistled at and called "Ring," or "There goes one with his descriptive list around his neck" - the description probably describing him as one who wished to put on style. The first man who appeared in the Battery with a collar on was called to whenever he made his appearance outside his shanty. "Here, Ring; here, Ring," would go all around camp as he showed his head outside his door.

On the 14th Carey was detailed to go to Harrison to blacksmith for the lumbermen.

At 12 P. M., of the 18th, our guards heard iron being loaded on cars at the depot. We knew from this that something had been done at the rear front; besides this, the day before there had been flying rumors that Thomas had defeated Hood, that he had captured 1,000 prisoners and sixteen guns. And also citizens, coming in from the mountains, said they heard faint reports of cannon to the northwest all that day. And on the morning of the 19th we received authentic proof that Thomas had completely routed Hood, had captured 3,000 prisoners and thirty guns, and also that the road was now clear. This was glorious news for the nation, and for us individually! It was thought we could now see our way clear to more and better rations.

The same day we received orders to send a detail of ten men, to Kingston, by the first boat to guard lumbermen, and also to work as well as guard. Corporal Harter was to have command. The men selected were Beadle, Brown, Cope, Coslet, Mundell, Murphey, McAllister, Patton and Rhodes. Beadle and Rhodes were finally left out, and Gammon, Kempf and Mead put on the list. As soon as they were detailed they were freed from duty in the Battery, and as no boat left for Kingston till the 8th of January, they had a long rest.

Part of the preparations for a siege was to raise, arm and equip a body of men to be called the "Civic Guards." They embraced all male non-combatants who were able to shoulder a

musket, and consisted of sutlers, store-keepers, citizens—rebel and union, and contrabands. Now that there was no more danger of Hood visiting us they were disbanded.

On the 20th it was expected we should again draw, what was called, full rations; but no, we only got five rations to last the rest of the month—eleven days!

On the 22d Lieut. Flusky was detailed to act on Col. Carlton's staff. He left us on the next day.

Adler, of gun 1, having received the proper certificates from our officers, was permitted to make copies of maps for his own use at the topographical engineer's office, Department of the Cumberland.

Christmas Eve had a bad effect upon the officer, who inspected us on the morning of the 25th. He could not stand erect. His commands were: "Close order, march." "Right-face without doubling, march." "Arms apart, march." "Break ranks, march." And that was the amount of the inspection, save a great deal of laughter. Our dinner that day was a little better than on the same day a year before; but then we had seen still better, notwithstanding our being told we never had such good grub till we came into the army.

On the 29th Stone was mustered out at Madison, Wis. Hoffer, of gun 5, went to hospital. That day the number on detail to cut wood for the garrison was reduced to four men. We now had forty-seven men on duty daily.

Gen. Meagher was now in command of the district, in Steadman's absence, and it was thought by some that he might do something about our small rations: so, when we drew our bread on the 29th, "Salt Lake" took his loaf to the general's headquarters. The general was in. "See here, general, what small rations we are getting." The general took the loaf in his hand, shook his head, said "It is small"—and did no more.

Orders regarding passes were now quite strict. We were allowed only two passes for the Battery, so that only two men could be absent at a time without being in danger of having to pay a visit to a certain large brick house, on Market Street, with iron bars in the windows, the house surrounded by a high board fence, and known as the Bull Pen; or else be given quarters in an old frame church that stood not far from our camp. Accidentally our "major" was found in town on the 29th with no pass; but an

abundance of corn-ketchup (inside). He was taken to the church for lodgings at nights and allowed to work on the streets for twenty days.

On the 31st we were mustered by Capt Schutz, of Battery 1, 1st Michigan. That day Orange Mercer joined us and was assigned to gun 1. At night many met at the captain's quarters to see the old year die and to usher the new one in.

The next morning, Sunday, the first day of the year 1865, found those who had watched, during the night, with such a headache that the appointed inspection was postponed till the next Sabbath.

That day George and William Little, Chapman and Jas. D. Miller joined us. Chapman was assigned to gun 1, Wm. Little and Miller to gun 3, and Geo. Little to gun 4. Also Lieut. Burton, Corp. Cogswell and Private Flint returned from furlough. They had been shut up in Nashville by Hood's embargo. They left Sergt. Short there confined with the small-pox and John Martin was with him as nurse.

On the 2d O. W. Cooley, Esq. who was deputized by Gov. Yates to visit the Illinois troops in that department, and to notice the care the Sanitary Commission was taking of such troops, called on us. The assembly was blown and we gathered around him to hear what word he brought from the north and from our Prairie State. He told us in few words his business there. He asked what the Sanitary Commission had done for us, and requested us to choose a committee to draw up a statement of what had been received, and of what we thought of the Sanitary and Christian Commission, and what we thought would be the result of having a State agent appointed, as had Ohio and Indiana. He then stated that he was also desirous of getting the voice of the Illinois soldiers upon the matter of building an asylum for soldiers' orphans. He said he had attempted to raise funds in the State for that purpose, but that all turned a deaf ear to him, and now he thought if each soldier would give a dollar toward it, those at home would then see that we were desirous of having our children cared for after rebel bullets should have laid us low, and they would then be more willing to contribute. Turning to "Salt Lake" he asked, "If the thought ever most prominent in his mind was not of his children, or" said he, "yon may not have any children?" "No," spoke up "Joe of the Cooper's Institute," "he is an orphan." But Joe was always ready with such droll remarks.

We chose Adler to write the memorial, and he did it in a manner that met the views of a large majority of us. The next day the paper was presented to Mr. Cooley at the rooms of the Ohio State agent.

On the 5th Ralph was detailed as orderly for Gen. Meagher.

On the 7th Gen. Steadman returned to the command of the district (of the Etowah) and a salute of thirteen guns was fired. The same day our men returned from Harrison. On the 8th the new detail started for Harrison. On the 10th we drew full rations!!

For several days it had rained quite hard and now the river was much swollen. Drift-wood was floating by in great quantities. All we had to do to get our fire wood was to choose such as we wanted, tow it to shore and haul it up the steep bank. Catching wood afforded us much amusement, as occasionally a man would slip off his log into the river, and would thus secure not only wood but a good ducking. He would retreat to his shanty in good order amid the cheers of those who had witnessed his mishap. This drift-wood saved us sending a detail five miles to get wood, but we thought we would have more and better wood, and, at less risk, should we send a detail five or six miles up the river, to where wood was abundant, and raft it down. Accordingly, on the 12th, Corp. Cogswell, Privates Albee, Barr, Duffy, Clancy, Harper, Joe Howard, Harding, Rowley and McAllister started off for that purpose. The same day Nichol was detailed to take charge of a team at the garrison artillery corral. Toward night we drew a barrel of onions and a barrel of green apples at the Sanitary Commission.

On the 14th Lewis H. Miller joined us and was assigned to gun 5. Dezelle returned from hospital, and Ralph accompanied Gen. Meagher to Savannah via New York.

On the 16th Noyes, McDaniel, Long, Robert Powers, and Bruins returned to their commands. Noyes and Long belonged to the 24th Wisconsin, McDaniel to the 78th, Powers to the 51st Illinois and Bruins to the 15th Missouri.

That day we began the new (to us) mode of roll call. Each sergeant would march his detachment out into line, and, saluting his officer, say, "All present or accounted for," or, "So many present, balance unaccounted for"—if he knew not the cause of their absence. The same day the first raft of wood arrived.

On the 18th Sergt. Short and Private Martin returned to the Battery, and on the next day Corp. Cogswell and squad returned, bringing another raft.

On the 21st Hendrie was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps.

On the 22d Corp. Mercer, Privates Simpson, Weyl, Wilson, Wilber, Winnemore and Young, were detailed as guards at Lieut. Kinkead's headquarters. The lieutenant had charge of the ordnance of the garrison. That day Kane and Newton started for home on furlough, and on the 24th Corp. Dolton followed.

On the 25th Corp. Korah, Privates Barr, Colby, Duffy, Flint, Franck, Harding, Loomis, Martin and Rowley, started up the river to raft down more wood.

On the 27th three of those sent to Kingston were returned to the Battery on account of their having foraged a little too much to suit the lieutenant in command. The three reported fine times at Kingston, very little to do and plenty to eat. They said they managed to hide about 2,000 pounds of pork one night which they had "borrowed" from a rich rebel. The lieutenant discovered that it was left in care of "Slippery Jim" and told him that if he would disclose where it was that it might be returned to its owner, he would say no more about it. "Slippery Jim" saw it would be the best he could do, so he told, when the lieutenant immediately ordered him back to the Battery with two others as before mentioned. This breach of promise so disgusted the whole command, that they soon had another officer to command them — one who was as lenient as the other was severe. One of the three men, accompanied by R. Hamilton and Henderson, returned to Kingston on the 30th.

On the 31st Wright was detailed to Lieut. Kinkead's headquarters as corral veterinary surgeon. The same day Hoffer returned from hospital.

On the 1st of February Johnson returned from hospital, and nothing further worthy of notice occurred till the 19th, when, as there had been some inquiries made as to the number of our men doing duty, all the dog-robbers except two were returned to duty. We had had nine or ten excused from duty. On the 25th Kane and Newton returned from home.

Work on the guard house was going on slowly, as no one was in any great haste to sleep away from his regular quarters every

other night. But, work as slowly as we would, the house was at length completed, and on the 27th the guards were ordered to make that their headquarters. They were to fall in line at the approach of any general officer and to salute him as he passed. Guards on duty were to salute all officers according to their rank. Not wishing to disobey orders, we were very careful to not see an officer until he was so far passed that it was too late to salute.

As we now came on duty only once in three days, and as we were getting full rations (?), it was thought it would conduce more to our health to have us work a little more. But what was there for us to do? The only thing that could be thought of was the improvement of Fort McAlone. The work was accordingly laid out, and on the 27th a detail was made to begin work. About a dozen shovelfuls were thrown out of the moat that day. We never objected to fortifying while at the front and when there was necessity for it, but here at the rear where there were so many pioneers whose duty it was to fortify, but who were now doing little or no duty, we did not relish the idea of working on the fortifications.

On the 28th we were mustered by Capt. Shutz. That day we received orders to draw half rations of fish, instead of all meat. This order was observed about a month.

Troops were now being sent to and above Knoxville from Thomas' army; once in a while a regiment would pass with which we were acquainted; it would then seem as though we were really meeting our friends at home.

On the 2d of March Kane was detailed as clerk at Col. Carlton's headquarters.

On the 4th Lieut. Gillette was appointed acting assistant adjutant general on Maj. Church's staff.

On the 6th S. Lissenden was detailed as clerk at Col. Carlton's headquarters, and Corp. Hamilton and Private Ryan were detailed as guards to a saw-mill about a mile above our camp.

The river was now rising very rapidly and families living near the mills with difficulty removed their wares before the water had risen above the second floor. We now had our day. The high water was floating away the large piles of lumber and wood already cut for the furnaces. We fastened logs together so as to form a boom, and extended them so as to catch all this floating wood and lumber in the little recess at the foot of the hill on

which our fort stood; then with our boats we towed this floating debris to shore, and in a short time had wood enough to last us the coming summer and lumber enough to open a lumber yard. The mill men objected at first, but soon concluded we were the best owners. We hauled the wood up to camp and piled it up nicely to dry for summer use. Twice during the month the river rose so high that the families along its banks had to leave their houses for other quarters.

At 4 P. M. on the 9th, the wind blowing almost a hurricane, a canoe containing three men capsized just before it reached the island that lay abreast of us. Two of our men, Corporals Scales and Banks, immediately went to their assistance with one of our boats, and succeeded in rescuing the men who proved to be a lieutenant and two negroes coming down to Chattanooga after some provisions. They were bringing a barrel of eggs for the market. The lieutenant lost his seventy-dollar overcoat and gave the eggs to his preservers. These eggs were worth sixty cents a dozen in Chattanooga.

On the 10th our rations were again raised to what was called full rations, which was about half what we received in 1862 and until September, 1863. A soldier cannot use all the rations government allows him, but what was now being issued as full rations would not make two good meals a day. Government was paying for really full rations; then certainly some one was filling his pockets out of what should have filled our stomachs. We wished the patriots who were enriching themselves by stealing from us were in some good place where quartermasters were not needed.

But this 10th day of March was one long to be remembered by the members of our Battery who were that day present. As was stated in its proper place, while at Camp Douglas contributions were taken and a violin purchased with the proceeds that we might have music with which to pass away the time in camp. The violin had always been in charge of the bugler, he being the best player in the company. It was considered as company property, was carried on one of the caissons on all our marches and campaigns, had been in all our engagements and was looked upon as a relic that each member would like to own in after years, and which it was intended to raffle off at our muster out. Accordingly, one evening, as soon as all duty was over, we assembled at the public hall (the guard house), and there deputed "Poodle" to demand

the fiddle of its keeper, and to bring it to the hall. The violin was finally surrendered and "Poodle" soon marched triumphantly into the hall and was voted by all a trump. Raffling began, men being chosen to represent those who were absent by detail or for any reason. Several turned forty when "Salt Pine" counted forty-three! and took the fiddle. He subsequently sold it to "Mother."

On the 16th orders were received to be ready to leave on Monday, the 20th. The captain was to be chief of artillery of the posts of Cleveland and Charleston. We were to be stationed at the former place. Orders were immediately sent off for the several men on detail to return to the Battery without delay.

On the 17th Corp. Harter, R. Hamilton and Kempf arrived by boat from Kingston. On the next day the people living near the mills had to leave their homes again as the river rose so as to half cover the roofs of some of them. Again we had a fine opportunity to catch lumber and wood, but as we were going to leave so soon, we did not want any more—really we knew not what to do with what we already had. But soon we found there was a way provided to make use of our large piles of lumber and wood. For a week several companies of the 1st Minnesota Heavy Artillery had been arriving. Among them were many "subs," "yearlings" and "vets," all of whom were lions, having their pockets well filled with greenbacks. It would not do for them to lie on the foul earth with their stylish clothes, so they were ready to pay any price for lumber to build bunks first and then shanties. They did not object to paying at the rate of sixty to one hundred dollars per thousand, so they got the lumber. But with the wood we had more trouble. Sutlers wanted it, but the question arose: "What should we take for pay?" It was finally agreed we should receive blacking for it, or anything else in its stead, and whether he, who remained behind to settle up the Battery's business, ever disposed of it, we never knew.

We had not received any pay since the 15th of November, and many of us had long been out of money. There was a sutler who had his shebang near our camp, who had been licensed to furnish the garrison artillery with such things as they needed on tick. Our Battery had taken a number of "Mr. Purdy's scrip," and Mr. Purdy was a little anxious to get the amount due him, as we were about to leave, but as we had no money, he was obliged to be contented until the greenback man should come to see us.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Our orders to move on the 20th were so changed as to cause us to leave on the 19th. We turned over our howitzers, sold the last foot of our lumber, packed up, left camp at noon and marched to the depot. Passing Mr. Purdy's headquarters, we could not repress a very audible groan. The new arrivals wanted to know if we were going home, and were answered very blithely in the affirmative "and would carry any message they might wish to send to their friends." At "Bishop's Varieties," we called vociferously for the proprietor, but he did not respond to our call. "Poison, swill, slop," escaped our lips in no very low tones, while passing the noted "brewery." We finally reached the depot, and, having stacked arms, began to make ourselves at home. "Charley" was always a lion at the post quartermaster's, and thither he wended his way armed with several empty canteens; he could always get the best that was to be had there, and in a short time the canteens returned to camp, filled. Those who chose to were engaged in assorting corn. Several became tired in a very short time and lay down to sleep. Others began the practice of rope-walking, using a long boiler that lay near by, for a rope. It was too slack for men in their condition and they soon found themselves lying on the ground.

At length, at half past six, the engine whistled and we were soon on our way to Cleveland. At the tunnel they missed one of their lamps after the train had passed. There was such an attraction on board the train that, although we passed at the rate of about eight miles an hour, the lamp flew to one of our cars. We were loaded on flats. At 9:15 the train reached its destination, and, providentially stopped just in time; for the switch was so turned that had we gone five rods further the engine would have run off the track, and doubtless some of us would have been hurt, as about twenty were riding on the engine.

Switched off, our next care was to find some place to bunk. Some slept under the eaves of the depot building, others under the platform, while the remainder slept out doors.

As all were preparing their breakfast, next morning, the Knoxville train approached at full speed. Just as it reached the switch the engineer discovered that it was turned so as to run his train on a side-track, on which stood several cabooses used as cook rooms by men working on the road. The engineer reversed his engine, applied the full head of steam, and jumped off. The wheels immediately began to spin in reverse, but on the train came, struck the cabooses, piled one on another, stove in the front of the engine, and only stopped when the wreck would allow it to go no farther. It then began to work backwards, but the drivers were slipping so that it moved only a few feet before the engineer was again at his post. There was quite a stir among the cooks when the engine struck. It was a droll scene to see them leap from their cars and run as though some evil monster was at their heels!

There were two forts at Cleveland, both built on the ridge near where we had camped nearly a year before. This ridge extended north and south for many miles, rising in some places to quite a height, at others lowered to almost a level with the valley. The forts stood southwest of town—the first called Fort Howard, and then mounting four guns, was about a quarter, while the second, mounting six guns, and known as Fort McPherson, stood about half a mile from town. Cleveland has before been mentioned as being a beautiful town, wearing a pleasant, retired look, and principally inhabited by staunch loyalists. As lovely as it appeared to us a year before, we were now to witness its varied changes—from its winter condition to its midsummer charms. Beautiful flowers and shade trees stood on both sides of the streets, and added additional charm to the place. When we came there was very little business done, but it soon increased until it had become quite metropolitan. There were other causes that made us look admiringly on the place. The citizens, at first strangers, soon became friends, and friendship increased until in some instances stronger ties bound us together, and caused several of our number to select Cleveland as their future home.

At 8:30, on the 20th, we fell in and were soon divided up into squads as well as we could be, considering the mixed up style we

had lived in at Chattanooga. Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 6 marched to Fort McPherson with Lieut. Burton as commander, while Nos. 3 and 4 were to occupy Fort Howard and were to be commanded by Lieut. Gillette; the captain to be chief of artillery and to make his headquarters at Fort McPherson. A large number of commodious pole shanties stood near each fort. Infantry soldiers occupied these shanties at the time, but they were to move in a few days, and then we were to have them. Our tents were pitched near the forts and some of us built temporary shanties, carrying the boards from the late camp of the 5th Tennessee Mounted Infantry, known as the "Hog Back Regiment." That day we began firing a morning and evening gun from Fort McPherson.

Some of us foraged a little, at times, as did also the 149th and 150th Illinois and the 65th New York, who were stationed here; but, as we were generally careful to visit only rebels, Illinoisians were soon great favorites among the unionists. "Are you from Eelleenoise?" was the question first propounded by a citizen, if a soldier entered into conversation with him, and if the answer was in the affirmative he had the passport to the citizen's confidence and he could readily learn who were true and who were not.

It was several days before we took charge of the forts, as the guns in them were left in charge of the infantry until they could be turned over. We were to draw ten new twelve-pounder Napoleons and were perfectly willing the infantry should continue to guard the forts as long as they pleased.

The weather was delightful, and we soon instituted the games of ball and "pig-in-the-hole-ah" for out-door amusement. Chess, dominoes, cards, checkers and dancing did much to make our indoor time pass pleasantly until, having formed acquaintances among the citizens, the boys were in camp very little.

On the 23d the captain came up from Chattanooga. That day the men at Fort McPherson moved into the shanties, and we took charge of both forts. The same day the 149th Illinois so doubled up as to allow our men at Fort Howard to have four shanties, and these, with one they had built, gave them quite respectable lodgings. Four of our new guns arrived for us. We never received more. Furloughs came for four of the men, viz: Stewart, of gun 2, Mead and Gammon, of gun 4, and Mack, of gun 6. They started on the 24th. Lieut. Fliskey joined us on the 25th.

Every morning before breakfast, and at all hours of the day, women—white and black—came to our camp with pies, (?) corn-pones and gingerbread. Their pies were of two kinds—pegged and sewed, but which were the toughest was almost impossible to tell. We sometimes bought some, but digesting them was another thing entirely. Sometimes these women brought in twist tobacco and milk (milk always meaning buttermilk) and some time after our arrival, great quantities of butter. To the south, and also to the west of town, stood a large refugee camp. In those camps these women lived. They were principally those whose natural protectors were in the rebel army. They came mostly from northern Georgia, being forced to come inside our lines to keep from starving.

Every Sabbath there were one or two sermons preached at the principal church in town, and sometimes of an evening during the week. At first there were only one or two females present, but toward the last, one side of the church was crowded with blue coats, the other with ladies—the elite of the place. It was not unfrequent that twenty-four out of our twenty-eight men were present, and as we now wore our colors to the largest extent, we lent quite a reddish tinge to our side of the house. Citizens and soldiers in common preached to us.

On the 27th Col. Felix Prince Salm Salm, commander of the Post, issued an order that "All the troops at the Post must have three roll-calls and drill four hours each day. Soldiers must salute all officers. No soldier could go to town without a pass, and none could remain in town over night." But we managed not to extend our daily drill beyond about twenty minutes, and to avoid his special patrols when any of our boys were in town without passes.

On the 28th Adler, of gun 1, was officially detailed as draughtsman at the topographical engineer's office, Department of the Cumberland, where he had already been employed some time. That afternoon several trains passed en-route for Bull's Gap, loaded with our old comrades, of the 2d Division. They announced their recognition of us by calling out to the first one of our men they saw, "Pull, John, pull!" etc., and it so happened that the man they hailed was the veritable John.

At every station passed by their train they made it a practice to help themselves to anything needful that they could find, especially at sutlers' shebangs, but rarely troubled citizens. At Chattanooga they had entered a car loaded with bacon and "helped

themselves to enough to last for the last six months to come,' according to the words of the cooper.

On the 29th a section of a train ran off the track about a mile above Cleveland. The section left at the station had Gen. Opdyke's brigade on board, the soldiers of which scattered about the town. One of them, a drummer boy, happened to offend a couple of Col. Salm Salm's staff officers, one of whom rode up to the boy and struck him. The others of the 4th Army Corps boys, who had seen this, charged toward the saloon to which the officers had gone; the officers ran from the saloon, crawled under the cars and ran up the hill to headquarters, the 4th Corps men pelting them with bricks and stones until they were half way up the hill. The officers immediately collected about twenty guards and had them load their muskets. The soldiers (among whom were the 73d Illinois and 125th Ohio) called them conscripts and told them to come down to the cars and they would disarm them without using a weapon. Gen. Opdyke had been sitting in one of the freight cars, a silent spectator. He now came out, and, beckoning the officers to come to him, said after they were before him and had told their version of the affair: "I and my men have fought three years at the front and we are not now going to submit to such treatment from you who have just received your five hundred dollars. Report yourselves at headquarters under arrest by my orders." And he followed to headquarters to see they did as he commanded. He was given three deafening cheers, and as many doleful groans were given for the benefit of the proud pair. One man called out to the guards: "We hear you have been abusing Battery M; d—m you, if you do it again, we'll come down and clean you out."

Gen. Dyson, of our Battery, got a permit and opened a news-depot on the public square, and was soon doing a large business for that locality.

So many troops—four regiments and a battery—could not lie at one place long without instituting a place of amusement, if there was not already one. Several men from the different regiments and three or four from our Battery, made preparations to open a sort of theater in an old, dilapidated brick church, and in a few days they announced a grand treat to those who wished to attend. They had quite a full house nearly every night as long as it was kept open.

On the 2d the remainder of those who were at Kingston returned, except Coslet.

On the 3d we received official notification that Petersburg was captured, and in honor of the event Fort McPherson fired thirty-four blanks. That day Corporal Scales was appointed acting orderly sergeant at Fort Howard; Kane, of No. 3, and Colby, of No. 4, acting corporals, and Brown, of No. 4, to act as bugler. Orders were issued for them to have roll-calls and drill there the same as had been the rule at Fort McPherson.

Our Norwegian was among those who had just returned from Kingston, and while absent had not been drilled, consequently he knew very little about musket drill. When called out to drill he handled his gun very clumsily. Finally the lieutenant came up, when he very naively said: "Lieutenant, I wish you would give me a drilled musket; this one is so awkward, it don't know anything."

On the 4th we drew whisky, probably on account of the good news received the day before and which was this day confirmed.

On the 5th Balziger received a detail as butcher for the Post.

At 9 P. M. the news came that Lee had surrendered Richmond, his entire army and himself! This was such glorious news and spoke so plainly of peace and home that for the first time in the Battery's annals, its members joined in loud and prolonged cheers! The ice once broken, we found it no trouble to raise a cheer at any appropriate time thereafter. Till midnight the camps were all in a turmoil, soldiers running here and there bearing the glad tidings, and questioning each other as to whether it might not, after all, be another canard. Bands played the nation's airs and marches and all bespoke complete bewilderment over the joyful news. But imagine our feelings when early on the next morning the telegram was received that it was Fitz Hugh and not Robt. E. Lee who had been captured.

On the 8th we fired one hundred rounds from Fort McPherson over the good news. A couple of our men had been out into the country, and as they returned were halted by the guards after they were far inside the lines, and having no passes, were marched to headquarters. They there stated their case; how they had passed out and in without the pickets seeing them. They were immediately released and the guards severely reprimanded for their carelessness.

At 12 P. M., of the 9th, the infantry guards roused the camp with the cry of "Fire! fire!" It was only an outhouse near the suburbs of town that was burning, so all turned in again.

At noon, on the 10th, a telegram was received, signed by Secretary Stanton, stating that Lee had now really surrendered. In honor of the event Fort McPherson fired thirty-six guns. At night the town and camps were brilliantly illuminated. The infantry at Fort Howard were congregated around a large bon-fire when several of our men sent a shower of lighted fuzes among them, startling them as though a body of the enemy had suddenly charged upon them. We then began firing 15, 20, 25, 30 and 35-second fuzes from our muskets. They went high in the air and appeared like rockets. The citizens flocked into the streets to see our pyrotechnic display. We used several hundred fuzes that night, borrowing them from the old guns that stood in the forts.

On the 11th it was learned that Lee and his army were paroled. This dampened our spirits much, for remembering Vicksburg and the number of Pemberton's men we had to fight at Chickamauga, we imagined Lee's army marching to join Johnston.

On the 13th, upon learning of the surrender of Lynchburg, the Battery received orders to fire a salute of 100 guns from each fort on the 14th. We did so at noon, a large number of citizens having assembled to witness it. As the last gun fired, all felt that now the starry flag was again floating over Sumter.

Early on the 15th our pulses, that were still beating high over the happy rejoicings of the day before, were suddenly chilled. Some had seen a telegram at the office to the effect that President Lincoln and his secretary of state had been assassinated the night before—the former while at Ford's theatre, the latter while lying sick on his bed! Those who had seen the telegram were disinclined to report what they had read, but gradually it became known through camps. No one would believe it, but all pronounced it a sensation scheme of some enemy to dampen our rejoicing. Toward night the particulars began to come in, and then all flocked to the office to read as fast as the operator should copy and post up on the bulletin board. When to this confirmation we saw Secretary Stanton's name signed, then all were compelled to believe it, and many a fierce invective was uttered against the nation's foes, wherever found. Veteran officers and soldiers

and union citizens swore they would show no more leniency toward traitors. Loyal citizens walked the streets till a late hour that night hoping to find some rebel outside their door. Soldiers were ready to shoot down the first person who should show the least sign of rejoicing. As time wore on rebel citizens declared that in Lincoln's death they had lost their best friend.

On the 16th we fired a mourning gun every half hour from sunrise till sunset. Charles Francke, who had been for some time laboring under a partial aberration of mind, now became entirely irrational and had to have constant attendance.

On the 17th the captain received orders to send men to take charge of the fort at Charleston. He detailed Sergt. Schnasse, Corps. Clute, Dolton and Harter, and Privates Beadle, Bonser, Cope, Hamilton, Huges, Hunt, Krum, Geo. Little, Wm. Little, J. D. Miller, Mundell, Offenloch, Patton, Porter, Proctor, Roper, Trumbull, Weyl, Wilson and Young. Lieut. Burton was to take command. They left on the 18th and took quarters in two large shanties standing in the fort which was called Fort Bishop. They relieved a detachment of the 5th Indiana Battery, and followed the customs of that battery so far as to board in town, and sleep at the fort. The fort stood on a high hill, to the west of town, and on the south bank of the Hiawassee River, and about 600 feet above its waters. The fort had seven or eight embrasures, but contained only four guns—two ten-pounder Rodmans and two ten-pounder Parrotts.

The Hiawassee afforded them splendid bathing places, and they made frequent trips there for that purpose. Although the river swarmed with fish, yet they could catch few without trot lines. Our men at Charleston could not keep one a week before it would be stolen. The citizens were nearly unanimously secesh and could not be trusted. Two companies of the 149th Illinois were stationed there, and our men had no more restraints placed upon them than as though they were at home. At first they were required only to be present at inspection on Sunday mornings—that being the only time the lieutenant visited the fort, but latterly they had to answer to their names morning and evening—if they were present. They had frequent parties, and on such occasions, several of us from Cleveland would be present.

On the 19th we fired a presidential salute of 21 guns from Fort McPherson.

Being now well acquainted with the citizens, all became well used to the ladies' snuff-dipping, and to their droll localisms. We could say "Howdy" for "How do you do?" "Branch" for creek. "Right smart." "Do you live far about here?" "We'uns" and you 'uns." "Eel-lee-noise" for Illinois. "Kain-tucky," "Caval-ree-ah," "Reegi-mee-en-tah," &c., &c.

On the 21st Gen. Steadman visited the Post at Cleveland. We fired a salute. He inspected us, and pronounced himself well satisfied.

At Charleston that day some of the men practiced a joke on one who was known as "Snatcher." He was seen carrying water for some women. A self-appointed guard marched down from the fort, and, having told him he was wanted at camp, marched him up under guard, where he was ordered to report himself to the lieutenant who had just got to camp in time to be enlightened upon the subject before the man was brought. He pleaded his case to the lieutenant who dismissed him, hoping he should never have occasion to again send a guard after him. Those on furlough returned on the 25th.

On the 1st of May our rations were again cut down.

On the 2d the 149th Illinois left Charleston and was replaced by the 11th Michigan (recruits) who were quite strict, and with whom our men did not agree any too well. We were now in the second Separate Division, Department of the Cumberland. By the 149th Illinois leaving Charleston our men there got all the shanties they wanted as there were several, near the fort, that were now unoccupied.

On the 3d Porter was detailed as post postmaster at Charleston, which office he filled until government appointed a citizen on the 9th of June. That day Capt. Spencer was made chief of artillery on Brevet Brig. Gen. Salm Salm's staff, and left with the general on the 4th for Dalton, whither all the infantry that lay at Cleveland had been ordered. We fired a brigadier general's salute—eleven guns. It was great sport for us to talk these recruits into the belief that they were going home and we received material assistance from the veterans who belonged in the same regiments—so much so that they (the recruits) had twice settled their wash-women's bills preparatory to leaving. As the brigade was now gone and we were to draw our rations in future direct from Chattanooga there was no further work for a butcher; so Balziger returned to the Battery.

On the 6th Ralph returned from the sea-coast and let us know much that was going on in the outer world. He was the only one of our Battery who saw the "salty brine" during our crusade.

On the 8th Lewis H. Miller, who, as stated in the proper place, had enlisted as a recruit in our Battery, and who, unknown to us, was a deserter from the U. S. Navy, took advantage of the president's proclamation to deserters asking them to return to their commands or to report and be pardoned, this day gave himself up and was sent to Cairo, Ill., to be discharged from the navy. He was finally discharged from the steamer, Great Western, at Mound City, Ill., July 8th, 1865, for three years in the navy. He had, however, served most of the time in artillery, having served a term and been honorably discharged from Battery A, 1st Maryland Artillery. After being discharged from the navy he was ordered to report to Battery M for muster-out, but as nothing was heard of him by our officers after leaving, he was dropped from our roll as a deserter from the gun-boat service.

On the 8th Capt. Spencer returned to the Battery.

On the 9th Sergt. Tait was discharged at St. Louis, he having been exchanged some time before. He was so crippled from diseases, he had caught while in rebel prisons, that he had to walk on crutches and was maimed for life. Corp. Harter, of gun 6, was promoted to fill Tait's place. Corp. Dolton, of gun 3, succeeded to gunner, of gun 6, and Felt, of gun 1, to chief of caisson (corporal) of gun 3, to date from the 10th.

On the 11th the men built a ten-pin alley at Fort McPherson and at Fort Howard they converted one of the largest shanties into a gymnasium. That day we were informed that we should be home by the first of July, and perhaps sooner, as the captain desired that the whole company be mustered out at one time, and those who mustered in on the 12th of June, 1862 could, by order from the war department, only be held till the first of June.

On the 13th Sergt. Harter and Private Cope started for home on furlough. That day a large body of Johnston's paroled cavalry came in. They were fully armed and well mounted. Unluckily for them, after they had spent their Mexican silver very freely in buying presents for their friends and clothing for themselves, and were about to start—in fact many of them had got outside our lines again—they were recalled, dismounted and sent to Chattanooga on the cars by the commandant, at Cleveland.

On the 14th rumors came that Jeff Davis had been captured on the 10th. It was thought to be too good news to be true, so we did not allow our joy to run high until it should be confirmed; and, by that time, we cared little more about it.

On the 16th T. S. Baker was mustered out at Nashville, and on the 19th Huffman returned from hospital. On the 21st no more passes were required from citizens but soldiers still had to show their "papers."

We now felt the lack of money and longed for the appearance of the paymaster. But if we could not buy luxuries we could get much healthier ones by taking a walk into the country, as dew-berries and blackberries were now ripe. From this till leaving for home there was not a day, but from one to forty of us were out berrying. As the season advanced there were raspberries, apples, plums, peaches, and grapes without limit. Quite often we would get vegetables—potatoes being our favorite, but when we did not buy them, we always borrowed from rebels. One rebel minister had considerable to say about "not receiving these foreign brethering into full fellership until they have made full restitoooshun."

On the 29th O. V. Mercer left for Chattanooga to be mustered out, his year having expired.

On the 30th one of our new men wishing to follow the steps of the "Second Heavy" married a young lady living at Cleveland. He had a wife and child at home. Of course he was loathed by all, and the captain told him he was a disgrace to the Battery. He had lived some time at Salt Lake City, which will partly account for his foul crime. Two others of our company afterwards married at Cleveland, but theirs were honorable weddings. One brought his wife to Illinois, and the other returned to Cleveland as soon as he was discharged.

On the 3d of June Trowbridge was mustered out at Nashville.

On the 5th O. V. Mercer was discharged at Chattanooga and Hutchins at Nashville. On the 8th Serjts. Harter and Cope returned from home. Many trains loaded with paroled rebels were now passing, bearing them to their homes.

The 12th of June arrived and passed and yet the men, sixteen in number, who should have been mustered out on the 1st, were still with us, and no prospects of anything being done, save by themselves, to get them out before the whole Battery should be discharged.

On the 13th Titus was discharged at Louisville.

On the 18th Clute, Beedle and Trumbull started out into the country to help the farmers harvest for a few days, and thus, to teach them how Yankees work. They were cheered as far as they could be seen by our men on the fort. This caused the "11th Michiganders" to think we were going home, and then they were certain they would receive orders next. When our men began work the farmers looked on in complete amazement! Our men could with ease cradle and bind a swath while one of the citizens cradled one. Our mode of binding they had never heard of, and, as it was evidently a much faster and easier way than theirs, they were very anxious to learn it.

On the 22d three of our men were caught in Cleveland without passes. They were required to work out their "poll-tax"—two days—on the streets of the town.

Soldiers by the train-load were passing daily en-route for home. Every train that passed only made us more restless.

On the 30th word was received that the "District of the Etowah" was long since non est and that no department or command claimed us as belonging to it, but that we should have been mustered out when the 4th Corps was.

On Sunday, the 2d of July, as the men at Charleston were being inspected, the lieutenant told them he wanted them to have the fort thoroughly policed by the Fourth, as they were then going to fire the national salute, and the fort would be crowded with visitors, male and female, and he wished the men would look their best—have on collars and their hair crimped, etc. "Charley," ever ready in repartee, said: "And it would not be inappropriate to have something for the bowels."

It was now learned that we were in the District of Tennessee, and were to report to Gen. Stoneman at Knoxville; but he knew nothing about us—we were really "out in the cold."

We fired thirty-six guns from each fort on the Fourth, and at times, through the day fired odd shots. At night we had more fire-works with fuzes.

On the 8th word came from Lieut. Murphy who was then at Nashville, that orders were on the road for us to go home.

On the 12th Hammond again left the Battery and did not rejoin it.

CHAPTER XXX.

WE'RE GOING HOME!

AT last the long looked for orders came. It was about noon of July 13th when we received the telegram that a train would be ready to take us at midnight that night. The boys' faces brightened up—we should soon be on the road for home.

Our guns were at the depot long before night, but the train did not appear till noon of the 14th. It was a train of several flats and cattle cars. As the guns were at the station at Charleston Hughes fired a blank from one of them—the last by our Battery.

The train started from Charleston at 1:15 P. M. We were all ready to couple on at Cleveland, but waited over two hours for Lieut. Flusky, sending men in all directions to find him. We finally left two men to help him load his horse so as to follow on the next train. As the engine (No. 121 U. S. M. R. R.) whistled and then puffed, we started for "God's country," waving Dixie an adieu with our hats and handkerchiefs.

We reached Chattanooga at five o'clock, just a few minutes too late to take the train for Nashville as it was intended we should do. The captain was going to remain behind to turn over our guns and equipments. We took our meals at the Soldiers' Home and slept in box-cars.

On the 15th the guns and caissons were hauled by hand—as we could get no teams to do it—first to the arsenal, where the ammunition was unloaded, and then to the ordnance depot to turn over the guns. We had everything turned over in time for us to leave with the two o'clock train; but the ordnance officer would not sign his name to the receipt, after it was filled out, until he had first had his dinner, and then we were just twenty minutes too late and must lie over until five o'clock of the next morning! There was a little cursing done.

That afternoon it rained very hard. Toward evening many of us happened in at Van's Pleasure Gardens at the Crutchfield House about the same time. He recognized us as Battery M and greeted us very cordially, passing many glasses of beer among us. He was our old brigade postmaster and had been, as before stated, captured at Brentwood, near Nashville, in 1863.

At 4:30 A. M., of the 16th, the train slowly moved out that was to bear us to Nashville, and we bade a last farewell to Chattanooga.

It so happened that our train had two or three cars loaded with medical stores, among which was a large quantity of "Chanticleer whisky," put up in bottles holding three pints each, the bottles being packed in boxes, each box containing a dozen of the bottles. Now it further happened that one of the brakemen, on the train, took particular liking to some of our men and whispered to them that a certain car was not locked and that in that car they would find something good. Thither our men went, not waiting for the train to stop, but climbing down the side from the top of the car. Over a gross found its way into our cars! The result was some merry Yankee sojers.

Aboard the same train was Ex-Lieut. Gen. B. Frank Cheatham, formerly of the confederate army. He had three or four horses that he was taking to his farm near Nashville. He was a jolly man and quite ready to make friends with us. We had fought him over two years, but what of that? He now acknowledged himself conquered, and did not refuse to take a drink with us—we furnishing the corn ketchup.

We dined at Decherd, having been helped through the tunnel by a "pony" kept for the purpose. At 5 P. M. we reached Murfreesboro, the strongest fortified inland town of America. We had never seen such heavy and extensive fortifications before.

We reached the Rock City at 8 P. M. and bunked in the cars. In the morning of the 17th, after searching for the Soldiers' Home, it was learned that it had been closed over a month, there being nothing more for it to do.

We marched to the Louisville depot at an early hour to be in time to take the morning train, which was to leave at seven o'clock. The captain started off in search of the transportation office. The engine coupled on. (This time we were to have second-class passenger cars—the third step toward making us citizens.) We

looked through the crowd, but no Captain Spencer was to be seen. All eyes were kept steadily on the exit from the passenger house. The engine rings. "Here he is!" cries someone, and we immediately "shoulder knapsacks" to find that it was a mistake, and we must wait till night. "One minute more," the conductor tells us. That minute seems to fly—when just at its expiration the captain appears! We jump onto the platforms and rush into the cars, not being at all careful of how much we crowded the "recruits," who were standing on the platforms with their muskets in hand to keep us out. The train moves off and the officers' baggage is left behind to come on the next train with the horses.

At Gallatin we found Battery A, 1st Ohio, our old chums, and a right friendly meeting it was. Luckily we had some of the "Medical Department" yet on hand, and gave them a good dose. They declared us the best doctors they had met in the army, as we did not mix quinine in everything we prescribed.

Our "Chickamaugas" were becoming so soiled and worn out that we wished to have something better to cover our heads before we reached "God's country." But how were we to get better? We had no money. Our credit was certainly not good, and it was impossible to draw. No; was it impossible? We thought not. We could draw a splendid hat quite handily from the head of some unsophisticated gentleman who might stand near the train as it started from a station. But we were in Kaintucky, that loyal state, and it would be a shame to so maltreat a loyal Kaintuck. But it would also be a shame for us to cross the Ohio wearing such miserable "poll pads;" so drawing began immediately, and before reaching Louisville we had exchanged many head covers, though in some cases we forgot to hand out ours.

We reached Louisville at 5:45 P. M. and lay at a street corner near the depot until nearly dark, waiting for the captain to return with transportation. We succeeded in getting supper at the Soldiers' Home, and a good supper it was to us half-starved Yankees! At dark, the captain not having returned, we marched down to the ferry, expecting to find him there waiting for us. There was no captain at the ferry. One of our "Rals" had a few words with a "condemned Yankee" guard who proved to be an old veteran; so all was speedily settled. It was growing late and we started men out in all directions in search of the captain. Just as the last boat was starting, the captain arrived. We shouldered

knapsacks and prepared to jump on board, but he detained us, saying he had orders for us to go to Portland and take the boat for New Albany, as he could not get transportation over the Indianapolis & Jefferson railroad. "We should have plenty of time to reach there as the train did not leave till 11 P. M." We started immediately as it was feared the boats would stop running before we got there. We jumped into the first street cars that started—the orderly paying our fares in the first car and Lieut. Gillette in the next, while the others who followed rode for nothing. Some of us walked half the distance before a car caught us. The first car load reached the landing in time to secure passage on the last boat: the second car stopped just as the boat was out of reach. Those that crossed slept in the passenger house—the others calmly reposing on the sandy beach of the Ohio, and having the starry canopy of the heavens to cover them, were doomed to pass that night in Dixie.

At 5:40 A. M., of the 18th, we again met on the free soil of "Hoosierton." Before starting the captain telegraphed to Chicago that we were then at New Albany on our way home, and asking that quarters be made ready for us. It gave us much pleasure to ride in first-class cars after three years deprivation of that luxury. Wishing to do honor to our new surroundings, and having some little time left before the train was to start, we toiled much with our toilet and soon appeared dressed in our best.

At 9:20 we waved New Albany farewell and were soon enjoying the rough road between there and Lafayette. We thought we had rode over rough enough roads in cattle and box cars while down in Dixie, but never had we felt anything to equal this. The "Comet" was at the head of the train, but it went so slowly some expressed a fear that the train might pass it. Comets generally travel rapidly and we soon felt thankful that the order of things had been changed in reference to this one, for the baggage-car jumped from the track while on a curve, and had the train been under great headway, some of us would doubtless have been injured. As it was, the delay only gave those of us, who were so inclined, an opportunity to feast on blackberries of which there were many near by.

"Thirty minutes for dinner," cried the conductor, as we stopped at Mitchell; but we didn't feel like eating. (We had no greenbacks was the reason.) At Bloomington we got the engine

"Planet," which we soon discovered traveled faster than the "Comet." We stopped for supper at Green Castle, but still had no appetite. (?) We reached Lafayette at 10:10 P. M. and were told that the train had arrived about an hour too late to connect with the train going north, and that the next train would not leave till 8 A. M. of the next day. That was our pay for following a "Comet." As it was raining quite hard we walked up to the freight depot and found shelter under the projecting eaves of the large freight house.

The morning of the 19th found us as hungry as wolves, our appetite being sharpened by our exposure. It was still raining, and we shivered while thinking of having to go hungry and chilly until we got home. Some little boys seeing soldiers at the freight house, came up to learn what they could from us about war. Hearing us speaking about having nothing to eat, they started off, and soon returned bearing baskets well filled with bread, butter, pies, cakes, apples, etc. Some of them brought the second basketful and said that "had their parents known of our condition sooner, they would have prepared us a good breakfast." We felt that we were really back in "God's country" and thankful to Him that He had seen fit to allow us to be, even if we had to be placed in such circumstances to realize it. The boys' names as far as could be learned were Samuel Pierce, James Covington, Warren Carpenter, George Stevens and Jacob Sherman.

One of our men who had been out in town now returned with his arms full of bread and cheese. He had found a man—a store-keeper—named Charles Beers, who kindly lent him \$2.25 with which to buy something to eat. This completed our breakfast and left us a morsel for dinner. We gave the noble youths such army trinkets as we could spare, and they bade us good-bye feeling highly delighted.

We were off at 8:20. The captain told us that such as chose could visit their homes now and that he should not require their presence at Camp Douglas till Saturday. Some of the men who lived on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad got off at the crossing of the Great Eastern Railroad, that road having been built during our absence.

We reached Michigan City at 12:30. As we came in sight of Lake Michigan a cheer, louder, heartier, more prolonged than ever before had been heard in the Battery burst forth. As soon as the

train had stopped, many of us ran down to the beach to once more feel the invigorating touch of the clear, cool waters.

As one of the cars had become disabled, we were given one of the Michigan Central Railroad, and at 1 P M., were again under way. While changing cars, the captain again telegraphed to Chicago, this time to have a dinner prepared for us at the Soldiers' Rest.

At one o'clock the train was again in motion to be delayed no more till we should reach the place where, three years before, we had signed our indentures "for three years or during the war," and where all were soon to be restored to our civic rights.

Bill, our faithful contraband, was with us, having accompanied us home for three reasons. First, the unsettled state of affairs in the south in reference to freedmen; second, a desire to see the land whence so many Yankees had gone forth to battle with the rebel hosts; and third, to draw his pay, he having received none for over a year. After passing Lafayette he was all ejaculations of surprise and delight, and as we came to the prairies over which were roaming many herds of cattle, his delight was so great that he could only clap his hands and say, "I declar!" The farming implements that stood at the different stations caused him to open wide his eyes as their different uses were explained to him.

By the time we reached Chicago, 3:15 P. M., about twenty of our number had left us. We marched to the soldiers' Rest where we partook of an excellent dinner prepared for us by Mrs. Barksdale and other patriotic ladies. Mrs. Barksdale assured us that she had had a far better dinner in readiness for us, but that owing to our delayed arrival it was enjoyed by another battery that had arrived about an hour before.

After having done full justice to this bountiful, and to us royal repast, such of us as resided too far from the city to go to our homes and return by Saturday, repaired to Camp Douglas, where we were furnished good quarters and an abundance to eat. The entrances to the camp were no longer guarded, so we could go in and out whenever we pleased; and being now at home we soon found all the money needed and therefore spent but little time in camp.

On Saturday, the 22d. all met at camp; but as the "rolls" would not be completed before Monday, we again scattered.

Monday the 24th our muster-out papers were completed, but there was much to be done before we could be finally dismissed.

On the 25th we raffled to see who should have "Battery." Nichol proved to be the lucky one. As each of us had his picture we cared not so much for the possession of the dog himself, knowing that all could not enjoy his ownership longer as we had for nearly three years. Besides the dog might die, but the pictures were immortal. We also decided on who should write the story of our "sojer life" and appointed a committee of three to attend to the matter.

On the 26th the old order regarding rain was still unrevoked, for it poured down nearly all day. The reports of the Battery, and all its papers being fully completed, at nine o'clock we "fell in" once more and marched out through the east gate, where cars were ready to take us to Randolph Street. Here we again, and for the last time as a Battery, formed line, and, having right faced, marched to Kinzie Street near Rush Street, and by threes went up a flight of stairs, where two important gentlemen were standing behind a counter. One counted out our greenbacks as fast as the different amounts were called out, while the second very politely handed us some small pieces of paper on which were our names, as indebted to Mr. Purdy certain sums, which amounts had been religiously taken out of our pay, not varying more than five cents either way. Mr. Purdy as will be remembered was garrison artillery sutler at Chattanooga.

Our names were called as follows:

Morgan Banks.....	1st Sergt.	Edward Anderson.....	Private
Joseph R. Hansell.....	Q. M. Sergt.	Albert Beedle.....	"
Edgar Stebbins.....	Sergt.	William Batterson.....	"
Patrick Short.....	"	Christopher Boylon.....	"
John Amberg.....	"	Thomas Bonser.....	"
Nathaniel Banks.....	"	Nicholas Balziger.....	"
August Schnasse.....	"	William B. Brown.....	"
George S. Harter.....	"	Josiah N. Barr.....	"
Ellis K. Mercer.....	Corporal	George Carey.....	"
William Cogswell.....	"	Edwin Cain.....	"
Chas. J. Clute.....	"	John B. Colby.....	"
Alphonzo R. Korah.....	"	Sylvester T. Clancy.....	"
George Lissenden.....	"	James Coslet.....	"
Orson B. Fel.....	"	Charles Cope.....	"
John C. Scales.....	"	Norman Chapman.....	"
William Hamilton.....	"	Samuel Dezelle.....	"
Alonzo L. Brumfield.....	"	William Duffy.....	"
Edward G. Thompson.....	"	*James B. Drake.....	"
George E. Dolton.....	"	Joseph W. Dyson.....	"
*Henry H. Brown.....	"	*Charles Franck.....	"
Chester B. Powers.....	Artificer	Henry J. Flint.....	"
James S. Trumbull.....	"	Charles D. Gammon.....	"
Sidney Briggs.....	Bugler	Isaiah Harper.....	"
Wesley A. Briggs.....	Wagoner	Robert Howard.....	"
Dankmar Adler.....	Private	Christian Hoffer.....	"
John H. Albee.....	"	Richard Hamilton.....	"
Carlos G. Hunt.....	"	James D. Miller.....	"
Erastus F. Henderson.....	"	William Nichol.....	"
Alexander Huffman.....	"	Frederick A. Newton.....	"
James E. Harding.....	"	Henry Offenloch.....	"
John Howard.....	"	Joseph Proctor.....	"
Bernard Hughes.....	"	Cephus L. Porter.....	"
*John Hammond.....	"	Samuel Patton.....	"
George H. Johnson.....	"	*Jacob Premer.....	"
Thatcher Krum.....	"	Albert J. Rowley.....	"
Jacob Kopf.....	"	James Rollins.....	"
Timothy M. Kane.....	"	Daniel W. Ryan.....	"
John Kempf.....	"	Joseph Ralph.....	"
Maynard Loomis.....	"	Thomas N. Rhodes.....	"
Stephen Lissenden.....	"	Frederick Roper.....	"
William Little.....	"	Robert Stewart.....	"
George Little.....	"	George Simpson.....	"
Samuel A. Murphy.....	"	Carlos E. Wright.....	"
Andrew McDermott.....	"	Ezra S. E. Winnemore.....	"
Frank W. Mead.....	"	Frederick Westendorf.....	"
Alonzo G. Mundell.....	"	Samuel S. Weyl.....	"
Patrick Mack.....	"	Emery M. Wilber.....	"
John Martin.....	"	Alfred S. Wilson.....	"
Jean Martine.....	"	Louis Young.....	"
John G. McAllister.....	"		

*Not Present.

With our greenbacks we received our discharges, telling us plainly we were no longer "blue backs." We then settled up our little domestic accounts, shook hands and parted, rejoiced and thankful that so many of us were permitted to return, and happy over the thought of a speedy return to our relatives and friends; happy to think that the union was once more restored and peace reigning throughout the land, but pained to have to part with our more than brothers; from comrades with whom we had associated for three long and weary years—years of marching, battles and suffering; years in which we had stood by each other through all the vicissitudes of toil, dangers and hardships. But we thought that now we were free to act as we chose, we could meet again as often as we should see fit, as long as we were given life and health, and so we shook hands, sent our respects to each one's friends, and said "good-bye". And Battery M, 1st Illinois Light Artillery, was no more!

Our muster-out rolls showed the condition of the Battery to be as follows:

DEATHS.

Lee Phillips.....	Killed in battle.....	Sept. 20, 1863.
Henry Reman.....	" " ".....	Sept. 20, 1863.
Adam Gerbert.....	" by explosion of caisson....	Oct. 24, 1862.
August Kellerman..	" " " " ".....	Oct. 24, 1862.
William Hendershot	Died at Nashville from wounds received in battle, June 18, 1864 ..	July 29, 1864.
Leroy H. Barnes ..	Typhoid fever at Campbellsville, Ky.....	Dec. 26, 1862.
Watson Brailey	Measles at Franklin, Tenn.....	Feb. 23, 1863.
Michael Dempsy.....	Typhoid fever at Chicago, Ill.....	Oct. 15, 1862.
Conrad Norton.....	Diarrhoea at Shelbyville, Tenn.....	July 17, 1863.
Thomas Peters.....	Measles at Louisville, Ky.....	Feb. 5, 1863.
Peter Scott.....	Diarrhoea at Camp Douglas before muster-in	June 24, 1862.
Ebin Gower.....	Recruit; died before reaching Battery	

RECRUITS.

Name.	Age.	Where Enlisted.	Yrs.	When.	Reached Battery.	When.
Joseph W. Dyson		Camp Douglas	3	Sept. 27, 1862.		
Jean Martine		Louisville	3	Oct. 26, 1862.		
Charles Cope	19	Chicago	3	Nov. 9, 1862.		
Isaiah Harper	33		3	Jan. 5, 1864.	London,	Feb. 27, 1864.
Charles D. Gammon	21	Odell, Ill.	3	Jan. 12, 1864.	"	Mar. 23, 1864.
Thatcher Krum	18	" "	3	Jan. 12, 1864.	"	Mar. 5, 1864.
John H. Albee		" "	3	Jan. 12, 1864.	"	Mar. 5, 1864.
Elin Gower		" "	3	Jan. 12, 1864.	died en route.	
Samuel A. Murphy			3	Feb. 2, 1864.	Cleveland,	April 21, 1864.
Hans Johnson	24	Thornton, Ill.	3	Feb. 29, 1864.	"	April 21, 1864.
George Johnson	21	"	3	Feb. 29, 1864.	"	April 21, 1864.
Orange V. Mercer	18	Merrimac, Ill.	1	June 1, 1864.	Chatanooga	Dec. 31, 1864.
John G. McAllister	24	Springfield, "	3	Aug. 12, 1864.	"	Nov. 22, 1864.
Emery M. Wilber	18	"	1	Sept. 5, 1864.	"	Nov. 12, 1864.
Lewis H. Miller	22	Chicago,	1	Sept. 28, 1864.	"	Jan. 14, 1865.
George Little	21	Bloom, Ill.	1	Oct. 4, 1864.	"	Jan. 1, 1865.
William Little	18	" "	1	Oct. 4, 1864.	"	Jan. 1, 1865.
Norman Chapman	18	" "	1	Oct. 4, 1864.	"	Jan. 1, 1865.
James D. Miller	17	" "	1	Oct. 4, 1864.	"	Jan. 1, 1865.

TRANSFERRED.

Henry Kehner.....	Veteran Reserve Corps.....	Apr. 20, 1863.
Francis M. Merchant.....	" " ".....	July 9, 1863.
Thomas Richardson.....	" " ".....	Nov. 16, 1863.
Charles Mareks.....	" " ".....	Aug. 7, 1864.
Stephen Hendrie.....	" " ".....	Jan. 21, 1865.
Charles C. Fuller.....	Navy.....	Apr. 24, 1864.
Lewis H. Miller.....	Gun Boat Service.....	May 8, 1865.
*David E. Spencer.....	Miss. Marine Brigade.....	Feb. 2, 1865.
*Henry Babcock.....	" " ".....	Feb. 2, 1863.
*Hiram O. Johnson.....	" " ".....	Feb. 2, 1863.

*Special order No. 89, Dept. of Mo.

DESERTERS.

Name.	From what place.	Date.
Cyrus F. Smith.....	Camp Douglas.....	Sept. 18, 1862.
Edmund N. White.....	" ".....	Sept. 27, 1862.
William P. Gregg.....	Camp Douglas, brought back to Bat- tery Nov. 22, left again at Louis- ville Jan. 30, 1863.....	Sept. 27, 1862.
Joseph Baker.....	Columbia, Ky.....	Nov. 24, 1862.
August Hack.....	" ".....	Nov. 24, 1862.
Andrew T. Irwin.....	" ".....	Dec. 21, 1862.
William Carroll.....	Louisville, Ky. from boat.....	Jan. 30, 1863.
Max Hornung.....	" " " ".....	Jan. 30, 1863.
Nathan Johnson.....	" " " ".....	Jan. 30, 1863.
John Quimby.....	" " " ".....	Jan. 30, 1863.
Robert M. Williams.....	" " " ".....	Jan. 30, 1863.
Collin William.....	" " " ".....	Jan. 30, 1863.
William Walker.....	" " " ".....	Jan. 30, 1863.
William M. Brown.....	Carrolton, Ind. " ".....	Feb. 1, 1863.
William Ryan.....	" " " ".....	Feb. 1, 1863.
Henry J. Thompson.....	" " " ".....	Feb. 1, 1863.
Horace Brown.....	Triune, Tenn.....	June 15, 1863.
James Summers.....	" ".....	June 15, 1863.

DISCHARGED.

Name.	Place of discharge and reasons.	Date.
Joel Briggs	Chicago, Ill., rupture	Oct. 1, 1862.
John L. Morrill	" " over age and disease	Oct. 5, 1862.
Peter W. Setzer	Louisville, Ky.	Oct. 24, 1862.
John B. Kauffman		Nov. 12, 1862.
John C. Stewart		Nov. 12, 1862.
William A. Aldrich	Louisville, Ky. by reason of injuries received from explosion of caisson Oct. 24, 1862	Jan. 26, 1863.
John Zanger	Ditto	Feb. 14, 1863.
Henry Kieper	Louisville, Ky.	Feb. 16, 1863.
Thomas Adams	Nashville, Tenn.	Mar. 23, 1863.
William Siegel	Franklin, Tenn.	Mar. 31, 1863.
Richard J. Wells	Nashville, Tenn.	Mar. 31, 1863.
George W. Peters	" " consumption	Apr. 19, 1863.
Lucius Fish	" "	Apr. 29, 1863.
John Shaffer	Louisville, Ky.	June 3, 1863.
William Farrell	Triune, Tenn. drummed out.	June 13, 1863.
Patrick O'Toole	Nashville, Tenn.	June 19, 1863.
Myron McLafin	Louisville, Ky.	June 24, 1863.
Marquis L. Axtell	" " deafness	July 3, 1863.
Joseph B. Hunt	" " injuries received by kick from horse	July 7, 1863.
Peter Brandon		Sept. 9, 1863.
Charles M. Judd	Loudon, Tenn. for promotion	Apr. 10, 1864.
William J. Murphy	Before Atlanta, Ga. for promotion	Aug. 7, 1864.
Edwin C. Gillette	" " " "	Aug. 14, 1864.
Hans Johnson	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 1, 1864.
Israel W. Stone	Madison, Wis. loss of leg at Chattanooga campaign, 1863	Dec. 28, 1864.
Magnus Tait	Vicksburg	June 19, 1865.
Thomas S. Baker	Nashville, Tenn.	May 16, 1865.
James Trowbridge	" "	June 3, 1865.
George Hutchins	" "	June 5, 1865.
Orange V. Mercer	Chattanooga, Tenn.	June 5, 1865.
Augustus H. Titus	Louisville, Ky.	June 13, 1865.

RECAPITULATION.

Number of	different commissioned officers.	7
" "	men mustered in August 12th, 1862.	150
" "	recruits reach the Battery.	19
" "	" died en route.	1
" "	men mustered into the Battery.	170
" "	" detailed " " "	157
" "	" connected with " "	327
" "	" killed in battle.	3
" "	detailed men killed in battle.	2
" "	men " by accident.	2
" "	" died from wounds.	1
* " "	" " disease.	7
" "	" taken prisoner.	1
" "	" discharged.	31
* " "	men transferred.	10
" "	" absent at muster-out.	5
" "	" deserted.	18
" "	" present at muster-out.	94
" "	our men wounded in battle.	16
" "	detailed men wounded in battle.	6
" "	our " " by accident.	7
" "	" " detailed.	50
" "	" " furloughed.	18
" "	promotions among commissioned officers.	4
" "	" " men.	20
" "	men received commissions.	3
" "	times drew pay.	7
" "	horses killed in battle.	39
" "	miles traveled.	3,102
" "	" " by railroad.	1,369
" "	" " " water.	570
" "	" " marched.	1,163
" "	" traveled by right section.	3,131
" "	" " " left " "	3,010
" "	" " " center " "	3,135
" "	rounds fired at the enemy.	7,845
" "	" " " target (about).	125
" "	blanks " "	800
" "	guns discharged.	8,770
" "	days under fire.	178
" "	" we fired at the enemy.	61
" "	guns used during our service.	44
" "	kinds of guns used during our service.	6

*One of these (Peter Scott) died before being mustered in.

HISTORY
OF
BATTERY M,

First Regiment

Illinois Light Artillery.

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